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Jay and Frances Benton



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"MIDDLESEX HOUSE"
THREE PEQUOSSETTE ROAD
BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS

JAY R. BENTON'S

ILLUSTRATED

DIARY

for

JULY

1943

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July 1, 1943

11-A

H. J. Nichols Elected Boston Chamber of Commerce Head

Henry J. Nichols, vice president of the National Shawmut Bank of Boston, was yesterday elected president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce by the directors for 1943-44.

The following vice presidents also were reelected: Former Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams, chairman of the board, State Street Trust Company; Ex-Gov. Frank G. Allen, chairman of the board, Winslow Brothers & Smith Company; Paul F. Clark, vice president, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company; Edward J. Frost, president, William Filene's Sons Company, and P. A. O'Connell, president, E. T. Slattery Company. Thomas S. Knight, commercial vice president of the General Electric Company, was reelected treasurer of the Chamber, and M. D. Liming, its secretary and managing director.

The foregoing officers and Jay R. Benton, president of the Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company, were elected as members of the Chamber's executive committee.

★ ★ ★

Vice President Paul F. Clark of the John Hancock and President Jay R. Benton of the Boston Mutual Life were elected members of the executive committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce last week.



BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

80 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

There will be a meeting of the
Board of Directors

Thursday, July 1, at 12:30 p.m.

Room 118, Parker House

M. D. Liming, Secretary

BOSTON NEWS BUREAU

Friday, July 2, 1943

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DIRECTORS of the Boston Chamber of Commerce at their meeting yesterday reelected Henry J. Nichols, president of Chamber for 1943-44. Mr. Nichols is vice president of the National Shawmut Bank of Boston.

The following vice presidents were also reelected: Former Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams, chairman of the board, State Street Trust Company; former Governor Frank G. Allen, chairman of the board, Winslow Bros. & Smith Company; Paul F. Clark, vice president, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company; Edward J. Frost, president, Wm. Filene's Sons Company; and P. A. O'Connell, president, E. T. Slattery Company. Thomas S. Knight, commercial vice president of the General Electric Company was reelected treasurer of the Chamber, and M. D. Liming its secretary and managing director.

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NASHVILLE ARMY AIR CENTER
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Shmo. A.M.

July 1, 1943

Dear Mom & Dad —

We are deep in the wilds of
Arizona now — this is turning out
to be quite a trip. Here is
a summary of our progress the
last couple of days.

Tues. A.M. — Shreveport, La. — oil wells etc.

Tues. P.M. — Dallas, Fort Worth — big train yards
(not us) in F.W.

wed. A.M. — "Deep in the heart of" —
miles & miles of sand & sagebrush

wed. P.M. — El Paso — Mexican border —
the "Rio Grande"

thurs. A.M. — Phoenix, Ariz. — quite a
nice town — Hundreds of Palm trees

We should be in S.F. by 10:00 P.M.
tonight — and then, back to the old
ground.

Love, Dave

Fri. P.M.

Dear Mom + Dad —

Very rushed for time but I did think I should get this address to you as soon as possible. I had intended to write it but, as usual, the quarantine period is in effect (two weeks to the system, and — up to the camp. I don't want to be able to get over a phone.

I have no idea about how long I'll be here. The regular pre-flight course is nine weeks (our classes start next Wednesday) but I have high hopes of getting through in four or five. Sometimes when there are openings in the schedule while the top ones in pre-flight are moved through in a hurry.

I'm pretty tired right now — have been a sleep last night — and a terrific headache — as, for now. Love,
Dave



COOLEST JULY 1 IN 10 YEARS

Mercury Down to 53
Yesterday Morning

Yesterday was the coolest July 1 in 10 years as the mercury dropped to 53 degrees, two degrees from an all-time low for the date set in 1885.

The low point was reached at 5 o'clock yesterday morning. The cool spell didn't last long, however, for the sun brought the temperature up during the forenoon. Last night at 6 o'clock the high point of the day, 74 degrees, was reached. The weather bureau forecast warmer weather for today.

Thursday, July 1st 1943
My foot is not much better - in fact it looks like an inflamed Balloon. So no go to town. Rest it on the bed all day. Kathleen brought up my breakfast at 8.30 Orange juice Oatmeal. fried eggs & Bacon. Toast-Iced Coffee. Nicholas was away to work at 7.45 - Frances away to Red Cross at 9 to be gone all day. John off at 9.45 to be away all day. So I am left alone except for the maids. Had John call up the office and also "Doc" Lirning that I could not be at the Directors' meeting of the Boston Chamber of Commerce this noon. I just laid chained to the bed. Jane brought up my lunch at 12.45 Tilled Printarmier - Escalloped Salmon + Egg. Cream of Tartar Biscuit - Butter. Tomato + Lettuce Salad. Milk. Raspberries - Peter returned from Weymouth at 1. Frances got back from Red Cross at 3.30. It is a perfect summer's afternoon. Nicholas home from work at 6. John a little later - no results on the Golchizing - Gilsout Frances Cooknig Chickenpeys Moryole. Maltized Macaroni + Tomato Sauce. Lettuce + Cottage Cheese. Andolouche - Zaller.

PETER BENTON of 3 Pequossette
rd has enlisted in the United States
Marine Corps.

Aviation Cadet DAVID BENTON
of 3 Pequossette rd arrived at the
Santa Ana (Calif.) Air Base last
Friday for pre-flight training as a
bombardier.

Friday, July 2nd 1943

What a cacophony outside my
bed room window - about 20
assorted birds holding a raucous
convention in the White Ash Tree -
Took glasses of water to send them on
their way. At 7. Frances down for a
short struggle + Nicholas was off for
work at 7.40 - Jane brought up my
breakfast at 8.30 - Orange juice - Corn
flakes - dropped egg on toast - had
Coffee - Dressed and in the car with
Frances and Peter - up to the Harvard
Trust Company and Good took our
acknowledgments to Peter's fathers -
To the Greek - no papers - to Barton's - where
they were - Home. At 9. Frances left for
Red Cross to be gone all day. At 9.15
John left for Barton - ditto - Peter left
at 10.15 to go into Marine Headquarters -
My gout is somewhat improved - but quite
out of the question to go walking around
on it - so did not go into the office -
John called Miss Cook up re the
Calendar pad entries and the
accumulated mail +

AGAIN CITE ACES FROM THIS AREA



LT. GEORGE C. HEDBLOM
Cambridge flier decorated.

New honors were awarded to Captain Howard A. Sessler of Arlington, one of the heroes of the Doolittle raids on Japan, yesterday as the War Department announced the presentation of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Silver Star and the Soldier's Medal to 10 New England youths of the army air forces.

Other Massachusetts men to win awards were Lieutenant George C. Hedblom of 983 Memorial drive, Cambridge, who was given a sixth bronze oak leaf cluster to the Air Medal, and Lieutenant Edward J. McPherson, a bombardier, son of Police Sergeant and Mrs. John D. McPherson of 8 Rowena street, Dorchester, who was given a fifth bronze oak leaf cluster to the Air Medal.

Last year Lieutenant McPherson dropped his first bomb on Nazi-occupied Europe. Inscribed on the bomb were the words, "With the compliments of the North End station of the Boston police department." He is married to the former Elizabeth Clark of Brighton.

Lieutenant Hedblom is a graduate of Harvard and attended Harvard Law School. When he enlisted in the air force he was an instructor at St. George's School for Boys at Newport, R. I.

During the morning, I started my scrap
book and started to read "The Late George
Apley" by John P. Marquand - Kathleen
Brought up my lunch at 12.45 - which
was Asparagus Soup - Meat loaf, Swedish
Red Coffee - Cantaloupe Balls. Peter called
up Kathleen to say that he will be
tied up at Marine Headquarters until
4 - and then he is taking the 4.45 train
to Sumner to visit the Shildons & to come
home Sunday for his 18th Birthday. Read
the book all afternoon. Frances back from
Red Cross at 4. John at 5.30 - Finished the
book at 6. For dinner it was Jellied Chicken -
Broiled Chicken - Parsley Potato. String Beans + Toast
Meat - Orange Jelly. At 8 we had a most welcome
visitor - George Hedblom, one time Harvard football
player, now home with his mother in Cambridge -
on furlough after a year overseas - a pilot
during the first to fly across the channel
and bomb Germany - and later to North
Africa to take part in the bombing Tunisia
and across to attack Sicily, Sardinia -
and even Italy itself even as far north
as hegdom - Each time in the Mammoth Flying
Fortresses - 50 Flights in all. A Modest Boy -
He came up to my bedroom and we talked for an hour.

Saturday, July 3rd 1943 -

In the still hours of the night, I was awakened by the pain in my foot - quite aflame - disheartened, of course - but put the Absorbine to it - and in the morning - it was normal again. and if I keep off of it - I expect to be out of the woods shortly - Household quiet until 8, then John went down and brought up the "Herald" from the front porch - I ate breakfast at 8.30 - Orange juice - Corn flakes - Scrambled eggs with Tomatoes and Cheese - Iced Coffee. Frances went shopping at 9 - John was away at 9.30 - and Nicholas at 10 with "Dorothy" to go to the movies. I went over my mail from the office - read paper, magazines and then spent the hours of the morning - Shaved. I ate brought up my lunch at 12.15 - Meat loaf. Stuffed Tomatoes. Fried Potatoes - half of an English Muffin - Raspberries - Iced Coffee. Then I drafted a long letter to David and Mary. Rested all afternoon - Had a hot tub bath at 5 - At 6.30 came home to have supper with Frances on the front porch.

SENT TO MARY AND DAVID

SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
JULY 3RD, 1943

DEAR

IT HAPPENS THAT I AM KEEPING OFF MY FOOT TODAY FOR THE THIRD DAY IN SUCCESSION, SO I AM TAKING THE OPPORTUNITY TO LIE BACK ON MY PILLOW AND DRAFT ANOTHER OF MY LONG DETAILED LETTERS, WHICH BY YOUR INQUIRIES, WHEN THEY STOPPED COMING, I KNOW YOU APPRECIATE RECEIVING AND FINDING OUT IN A MORE OR LESS KALEIDOSCOPIC FASHION WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON AT HOME, FROM WHICH, DUE TO THE EXIGENCIES OF WAR, YOU HAVE BEEN AWAY SO LONG.

AFTER NEARLY TWO YEARS MY FOOT TROUBLE CAME BACK ABOUT THREE WEEKS AGO, BUT UNTIL WEDNESDAY, I WAS ABLE TO POUND AROUND ON IT AND GO TO WORK WITHOUT INTERRUPTION. BUT THE MIDDLE OF THE WEEK IT REALLY GOT GOING TOO MUCH AND I WAS FORCED MUCH AGAINST MY WILL TO QUIT AND GET OFF MY FEET AND GIVE THE MALADY A CHANCE TO QUIET DOWN AND BE ON ITS WAY.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE FACT THERE MAY BE SOME REPETITION OF NEWS THAT HAS ALREADY GONE ALONG TO YOU IN PREVIOUS SHORTER NOTES, I THINK I WILL PICK UP THIS CHRONICLE AS OF TEN DAYS AGO, SO THAT WILL START THE STORY WITH WEDNESDAY, THE 23RD OF JUNE. IT WAS A PERFECT DAY AND WAS DESCRIBED BY THE GLOBE AS JUNE AT ITS BEST -- "NOT TOO HOT, NOT TOO ANYTHING. ONE OF THOSE JUNE SPECIALS OF WHICH THE POETS SANG. ROSES, MOONLIGHT, SOFT BREEZES." NATURALLY THE DAY STARTED WITH BREAKFAST ON THE PORCH, WITH SCRAMBLED EGGS AND BACON, FOLLOWED BY RIDING WITH YOUR MOTHER DOWN TO THE SQUARE. A MORNING AT THE OFFICE UNTIL NOON, WHEN JUDGE LEARY TOOK ME DOWN TO THE MARKET DISTRICT FOR A FEAST ON BROILED LIVE LOBSTERS. HOME IN THE LATE AFTERNOON AND HEARING NICHOLAS EXCITEDLY TELL OF HIS JOB INTERVIEW AT THE BOSTON EDISON. WHILE WE HAD BROILED MACKEREL, SLICED CUCUMBERS, ASPARAGUS ON TOAST, -- THE COURSE AT DINNER TO BE REMEMBERED WAS THE HEAVING PLATES OF STEAMED CLAMS AND THE MELTED

BUTTER.

THE NEXT DAY WAS MEMORABLE BECAUSE IT WAS NICHOLAS' FIRST DAY OF WORK AND WE EAGERLY AWAITED HIS RETURN THAT EVENING FOR THE ENLIVENING ACCOUNT OF HIS INITIAL EXPERIENCES IN THE BUSINESS WORLD. HIS STORY EXCEEDED EXPECTATION IT SEEMS AT NOON HE TOOK A COUPLE OF THE GIRLS, ACQUAINTANCES OF A MORNING, TO LUNCH AT THE HIDE-A-WAY AND PAID THE CHECK OF \$2.50. "AND WHAT ELSE DID YOU NOTICE?" "OH, OVER IN THE MAIN BUILDING, ONE OF THE ELEVATOR GIRLS IS NAMED GERTRUDE AND SHE LOOKS LIKE MAE WEST AND I NOTICED THAT MOST OF THE OLDER MEN TICKLE HER." I HAD LUNCH THIS DAY AT THE PARKER HOUSE WITH THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE OF THE MIDDLESEX CLUB AND ENJOYED SOME DELICIOUS SOFT SHELL CRABS WITH TARTAR SAUCE. THE DAY BECAME HOTTER AND HOTTER SO THE HOME OFFICE WAS CLOSED AND EVERYBODY AT 4, WENT SCAMPERING HOME. IT WENT UP TO 93°. WHEN WE REACHED HOME, THERE WAS PETER BACK FROM SUNAPEE, WHERE HE HAD BEEN SINCE LAST SATURDAY. HAD A CALL FROM GEORGE REDBLON, WHO IS HOME ON A FURLOUGH FROM NORTH AFRICA, AND THEN A CALL FROM ELDERLY CLARA POOR OF WAVERLEY VILLAGE ASKING ME TO GO DOWN AND SEE HER AND IT TURNED OUT TO BE A REQUEST TO HELP OUT A NE'ER-DO-WELL NEPHEW OF HERS. THERE IS NO REST FOR THE WEARY.

THE HOT SPELL CONTINUED RIGHT INTO FRIDAY, THE 25TH -- IN FACT THE RED MERCURY CLIMBED UP TO A SIZZLING 97°. I WAS SUPPOSED TO GO DOWN TO SALEM WILLOWS TO AN OUTING OF OUR BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE OFFICES, BUT WAS TOO BUSHED TO MAKE IT. WHEN I GOT BACK FROM LUNCH THERE WAS PETER ALL EXCITED AFTER HIS INTERVIEW AT THE MARINE HEADQUARTERS AND HIS PASSING THE PHYSICAL TESTS. I WAS ALL EXCITED TOO, BUT I DON'T THINK PETER OR ANYONE ELSE COULD HAVE KNOWN IT BY LOOKING AT ME. AN EMISSARY CAME IN TO TRY TO PERSUADE ME TO TAKE A KEY POSITION IN THE COMING UNITED WAR FUND DRIVE. I SIDESTEPED IT. I WILL HAVE PLENTY TO DO RUNNING THE EXETER CHRISTMAS FUND AGAIN. FOR THE SECOND DAY I CLOSED THE HOME OFFICE EARLY, ONLY THIS TIME EVERYBODY WENT LIPPERTY-LIPPERTY

LIP UP FRANKLIN STREET AT 3:30. THERE WAS NO AIR STIRRING TONIGHT SO THERE WAS NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO PULL THE BED OVER AGAINST THE WEST WINDOW, AND CONTINUAL WIPE OFF THE PERSPIRATION WITH A BATH TOWEL. JOHN'S ROOM WAS LIKE THE BOILER ROOM OF AN OCEAN LINER AND HE WAS FORCED TO GO DOWN AND TRY TO SLEEP IN THE BIG LIVING ROOM.

SATURDAY, CONTINUED HOT AND HUMID, THE PRINTS OF THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY ARRIVED -- (I AM HAVING 3 OF THE BEST REPRINTED TO MAIL TO YOU). THE BOYS ALL SCATTERED HERE AND THERE, SO YOUR MOTHER AND I HAD LUNCH ALONE ON THE FRONT PORCH, BUT IT WAS NICE, ESPECIALLY AS MR. McDONALD HAD TUCKED IN TWO SMALL TENDERLOIN STEAKS, WHICH WE ENJOYED WITH FRENCH FRIED POTATOES. THE EAST WIND CAME IN FOR A WHILE BUT THEN DISAPPEARED, SO THAT WHEN ED AND EDITH BAKER CAME AT 6 FOR SUPPER, IT WAS STIFLING AGAIN. WE HAD AN UPROARIOUS TIME AND HAD LOBSTERS BROUGHT FROM SCITUATE HARBOR BY ED AND 4 HEADS OF LETTUCE GROWN IN HIS VICTORY GARDEN. WE RAN OFF THE COLORED MOVIE TAKEN AT THE PARTY BUT IT DID NOT COME OUT VERY WELL.

LAST SUNDAY THE EAST WIND CAME TO THE RESCUE AND IT WAS DELIGHTFULLY COOL. YOUR MOTHER AND I WENT OVER TO CALL ON MY MOTHER, AFTER WHICH WE WALKED OVER TO THE ROGERS AND SAT OUT IN THE BACK YARD BY THE GARDEN WALL FOR AN HOUR. WE HAD ROAST LAMB FOR DINNER. HANNAH AND COLLINS CAME AND GAVE ME A LIFT DOWN TO THE BELMONT TOWN HALL GREEN FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE HONOR ROLL. THERE WERE ABOUT A THOUSAND THERE -- THE DETAILS WERE WELL CARRIED OUT -- THE SPEECHES GOOD. AND YOU WILL READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE BELMONT PAPERS, WHICH I AM SENDING YOU.

WELL, BY GOLLY, MERCURY IS UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS BECAUSE MONDAY IT WAS 92°. HOWEVER, THE BIG NEWS WAS AN AIR MAIL LETTER FROM DAVID TELLING US THAT HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO SANTA ANA. FOR THE THIRD TIME, THE OFFICE CLOSED EARLY BECAUSE OF THE HEAT, THIS TIME AT 3:30.

TUESDAY, THE 29TH, FRANCES WENT DOWN TO THE HOMER SCHOOL TO GET SOME KIND OF A WORK CARD FOR NICHOLAS' JOB -- A RED-TAPE DETAIL. AT NOON I WENT TO

KNOCKERS CLUB FOR LUNCH -- IT STARTED TO DRIZZLE AND BEGAN TO COOL OFF. IN THE AFTERNOON, OVER TO THE SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS TO CLIP THE COMPANY'S JULY COUPONS. ON THE WAY HOME BOUGHT THE FEDERAL AUTO STAMP -- "TAXATION WITHOUT TRANSPORTATION SOME WAS OBSERVED. ARRIVING HOME, WATERED THE FLOWER BOXES -- HAD DINNER -- COLD ROAST LAMB AND POTATO SALAD. ATE INSIDE -- FIRST TIME IN DAYS.

WEDNESDAY, THE WEATHER WAS PERFECT AND IT HAS BEEN EVER SINCE RIGHT UP TO THIS VERY MOMENT OF WRITING. THE OLD FOOT STARTED POUNDING EARLY WEDNESDAY IN THE MORNING, I HAD A MUCH NEEDED HAIR CUT. SAMSON'S LOCKS MAY HAVE BEEN LONGER BEFORE DELILAH GOT BUSY WITH THE SHEARS, BUT NOT MUCH. WENT TO THE PARKER HOUSE, ATTENDED THE ANNUAL LUNCHEON MEETING OF THE MIDDLESEX CLUB, AND MADE THE REPORT OF THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE. THERE WAS EXCITEMENT AT THE OFFICE TODAY WHEN A TRUCK LOAD OF WOOL AND WASTE CAUGHT FIRE AND BURNED UP NEARBY. YOUR MOTHER CALLED UP TO SAY THAT SHE HAD BEEN APPOINTED VICE-CHAIRMAN OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS. LATE IN THE AFTERNOON, I RODE OUT TO KENMORE SQUARE WITH MR. MOODY AND MADE A CALL UPON JIM O'HARE, WHOM I HAD NOT SEEN SINCE THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, JUST BEFORE THE HISTORIC TOOTH PULLING EPISODE. HE HAD SOME VERY PLEASANT THINGS TO TELL ME AND I KNOW YOU WILL BE GRATIFIED TO KNOW THAT. RODE HOME WITH YOUR MOTHER AND ON THE FRONT PORCH WERE LOUIS AND WARREN -- VERY TOUCHING -- SITTING TOGETHER AND TALKING, AS THE LATTER WAS LEAVING THE NEXT MORNING FOR HOLY CROSS AND HIS FIRST NAVAL TRAINING. I WENT UP TO BED EARLY AND IT WAS VARIOUS KINDS OF PILLS AND REAL ATTENTION TO THE PEDAL EXTREMITY.

THURSDAY, HOME ALL DAY, PRETTY MUCH ALONE, AS YOUR MOTHER WAS OFF TO RED CROSS, JOHN IN TOWN, PETER VISITING BILLY BURKE AT WEYMOUTH, AND NICHOLAS WORKING. I WAS OBLIGED TO MISS THE ANNUAL LUNCHEON MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUT SAW IN THE PRESS THAT I WAS RE-ELECTED TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. PERFECT WEATHER AND DOWN TO 53°.

FRIDAY, AND IN THE EARLY MORNING, WHAT A CACOPHONY OUTSIDE MY BEDROOM WINDOW -- WHAT WITH TWENTY ASSORTED BIRDS HOLDING A RAUCOUS CONVENTION IN THE WHITE ASH TREE. THEY PAID NO ATTENTION TO YELLING OR HAND CLAPPING, AND ONLY DEPARTED, WITH DERISIVE CHATTERING, WHEN I THREW GLASSES OF WATER OUT AT THEM. AFTER BREAKFAST I DRESSED AND IN THE CAR WITH YOUR MOTHER AND PETER TO THE HARVARD TRUST COMPANY TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE PAPERS NECESSARY FOR PETER BECAUSE HE IS NOT EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD YET. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MORNING HE WENT IN AND WAS ACCEPTED INTO THE MARINES. IT MAY BE THAT HE WILL DEPART IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS BUT THAT IS NOT DEFINITE, AS I HAVE NOT TALKED WITH HIM -- HE NOT COMING HOME BUT LEAVING ON THE AFTERNOON TRAIN FOR SUNAPEE. HOWEVER, HE IS SCHEDULED TO BE BACK IN TIME FOR HIS BIRTHDAY DINNER ON SUNDAY. DURING THE DAY I DID SOMETHING I LIKE TO DO AND HAVE NOT DONE FOR A LONG TIME, AND THAT WAS TO START A BOOK AND READ IT IN ITS ENTIRETY. IT WAS JOHN P. MARQUAND'S "THE LATE GEORGE APLEY". I HAD A REALLY GOOD TIME DOING IT. AFTER DINNER, GEORGE HEDRUM CAME OUT AND CALLED, STAYING NEARLY TWO HOURS. HE LOOKED FINELY, TALKED BOASTFULLY OF HIS EXPERIENCES, PILOTING FLYING FORTRESSES ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, AGAINST TUNISIA, AND ACROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN AGAINST SICILY, SARDINIA, AND EVEN ITALY, INCLUDING THE NORTHERLY LOCATED CITY OF LEGHORN. IF HE CAN GET TRANSPORTATION, HE PLANS TO VISIT HAL AND HELENE MILLER AT BARNES OVER THIS WEEK-END.

AND SO THAT BRINGS US INTO THIS SATURDAY, ANOTHER FINE DAY, SUNNY AND COOL. NONE OF THE LOCAL BOYS ARE AT HOME, BUT YOUR MOTHER IS DOWN ON THE FRONT PORCH READING, AND I CAN, AS ALWAYS, LIGHTLY HEAR THE SOUND OF THE RADIO COMING UP FROM THE KITCHEN AND IT BEING MID-AFTERNOON, KATHLEEN AND JANE ARE FOLLOWING THE BALL GAME, THIS ONE FROM BRAVES FIELD. THE RAMBLERS ARE NEARLY GONE BY, BUT THE HYBRID ROSES BENEATH THE BARBERRY HEDGE ARE FULL BLOOM AND A RIOT OF COLOR, AND STANDING BY SENTINEL-LIKE ARE THE SPIKES OF THE GLISTERING WHITE MADONNA LILIES -- AND OVERHEAD THE SKY IS THAT WONDERFUL SUMMER BLUE IN WHICH SAILING SO QUIETLY ALONG ARE THOSE BILLOWS OF WHITE CLOUDS -- SO BEAUTIFUL

ABOVE MY HOUSE ARE MORE INTERESTING AND BEAUTIFUL THAN CLOUDS ELSEWHERE.

ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE, I WANT THE DAY WHEN YOU WILL BE COMING BACK TO IT ALL -- WHEN THE FAMILY WILL ONCE AGAIN BE UNITED AND WHEN THE HOUSE WILL BE FILLED WITH THE YOUNGER GENERATION, THEIR COMINGS AND GOINGS, THEIR NOISE, AND THEIR DESIRES. IN THE MEANTIME, YOU ARE NEVER OUT OF MY THOUGHTS NOR BEYOND THE SCOPE OF A FATHER'S LOVE.

JMS:BCC



UNITED STATES NAVY

July 9, 1942

Dear John,

I arrived there. as you know and I have done nothing but wait in line, sit on my ass, and eat since. However, the college is nice and the campus is swell. We were issued a book of regulations and we find it pretty tough as far as the rules go; but it is run in top navy formality.

We hit the bell at 6:00 have 29 hrs. in the class-room a week the rest the week we hit the bag at 11:00 and have ten min. a day to ourselves. No smoking except in your room. We end the class at 12:00 and say on these phonetic notes. I just got back from drill and a walk detail as I had to stop. the letter at the end of the last sentence. the food here is swell and there's plenty of it which pleases me no end.

They have a swell recreation room up here and since classes have not started yet we go over and play pool ping-pong, or listen to the piano on our free time.

Give my regards and thanks to Aunt and Uncle Jay, and drop a line if you find time.

Your Pal
W. Owen.

MORE BURN DOGGLING

OPA Form No. R-572

Approved:
Bureau Budget No. 08-536

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION

Vacation Travel Authorization

.....
(Name of Applicant)

..... is authorized to:
(Complete Address)

Drive Motor Vehicle.....
(Year) (Make)

Bearing License.....
(Number and State)

For One Round Trip Only By the Shortest and Most Direct Route

Between.....and.....
(Starting Point) (Destination)

Leaving Between.....and.....
(Date) (Date)

And Returning Between.....and.....
(Date) (Date)

"I hereby Certify that I have sufficient coupons in my basic ration of gasoline acquired by such coupons to enable me to make the above trip and that my present speedometer reading is....."

.....
(Name of Applicant) (Date)

"This authorization void unless
validation stamp affixed here"

"This is not a gasoline ration. It is only an authorization for travel, issued on the basis of representations that such travel is in accordance with Regulations issued by the Office of Price Administration."

Local Board No. ____
County and State _____

(_____
(Signature of Issuing Officer)

VACATION TRAVEL PASSPORT—To obtain authorization from their local rationing board to make one round trip to a vacation spot or summer home within the limits of their A ration if alternative means of transportation are inadequate, vacationers must fill out the above form. This newspaper reproduction may be clipped and filled out. Local boards will be in a position to handle applications within 48 hours. Once validated, a duplicate copy will be the vacationers passport to drive unmolested through OPA anti-pleasure driving lines.

Jane brought up mine at 7. Roast
Ham. Creamed Potatoes - Beet
Greens - Rolls - Lettuce salad with
Cottage cheese - Milk - Raspberries
and Blueberries + Jell-O at home
at 12.30 P. M.

PETER'S Eighteenth Birthday.

Sunday, July 4th 1943 X

Peter's Eighteenth Birthday. He is in
at Sumner - Telephoned last night
there are no trains down today, but
there is a Bus that will get him
home at 5 - So we will have his
Birthday dinner tonight -

The Fourth of July. The second year
with no sound of the firecracker,
no fireworks - no bonfires - I woke
up at 6.30 - the papers arrived
early - so read them - Jane brought
up my breakfast at 8.45 - Orange
juice - Corn flakes - Fried Egg
& Bacon - fried mush - roll -
iced Coffee - My foot is much better
this morning - Down stairs at 11.

Despite the fact that this is Peter's
birthday he and he is to leave very soon
to join the Marines, John left about 12.00
to go down to Swampscott and spend
the rest of the day. We had Ham also
lettuce & Tomato Sandwiches - Milk.

Watermelon Balls for lunch on the
porch - Rested all afternoon - X -

At 4 Mother walked over from
Oak Avenue to make a call.



SANTA ANA ARMY AIR BASE
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

Sun. P.M.

JULY 4, 1943

Dear Mom + Dad —

S. A. continues to be the paradise of Army camps. Everything here is so much better than anything I've seen in the last five months — just can't get over it! The food is marvelous — all kinds of fresh vegetables, fruit juices etc. — and all very well prepared — almost as good as home.

The weather here has been perfect right along — not over 75° at any time — and I've been sleeping under two blankets every night!

If only I weren't so far away from you and Teanne. Oh well,

guess I won't have much time to put
 that after Wednesday when classes start.
 We have five courses: Math, physics,
 code, plane identification and gunnery.
 The first three will be old stuff -
 in fact, I'd qualify as an instructor
 in code - so I should be able to
 knock off some more terrific work.
 Have high hopes of being No. 1 in the
 squadron again.

We had a big dress parade today
 (one is held every Sunday at 3:00 p.m.) -
 all the cadets on the post taking
 part. It was quite an impressive sight
 since this is the largest Pre-flight
 school in the country and an enormous
 number of cadets are stationed here.

And that is the news to date -

Love to all,
 Dave



She looked very well and was in fine spirits.
At 5.30 Peter arrived home from Sunday -
He had come down from bus and with
him came one of his friends Miss Joan
Sheldon - At 6.30 Peter's 18th Birthday
Dinner Party - About the festive table was
Frances - Peter, Nicholas, Mother, Robert
Waite, Miss Sheldon - A large Roast Beef -
Roast Potatoes - Gravy - P. P. Ovens - String
Beans - Milk - Orange Sherbet - I had Orange
Jelly. A fine Birthday Cake - The table
was decorated by Nicholas - Ben Bon -
Red Candles - Fourth of July Table Cloth - It was
a fine occasion - Joa dropped in near
the end. She is staying with Mother while
Hannah + Collins are spending the holidays at
Boothbay Harbor. I went to bed at about 8
and had a good long night's sleep.
The weather was fine all the day through.

Monday, July 5th 1943. Holiday - X
It is raining this morning and it
is most welcome because it is
very dry - the lawns and flower
beds sun baked, dusty, and
parched. Jane brought up my
breakfast at 8.45 - Orange juice -
Corn flakes - fried eggs and
grilled ham. Toasted English
Muffins - Iced Coffee. My foot is
much better. Don't start at 12 and
out on the front porch until dinner
time - when we had the traditional
Salmon and Peas - also Potato
Au Beurre - Toast - Milk - a small
Green Apple Pie and Cheese. Rested
all afternoon - listened to the
Broadcast of the Massachusetts
Stakes from Suffolk Downs at 5.30 -
Frances made me up a Ruck
supper - Western Sandwich Canteloupe
Getting very muggy - X Read all
evening. listened to the radio off
and on +

July 6, 1943

Hon. Arthur D. Stone
Chairman, Selective Service
Board
Moore Street
Belmont, Massachusetts

Dear Judge Stone:

My son Peter enlisted in the United States Marines last Friday. Is it now necessary that he register with your Board? He became 18 years old last Sunday, July 4th.

Sincerely yours,

Jay R. Benton

JRB:BCC

July 6, 1943

Mr. Warren C. Seyfert, Headmaster
The Browne & Nichols School
22 Garden Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Seyfert:

Last Friday Peter enlisted in the Marine Corps and he will probably be called to camp in about two weeks. I hope that the war will not last much longer so that he will not be away from school too long and can return to Browne and Nichols for his senior year. Let us hope that this exigency is only temporary.

I want you to know that I am most grateful for all that you and the others at the School did for Peter the past four years. He derived great good from it all and developed into a young man that any father could be proud of.

Sincerely yours,

Jay P. Benton

JRB:BCC

July 6, 1943

Mr. Alan Clapp
The Browne and Nichols School
22 Garden Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Clapp:

Last Friday Peter enlisted in the Marine Corps and it will not be long before he is called to camp for his initial training. It is a pity that he, and other young men like him, are forced to interrupt their schooling, even before they have completed their last year at preparatory school.

However, the security of our country comes first and what must be done, will be. I hope we will be victorious rather soon so that he can resume with you for his senior year. Meanwhile, I want you to know that I am deeply appreciative for all you did for him. He gained great good during his four years with you, developed wonderfully, and goes forward to the colors a manly and courageous youth, qualities which you did much to implant in him.

Sincerely yours,

Jay P. Benton

JRB:BCC

July 5, 1943

Dear Mother + Daddy,

Well, another week has gone by as swiftly as usual. I surely hope + expect to see Dave while he is at Santa Ana. That is about 250 miles from here, but maybe some time we can meet in L.A. ~~or~~ he can come here if he gets enough time off.

We moved into our new place on Saturday. It is really much much better and at last we have a bedroom. It is really swell. I sit in there most of the time just admiring it.

We went to a party Saturday

night. The Johnstons & Batterlys
have taken a house together, and
had a housewarming.

So last Monday's nightie arrived.
Did they include the upstick, too?
I was so surprised to find
Mason's favorite way on Rob
Hill.

So Pete is going to be a Marine.
I just can't believe it. Seems to
me he is entirely too young to
be anything but Pete.

Jim looked when he read about
the Bakers Labsters. You can't get
any such animal out here. My
brother crawfish, and right now
you can't even get that.

Jim's birthday is Thursday. I
am going to give him a surprise
Christmas party. Also, will have

a. just stay for supper with birthday cake.

Do you have a victory garden? If not you should have. There is really no work once the seeds are in. But here we have a miracle vegetable, but it takes time to grow that.

I am longing to take some snapshots of our garden, but I can't get any film! I'll keep on trying, however.

Yesterday, Jim was Division C.D. I have a big fat chicken in the ice box, but will have to have it tomorrow as Jim goes to school tonight. That'll be home at 8:30 too late for dinner.

That's all the news for today. Write soon and tell us the news from home.

Love to all, Mary



SIR HARRY OAKES was American born, until fifty an unknown gold prospector. At fifty he struck it rich in Canada, became British citizen, and lavished wealth on friends. He was knighted by the King.

ON THE NIGHT of July 7, 1943, he was only member of family at home, Lady Oakes having left for Maine with the family. Harold Christie, real-estate operator, was his guest for the evening. They played checkers.

THE OAKES CASE

Weird murder in Nassau will fascinate mystery addicts for years to come

NO fiction writer—not even a Poe or a Gaston Leroux, could conceive a more perfect setting for mystery than that which surrounded the death of Sir Harry Oakes. He was a rugged, rather bombastic man of sixty-some years who became a multi-millionaire when he was fifty, and who, with his vast wealth, became a philanthropist in his own dominating way. The scene of the crime has all the fantastic trimmings. There was the daughter, young and beautiful, strong-willed and stubborn.

Many men hated Sir Harry, and perhaps some women. The actual murder, indescribably brutal and savage, has baffled every effort.

July 6, 1943

Mr. Vernon Munroe
23 Wall Street
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Munroe:

I am very much obliged to you for sending me a photostatic copy of decision of the Supreme Court of the State of New Hampshire, sustaining the contention of the Academy that it was entitled to recover from the Town of Exeter amounts that had been overtaxed. Counsel and the others who were looking out for the interests of the school in the litigation are to be congratulated for the efficacy of their work and for the favorable result. Please accept my best personal regards.

Sincerely yours,

Jay R. Benton

JRB:BCC



NASSAU INTRIGUED HIM and he moved there, spending millions on improving island. He transformed the sand dunes of Providence Island, off Mainland, into a tropical paradise, where he built 15-room mansion.

Exeter Academy Wins Tax Fight in Supreme Court

School Entitled to Nearly Quarter-Million; Also Rule Against Clause Giving State Control Over Curriculum

Special to The Union.

CONCORD, June 25—The "just value" of property is "the price which property will bring in a fair market," the state Supreme Court asserted today in upholding a Superior Court ruling which cut the valuation on property of Phillips-Exeter academy by more than \$1,000,000 and declared the school entitled to recover nearly a quarter of a million dollars in over taxes.

The decision was seen as a reversal of the same court's decision in 1927, in the case of the Arlington Mills versus the town of Salem, that the price which the owner would be willing to pay to a third party for the property should be taken into account in determining valuation.

Constitutionality Invalid

At the same time, the court also ruled that the clause of law under which private institutions of learning applying for a \$150,000 educational exemption on their property valuation are made subject to approval of their curriculum by the state Board of Education is "excessive delegation of legislative power" and constitutionally invalid.

Chief Justice John E. Allen of Keene, who presided over the court for the last time today—he retires Sunday on reaching the age limit of 70 years—wrote the opinion, in which the remaining members concurred, and which was delivered in a special session this afternoon.

The case had been transferred on exceptions taken by both parties to portions of the decision handed down last October, in Superior Court for Rockingham county, by Chief Justice Oscar L. Young of Laconia.

Judge Allen's opinion held that legislative tests show the intent to place the value of property at its fair market value, and that is why the tax is upon the property, and not upon the owner.

"One of the (property) rights is to transmit it to others," he noted, adding, "it is this right of transmission which is to be valued for taxation."

As much importance was attached to that portion of the opinion dealing with the Board of Education's authority to review and approve curricula of private institutions.

"The Legislature in its power of special approval may grant it on terms," the court pointed out. "The approval clause, containing no qualifications, seeks to resign to the board this incident of its power. Indirect control by the board over such institutions as might be willing to submit to it for the sake of the institutional exemption would be accomplished in large measure.

"Again, the clause indirectly confers the taxing power upon the board. Since by the clause it may extend or withhold approval in a given instance, it may, in result, grant or deny an exemption from taxation. The taxing power is fundamentally vested in the Legislature, and exemption from taxation is an exercise of that power. * * * It thus seems clear that the approval clause is invalid as an excessive delegation of legislative power. In the absence of any prescribed objectives to be attained, the scope of the board's freedom of discretionary action is too broad and unconfined."

Before Courts Three Years.

The Exeter academy case, consisting of six bills in equity filed by trustees of the school against the town of Exeter to recover alleged overtaxes, has been before the courts for more than three years.

The institution first sought unsuccessfully to establish its exemption from taxes under the terms of the charter granted to it by the Provisional Legislature, before the adoption of the state's permanent constitution and the creation of the present General Court.

When that case came before the Supreme Court, however, it decided that property used for other than scholastic purposes, including dormitories, faculty houses and other lands and buildings of similar use are taxable, and only classrooms, laboratories, the administration building and other parts of the plant directly connected with education are not.

The equity actions then were retried in the spring of 1942, and the outcome was that Chief Justice Young, who presided, in October handed down a decision in which he set forth the principle that the lack of a market for this type of property should be taken into consideration in determining its value for tax purposes.

The trial justice's decision reduced the valuation of taxable property of the academy from \$1,557,000 in 1935 and \$1,737,900 in 1940 to \$639,667.50 in each of the years 1935 through 1937 and \$645,617.50 in each of the following three years, and to date.

The school, as a result, was found to have been overtaxed a total of \$155,000 in the six years.

Adding the overpayments in 1941 and 1942, when the taxes continued on the same schedule while the case was pending, would bring the total amount recoverable by the school to nearly \$200,000, and with interest from the dates of the several payments, to almost \$250,000, it was said today.



WHEN CHRISTIE AWOKE the next morning he went to Sir Harry's room to see why he wasn't up. He was greeted by gruesome sight (above) of Sir Harry dead on the bed and his body partly burned and the room in chaos. The fire had spread some distance from the bed but had been put out by fan. Evidences indicated a strange, brutal savagery in the murder, so that there have been whispers it was a Voodoo slaying.

Tuesday, July 6th 1943

On betimes and quite busy, having been away from the office five days. Breakfast on the porch - Orange juice - corn flakes - Escalloped Salmon - toast - iced Coffee. To the Square with Frances. Subway - office. Everett Lane Back from his vacation - What a pile of work. Correspondence - letters - wow! out to lunch at 12.50 with Lane. Stared my foot and across the street To the Chamber of Commerce Cafeteria - Breaded Veal Cutlet. Spaghetti - String Beans. Cauliflower - Iced Coffee. Back To the office. Real Estate Committee - work. Left at 4.10. in Moody's Car. Took Red Mansfield - to Allston. He goes on his vacation tomorrow - Judge Leary with us. Stopped at Griffing - Scotch. House. Front Porch. Highballs. Laying plans for Guildhall. Beef Stew for dinner. - upstairs at 7.30.

Wednesday, July 7th 1943

Breakfast indoors today orange juice -
Corn flakes - fried eggs & Bacon - toast - iced
Coffee. To the Square with Frances. My foot
much better - Subway's office - work -
Wrote letters about our going to Guildhall -
Out to lunch at 12.30 - to Patten's - but the
place crowded - so to the Union Oyster House -
Clam Chowder - Scallops - Tartar Sauce -
Orange - to the Phonograph Shop on Milk
St. looking for the record "Love is a Song" from
Bambi, but no luck - Office all afternoon -
making out checks to pay a lot of house-
hold bills - Left at 4. Subway. The Square -
to the Minute Man Radio Shop still on the quest
for the record, also Mc Kenas - but
no luck again. Met Frances in front of
Mrs. Augusté's - Home. Front Porch -
Getting quite chilly - 58° - Scotch highballs
& Beer + Dinner. Roast Beef in Gravy - Maca-
roni + Cheese - String Beans. Hot Rolls. Milk -
Orange Jelly.

Episodes today Just after leaving - the Union
Oyster House. Greeted by Old Timer - in horse
& open wagon - Carrots in back - said he
sold a horse to father. Next, the Green Hand
Began the second floor landing. Police said the
3rd in an hour.

Wed. A.M.
JULY 7-1943

Dear Mom + Dad —

Well, we are about to start our regular Par. flight course — our first class, physical training, at 10:00 this morning. The schedule seems like an awfully easy one to me — four hours of academics, an hour and a half of P.T., and two hours of parade and drill daily. This is a snap compared to what we had at Louisiana. Even the academic courses are easier and less advanced than those we had in Buffalo.

By the way, I may have a job as an instructor in code to assist the slower students.

We had some excitement last night

when a P-38 pursuit plane crashed on
the field here - tremendous price etc.
Those P-38's are amazing planes - about
the fastest thing in air - all engine
and not much of anything else. They
travel quite a bit faster round and
it's really an eerie feeling to see one
whiz by and then hear the noise of
the engines several seconds later.

The weather continues very cool. This
country is an ideal climate and they
say it stays pretty much the same the
year round.

I had my first mail yesterday - a
letter from Jeanne forwarded from Wash-
ville. Hope I get something from you
soon - as I no doubt will.

Love,
Dave

July 7, 1943

The Boston Herald
80 Mason Street
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Kindly find enclosed my check for \$1.80 for two months' subscription to be mailed to:

Aviation Cadet David Benton
Squadron 85
S.A.A.A.B.
Santa Ana, Calif.

Yours truly,

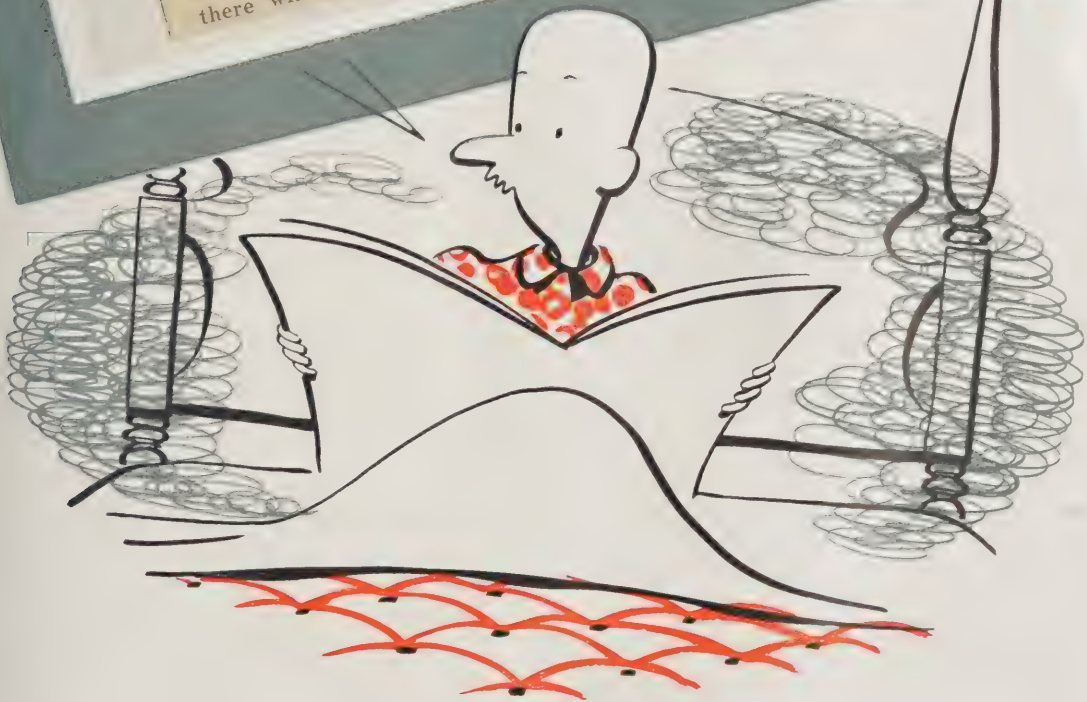
David R. Benton

JRD:BCC
Enclosure

Lancaster Fair Not to Operate This Year

The officers of the Lancaster Fair held a meeting last evening and announce that there will be no fair this

year "due to existing conditions." The Lancaster Fair has operated successfully since 1902 and that "successfully" applies to the wartime fair of 1942. The society has some \$16,000 in the treasury and owns its fine plant free of encumbrances.



Postpone Fair Due To Cold and Snow

O. Leo Connary has a copy of the Coos County Democrat with a report of the fair held at Lancaster in 1885. The fair opened on time but the next two days were postponed due to snow and sub zero weather but the crowds came out for the postponed dates.

The biggest thrill was when a picked up ball nine took in Littleton's "organized" team 8 to 4. The visitors expected to have fun with Lancaster's "kid battery" of Charles Hurley and Frank Marshall (deceased) but were fooled. Hurley hurled them to victory even with 11 errors behind him. They weren't made, however, by Will McCarten at short stop. "Miss America" wasn't there but there was a "Caucasion Beauty" the Democrat maintained must have been imported in 1845.

The Democrat at that time was a four-page seven-column paper selling at \$1.00 a year. Today an eight-page 8-column paper sells for \$2.00 although prices of labor, material, etc. have increased 500 per cent.

SUMMER IDYLL ON THE DOVER ROAD

Everett slid the great barn door and stood
Inhaling odors, sweet and good.

Robin, long of neck, stood by and neighed
And stamped around, quite unafraid.

While China turned his limpid eyes
And looked at him with mute surprise.

And the new pig wallowed in pungent sty
As swallows cut the summer sky.

Squire Lane climbed up the sloping bay
And forked down piles of fragrant hay.

He fed and watered each dumb beast
And was, to them, a serving priest.

Their crunching was a sort of prayer,
Inarticulate on the air.

They could not know that he who stood
Inhaling odors sweet and good,

Was many, many miles from there
Where he, a young man, free from care,

Climbed to heaven through noted light
And watched the sea-gulls graceful flight.

THE SMOKE OF BOMBED GERMANY RISES TO MEET THE CLOUDS



Proof of the enormity of the fires started by our Flying Fortresses in their June 22 raid on the synthetic rubber factory shown in this picture, made at an altitude of more than 25,000 feet. Black smoke (within the circle) from the blazing buildings moving through the clouds at an estimated height of between four and five miles.

The New York Times



The National
Shawmut Bank
of Boston

CAPITAL \$ 10,000,000
SURPLUS \$ 20,000,000

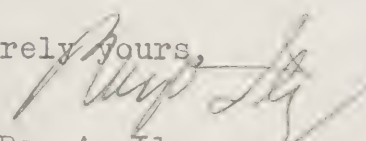
June 23, 1943

Dear Jay:

It will be a pleasure to have you as my guest at the Chamber of Commerce luncheon, July 8th, at 12:15 P.M. in the Ball Room of the Copley Plaza Hotel. Hon. Prentiss M. Brown will be the guest speaker.

Your ticket is enclosed and I shall look forward to seeing you.

Sincerely yours,


Ray A. Ilg
Vice President

Mr. Jay R. Benton, President
Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company
Boston, Massachusetts

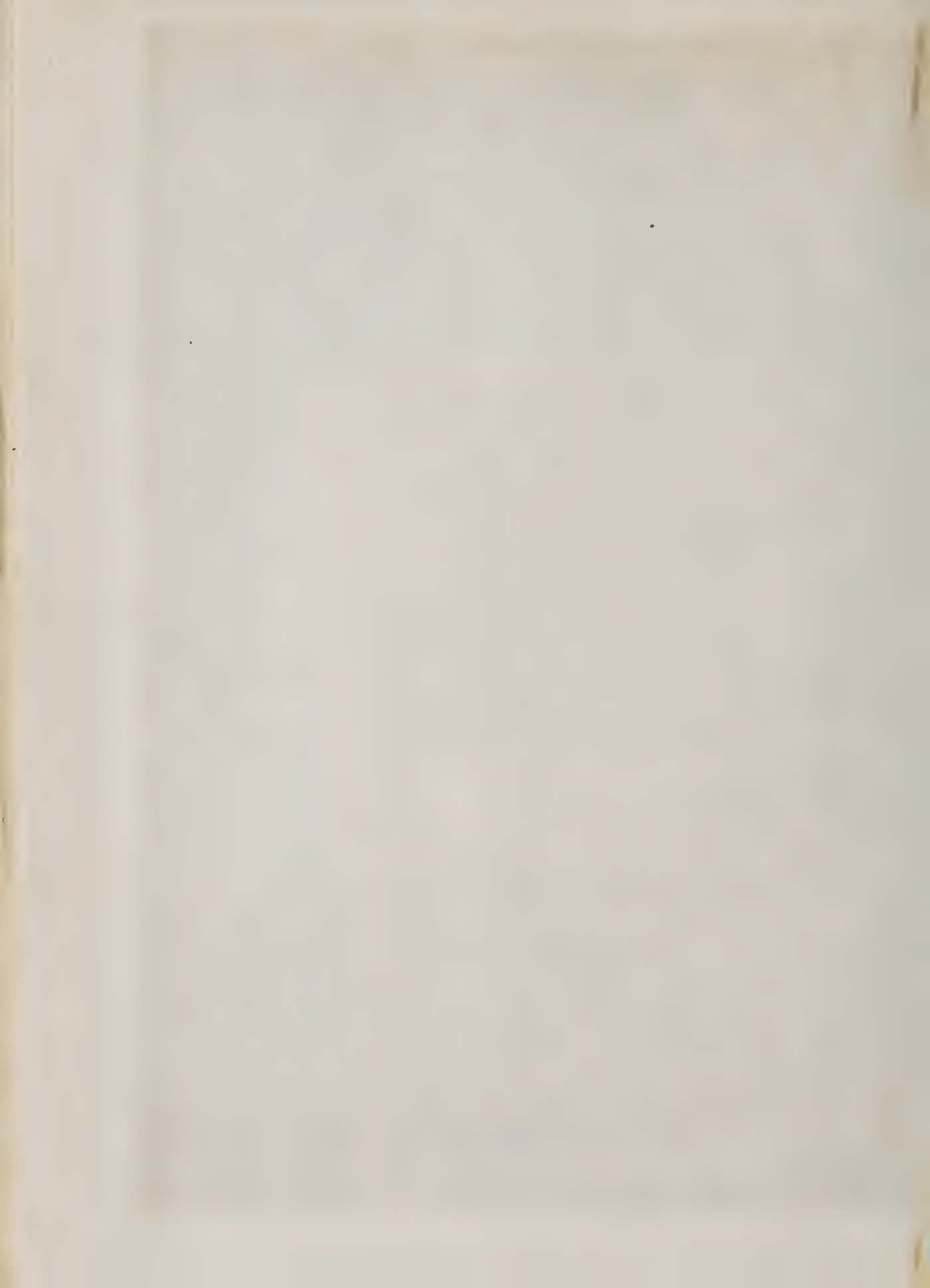
Post Power





"DAME BOSTON, how does your garden grow?" "Truth to tell, it grows very well, in front of the State House, you know."

(Leslie R. Jones)



Duno. P.M.

July 8-1943

Dear Mom + Dad -

The first day on the regular P.F. schedule proved to be pretty easy - just as I had anticipated. Physical training is the only tough thing on the schedule - everything you ~~could~~ could think of is included in our athletics - Tim Stone included.

I had a lot of fun in the code class - teaching! It turned out that I was more proficient than the instructor so he decided that it would be useless for me to take the course and that I might as well use that time in instruction. He even wants me to train lessons in the use of the automatic bag.

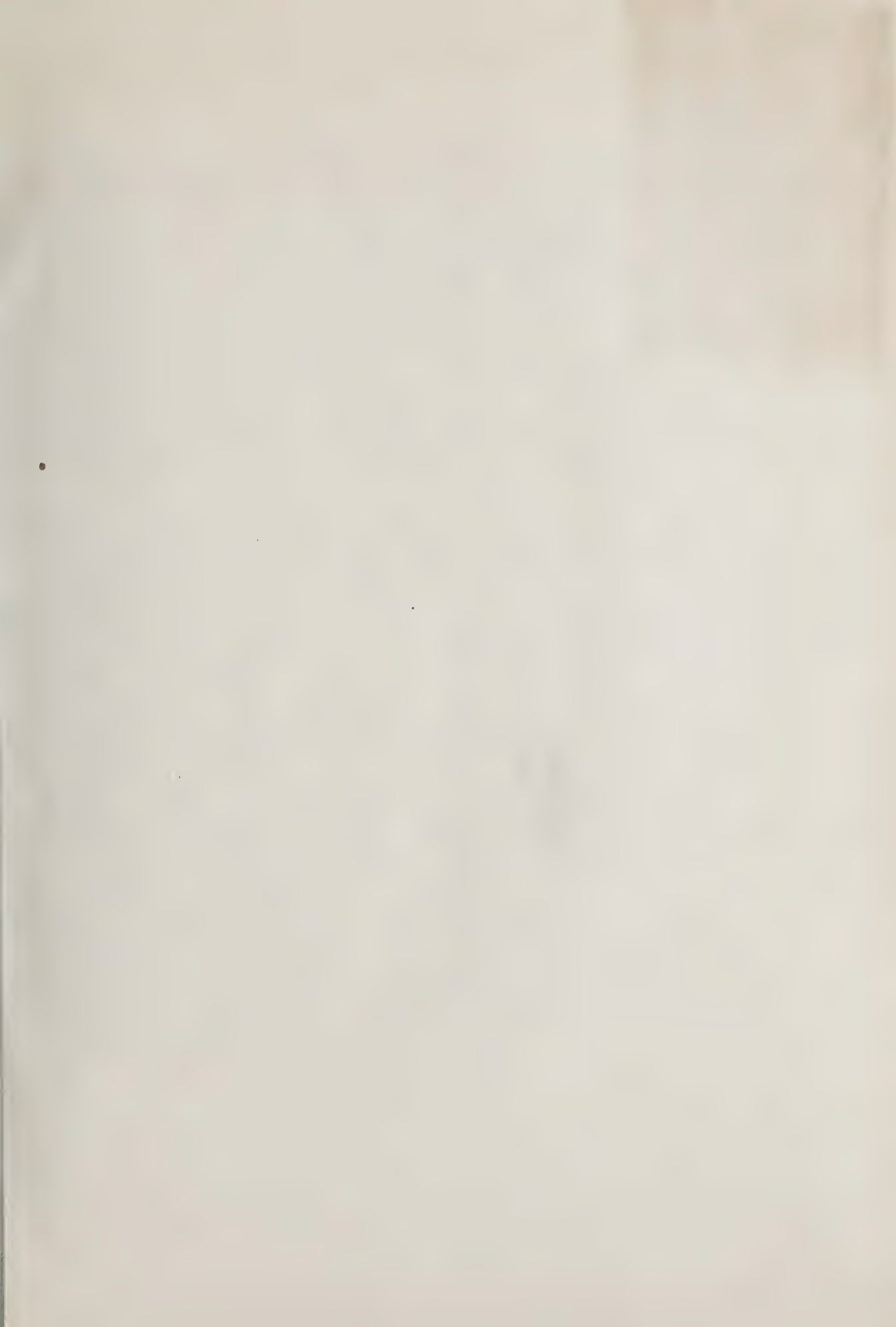
I received my first two letters from you today - the ones sent before you knew my address. It was

was wonderful to hear from home again.
What's some news about Pete joining the
Marines! I hope he will like it - I know
he'll like those heavy uniforms.

Everything now, will be more or less
routine for the next nine weeks - classes,
P.T., Retreat parade and drill every day
- with a little guard duty now and
then to keep us from getting too much
bored.

I'm looking forward to the end of the
probationary period, and, then great
privileges. We will have from late Sat.
afternoon to 3:00 P.M. Sunday of
every week. I have high hopes of
getting to see Mary & Jim as well
as some of this southern Cal. country
while I'm stationed here.

My love to all,
Dave





**Mercury at 56,
Only Degree
Above Record**

The temperature dropped pretty low early this morning, reading 56 degrees, which is only one degree above the record for low temperatures for this day in Weather Bureau history, the lowest being 55 degrees in 1909. It warmed up somewhat during early morning and at 9:30 a. m. the mercury had risen to 66 degrees with a humidity of 85 percent.

The weatherman said that there would be no more rain today, predicting continued cool weather. Highest temperature on record for today was 99 degrees in 1937.

Thursday, July 8th 1943
It started out cool today, but warmed up and at nightfall was warm - Breakfast indoors - Orange juice - corn flakes - Scrambled eggs & Bacon - toast & ice cream - Coffee - to the Square with Frances. She to the dentist's - her tooth out again - Subway - Office - early - work - out to lunch at 12:30 with Lane - to Lloyd's to get David's enlargements - lunch at the Touraine - Broiled Chicken - had Coffee - then back to the office - a 3 Star Badge at Woolworth's - Work all P.M. Left at 4. to the liquor store + Subway. Square + Woolworth's - Kleenex - Ink. Met Frances in front of Mrs. August's - Home. Front Porch - the "Coos County Democrat" says "No Taunton Fair This Year" - Dinner. Roast Beef Hash! French Fried Onions. Blue Berrries + to bed at 7. Nicholas in town. Tonight entertaining a young lady from the Boston Edison +

The Boston-St. Louis game at Boston on July 9 was witnessed by District Superintendent JOSEPH WHITE, of the Boston Mutual and his staff, as guests of the company on winning the president JAY BENTON cup in this spring's production contest.

Friday, July 9th 1943

Breakfast on the front porch - Orange
corn flakes. Creamed Cod Fish on Toast -
Red Coffee - To the Square with Frances -
Subway, Office and work - to 12.30
then in Moody's Car - Jane with us -
to the Hotel Kenmore - Victory luncheon
for the Boston District Office, who won
the President's Cup - A good time -
to Braves Field to the Ball game -
the Braves @ St. Louis Cardinals 7 -
Back to the Kenmore with Moody, Joe
White, Supt of Boston Office, and
Anahrose White, Supt of the Providence
Office + Home in Moody's Car - Stopping
at Griffin's and Curtis Drug Store -
W. H. M. came in and sat and talked
a while on the front porch - Hydrations -
Girls out. Frances Cooking. Lobster
Salad and how good. To bed
early. It was muggy this afternoon.
After went to the Sheraton Roof
Inglit.



VICTORY LUNCHEON

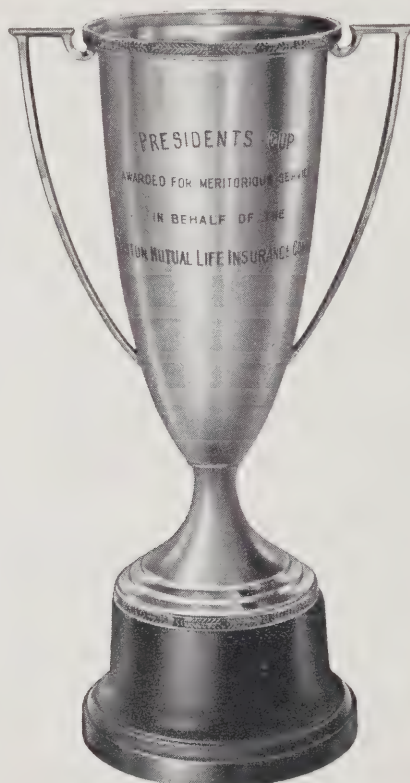
BOSTON DISTRICT CHAMPIONS

Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company

Friday, July 9, 1943

BOSTON DISTRICT

1943 winner of President Jay R. Benton's Trophy



For
Combined
Increase
Average per man

February
and March
President's
Campaign

BOSTON INDIVIDUAL WINNERS (Cash Bonuses)

Joseph White, Superintendent

ASSISTANTS

Meyer Nickinson

Victor Rosenstein

Edward J. Ariel

AGENTS

Jacob Levine

Alessandro Reina

Maurice E. White

Samuel Tobin

Louis Gass

Edward Convicer

Jack M. Novack

HOME OFFICE REPRESENTATIVES

Jay R. Benton
President

Edward C. Mansfield
Secretary and Treasurer

William H. Moody
Superintendent of Agencies

Lorne J. Peters
Assistant Superintendent of Agencies



New England Clam Chowder

Assorted Relishes

Broiled Chicken Halibut au cresson

French Fried Potatoes

Fresh Green Peas au beurre

Hot Luncheon Rolls

Sweet Butter

Kenmore Ice Cream

Coffee

Cigars

Cigarettes



*LUNCHEON FOLLOWED BY THE
BALL GAME AT BRAVES FIELD
BOSTON BRAVES vs. ST. LOUIS CARDINALS*

BOSTON OFFICE ORGANIZATION

Joseph White, Superintendent

ASSISTANTS

Meyer Nickenson
Samuel Waxler

Victor Rosenstein
Edward J. Ariel

AGENTS

Philip Kramer
Louis Gass
Max Ellis
Joseph Sarna
Edward Convicer
Francis J. O'Gara

Oscar Weiss
Bernard Marnoy
Mathew A. Golburgh
Elmer Butler
Samuel Tobin
Maxwell R. Roberts
Maurice E. White

Jacob Levine
Joseph F. Bumbaco
Max Endesses
Jack M. Novack
Alessandro Reina
John S. D'Alessandro

New Agent added since campaign
Gorden A. Mackay

INVITED GUESTS

Edward E. Mackay
Superintendent, Cambridge District Office

Harry L. Freeman
Superintendent, Roslindale District Office

Ambrose F. White
Superintendent, Providence District Office



PHOTO BY
EGAN PHOTO SERVICE
Studio, 440 Tuleman St., Seattle



PHOTO BY
EGAN PHOTO SERVICE
37020, 446 TALMONT ST., BOSTON



PHOTO BY
EGAN PHOTO SERVICE
STUDIO, 446 TREMONT ST., BOSTON

Boston Mutual Life's President Cup Presentation



L. to R.: Asst. Secy. Everett H. Lane; Supt. of Agencies William H. Moody; Pres. Jay R. Benton; Boston Supt. Joseph White; Asst. Supt. of Agencies Lorne J. Peters.

The accompanying picture was taken at the presentation to Joseph White, Boston, of the Boston Mutual Life's President Cup. Mr. White is superintendent of the Boston district. For twenty years he has been a member of the company's field organization. He was made an agent in the Boston district in 1923, advancing soon to position of assistant superintendent. Eight years later he was made superintendent at Waltham and in 1934 was promoted to head of the company's largest district office in Boston. The production of this district has grown rapidly under his direction. His staff won the president's cup in 1940 and again this year. For the first six months of this year the combined writings for the district amounted to \$907,890.

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME



AMERICAN UNDERWRITER



BOSTON DISTRICT WINS 1943 PRESIDENT'S CUP IN BOSTON MUTUAL LIFE'S SPRING CAMPAIGN

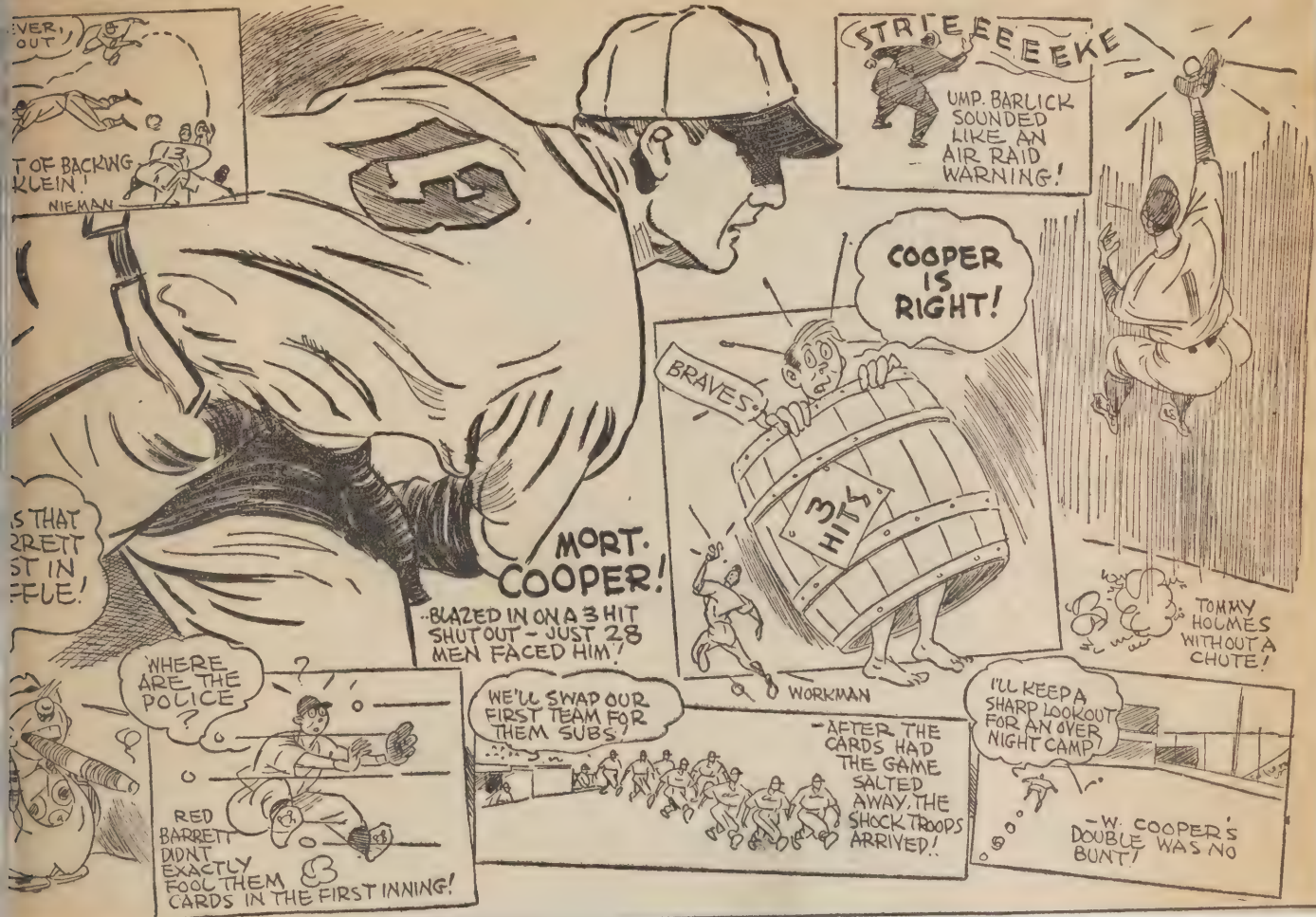
President Jay R. Benton of the Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company is shown above presenting the 1943 President's Cup to the Boston District of the Company for winning their Spring Production Campaign. Left to right: Everett H. Lane, Assistant Secretary; Asst. Supt. Waxler; Asst. Supt. Nickerson; Supt. of Agencies, William H. Moody; President, Jay R. Benton; Supt. Joseph White; Asst. Supt. of Agencies, Lorne J. Peters; Asst. Supt. Ariel; Asst. Supt. Rosenstein.



Barrel Again!

-:-

By Bob Coyne



July 9, 1943

Mr. David M. White, Publisher
Coos County Democrat
Lancaster, New Hampshire

Dear Mr. White:

Enclosed kindly find my check for \$1.00 for six months' subscription to be mailed to:

Aviation Cadet David Benton
11082081
Squadron 85
S.A.A.A.B.,
Santa Ana, California

I send you my best personal regards.

Sincerely yours,

Jay P. Benton

JRE:BCC
Enclosure

July 9, 1913

Dear Jay + all -

Fall was away yesterday
so didn't get to answer
your letter. It was a nice
surprise to hear you are planning
to get off here. It will do you
all loads of good. Mrs. Drew is
in Maine with some relatives. I
have written to her asking her
to come, giving the details.
Will let you know as soon as
I hear. Her address is
76 Goff Street, Auburn, Me.

if you should care to write
to her.

Everything is rather quiet
around here. Haying is in
full swing at the present. Not
much of any traffic. Once
in a while a bomber passes
over, other than that not much
excitement. Jane is away to
camp for the remainder of the
month.

Love to all

me

"The Human Comedy"

SATURDAY
AFTERNOON

PLACES,

AY,

AND NICHOLAS

the

UNIVERSITY.

JULY 10, 1943



The story of "The Human Comedy" is about the Macaulay family who live in Ithaca, Calif. Kindly, loving and simple, they are the sort of characters about whom Saroyan usually writes. Youngest son is 4-year-old Ulysses (Jack Jenkins) who likes to watch gophers digging in his backyard and wave to people on trains. Here he is dejected because no one will wave back.

THE HUMAN COMEDY" is William Saroyan's first feature-length screen story, and it lives up to its title. In its wealth of material, its accurate portraiture and its warm understanding, it is inescapably human, and Saroyan's light-hearted approach to the trials and tribulations of his characters causes it to glow with hidden laughter even when it is unashamedly sad.

Those who have followed Saroyan's stage plays have fallen into the usual opposed camps of *pro* and *con*, but I doubt if any such division will mark the public reception of this picture.

There is no attempt here on the author's part to be subtle or obscure. It is a simple account of simple people, told without affectation or idiosyncrasy. It is a picture with a point of view, and that point of view is Saroyan's. And since

the approach is essentially compassionate, the picture cannot fail to strike a responsive chord in its audience.

Important as are the characters who make up "The Human Comedy," they are inseparable from their background, and

background is inseparable from the in which we live. They are small-people, but the stage on which they put their lives is the world stage, only of the present but of the future in the sense that the story takes today, "The Human Comedy" is a picture; but there are no actual scenes of war in it. Rather is this inter-theme which serves to point up struggle which takes place in the and hearts of people who have the and courage to help mold the world narrow.

The keynote is set at the very beginning. Through the parting of clouds the looks down, as from an airplane, down laid out in an expanse of fertile and a voice which we soon come to realize as belonging to *Matthew Macauley*, deceased, identifies the place as where he had lived and brought up his family.

"My homeland," says the voice, "its patches of vineyards and orchards, seems like the scattered fragments of life, without plan or purpose. In reality, there is a design of course—the pattern of life . . . and the weaving of time weaves a tapestry of life, revealing that everyday human beings are the real heroes of the world, their daily lives bringing to us a fresh dimension of understanding—a realization of faith in ourselves, in the world, in people, in the magnificence of things, in the dreams of children, in the living spirit that is everywhere . . . in the courage overcoming fear."

Centered around *Matthew's* family around which subsequent events revolve, and *Matthew* himself who hovers over the story, is a visible and unseen guide. It is he who singles out for us the various characters with whom we are to grow acquainted, even to their innermost thoughts. There is first of all *Ulysses Macauley*, the youngest of the sons, now five years old; there is *Homer*, the adolescent, whose long hours at high school are relieved by the fact that he takes a night job as a telegraph messenger-boy and learns about life at the same time; there is *Mrs. Macauley*, who personifies the sorrows and the fortitude of the family; there is *Marcus*, the eldest son, now in an army camp, ready to die for his country and earning with all his heart for the life he has mapped out for himself, the life he plans to lead with *Mary* in the home after the war; *Marcus* playing the violin and singing old songs with the soldiers; talking to his buddy, *George*, of strange things like a soldier; writing brave letters home to *Mother* and *Mary*.



Ulysses' faith in human nature is restored when a cheerful Negro on his way to the South returns the greeting by singing and waving. The little boy runs back home whistling one phrase from the Negro's song over and over again. He stops to reflect on his experience, then kicks up his heels like a frisky colt. This is characteristic of Ulysses when he is happy.



After supper in the Macauley home, daughter Bess plays the piano while her mother plays the harp. Ulysses watches them both, fascinated. Although a little sleepy, he wants to ask some questions before being put to bed. Patiently Mrs. Macauley tries to explain the absence of oldest son Marcus, who is in the Army, and her husband, who has been dead for two years.

The little California town which goes by the name of Itahaca is the focal point of the story, and from it the lives of the people there radiate out through time and space, held together by the dream of a new and better world, patiently doing what they can to make the dream come true for others as well as themselves.

"The Human Comedy" has Mickey Rooney in it, but one should not be led into thinking that his part is a monopolizing one. I have purposely delayed mentioning Mr. Rooney's presence in the cast because it is the overall pattern of the story, theme and characters, which give the picture its dominating quality.

Yet the part of *Homer* is important because it is youth at the threshold of two worlds and caught up in the forces and influences of both. The overtones of war excitement have made school seem pretty tame to *Homer*, and he is compensated in large measure when he gets his job in the local telegraph office. There, under the influence of *Tom Spangler* (James Craig), a former school idol, and *William Grogan* (Frank Morgan), an old-time telegrapher who still likes his bottle, *Homer* soon comes to find life a thrilling affair.

It is a heartbreaking affair too, as he discovers when he delivers a telegram from the War Department to a woman informing her of her son's death. Messages of this kind weigh heavily on him.

WHILE we watch this multiform impact of life on *Homer* there is a constant parade of other people passing before us. One of the most fascinating characters in the picture is young *Ulysses Macauley*, scarcely more than a baby, but providing a note of unmitigated freshness and delight. There is no doubt that much of the success of this personality is due to the performance of Butch Dudley, whose aptitude for the camera is uncanny. Master Dudley inherits his talent from his mother, Doris Dudley, and his grandfather, Bide Dudley. He is someone to watch.

Without detracting from his performance it is well to bear in mind the help he gets from the knowing dialogue with which Saroyan has provided him. It is evident that the author has not only a relish for the antic-child mind but a profound understanding of it. The scenes with *Ulysses* and the other kids have the authentic stamp, whether the boys are stealing fruit from a neighbor's orchard, making life miserable for some stuffy old person, or indulging in the erratic talk of childhood. *Ulysses* faces life with a wondrous curiosity, amiably confusing its terms.

Some of this charm and wonder and puzzlement is admirably conveyed in a passage between *Ulysses* and his mother when the child, for no immediate reason, is moved to inquire the whereabouts of



Riding home, *Ulysses* sits on the handle bars of brother *Homer's* bicycle. *Homer* (Mickey Rooney) goes to high school, runs the low hurdles, has a crush on a pretty girl, but learns most about life from his after-school job as a messenger for Postal Telegraph. The movie is filled with simple episodes, finds its drama in the pattern of life in a small town during war.



Ulysses and his friend, *Lionel* (Darryl Hickman), the town's backward boy, stand in front of a drugstore watching a "mechanical man" who is advertising a patent medicine. *Ulysses* begins to cry. His brother, *Homer*, finds him and asks if he is afraid. *Ulysses* then links the word "afraid" with his emotions, senses a new experience. Happily he cries, "I'm afraid!"



A highly dramatic scene from "The Human Comedy." William Grogan (Frank Morgan), an old-time telegrapher, dies while receiving a message. Homer Macauley (Mickey Rooney) watches him pass away.

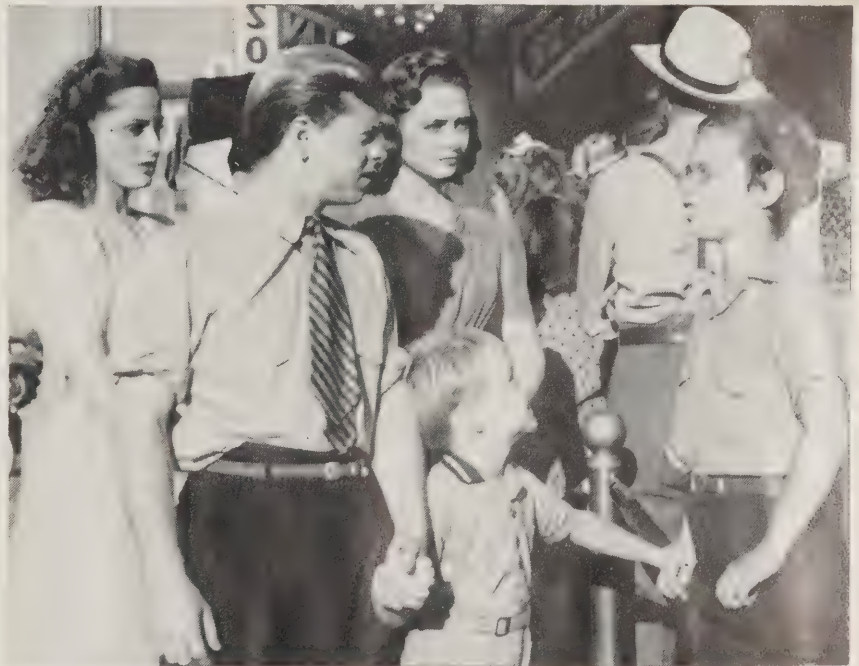
eldest brother, *Marcus*. *Mrs. Macauley* tells him he is in the Army.

Ulysses then wants to know why *Homer* isn't there either, and when his mother explains that *Homer* has got a job working at night in the telegraph office, *Ulysses* asks why he is working. *Mrs. Macauley*, in her reply, sums up tenderness and the meaning of the story in words which give us the Saroyan point of view.

Homer is working, *Mrs. Macauley* explains, "because *Marcus* is in the Army, and your father is—gone. . . . because we must have money to buy food and clothing and pay rent—and to take care of the poor."

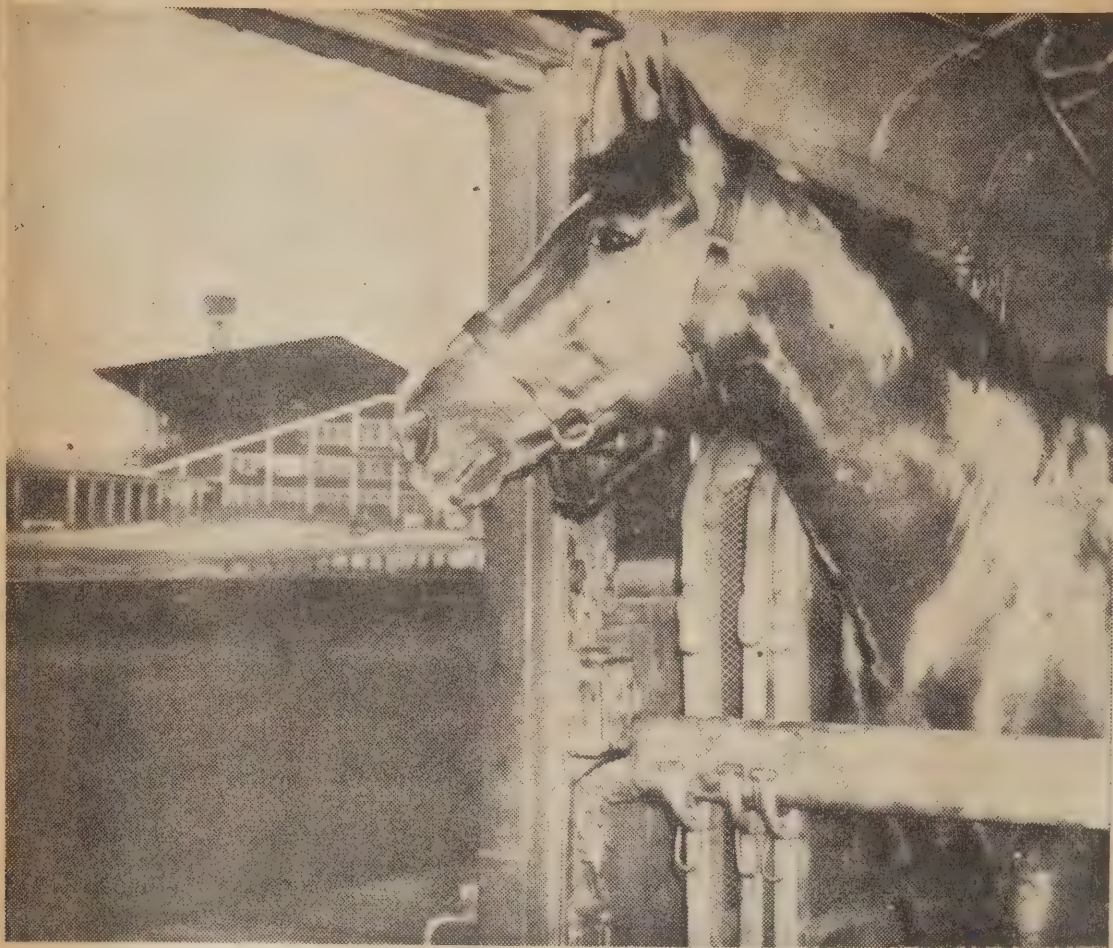
"What is the 'poor'?" *Ulysses* asks. *Mrs. Macauley* explains that there are many kinds of poor. Some are poor things you can see, "but the real poor are the poor in heart—who haven't any laughter or songs or love."

In a picture so dotted and interlarded with characters, situations and incidents, it is difficult to single out the individual contributions. Almost every member of the cast is good, and it would be fair to pass on without citing Fay Bainter as *Mrs. Macauley*, Van Johnson as *Marcus*, Frank Morgan as Grogan; Henry Nash as the schoolteacher, Jack Jennings (Butch Dudley) as *Ulysses*; Darryl F. Zanuck as *Ulysses'* buddy, Ann Ayars as the Mexican woman and John Craven as the soldier pal of *Marcus*. An especial award thanks is due director Clarence Brown; Mickey Rooney has turned in one of his very best performances.



Out for a walk on a Saturday afternoon, Homer and Ulysses stop to talk with bespectacled Lionel, who is standing in line outside of a motion-picture theater. He has no money and Homer asks him why he is waiting there if he can't buy a ticket. Lionel, with true Saroyan philosophy, says: "I was lonesome. I saw these people standing here, so I stood with 'em."

FAREWELL TO HIS RACING DAYS



Whirlaway takes a final look at the Washington Park track, Chicago, from the freight car that took him to Lexington, Ky. He ended his career because of a leg injury.

Associated Press Wirephoto

THE HUMAN COMEDY



1 Mrs. Kate Macauley (*Fay Bainter*) and her four children lead a typical small town life. Her eldest son, Marcus (*Van Johnson*), is in the Army and his fiancée, Mary (*Dorothy Morris*), already is virtually one of the family, which includes Homer (*Mickey Rooney*) and Bess (*Donna Reed*).



HOMER MACAULEY, a telegraph messenger boy, learns about life, this human comedy we all have a part in, through people of all types to whom he must deliver wires, some bringing joy, others tragedy. Mickey Rooney plays *Homer* in this screenplay by Howard Estabrook based on the new novel by William Saroyan. Produced and directed by Clarence Brown, the picture has been handled by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's top names in every department. The excellent cast includes Frank Morgan, James Craig, Marsha Hunt and Fay Bainter.



2 Homer attends high school and helps swell the family income by delivering telegrams at night. On the night shift Homer works with Willie Grogan (*Frank Morgan*). Willie, an old-time telegrapher, tells Homer how to sober him up if he gets drunk—a splash of water, then hot coffee.



3 Through messages which he delivers, Homer meets all kinds of people. He learns that all are human, no matter what their circumstances. The most difficult message he must take comes often, and reads: "The War Dept. regrets to inform you that your son . . . has been killed in action at . . ."



4 The day of the 220-yard hurdles race Miss Hicks (*Mary Nash*) keeps Homer and his rival, Hubert Ackley, after school. The

coach takes Ackley out of class in time, and Miss Hicks, at this obvious favoritism, excuses Homer, who ties the



5 The manager of Homer's telegraph office, whom he idolizes, is Tom Spangler (*James Craig*). Tom is in love with Diana Steed (*Marsha Hunt*), daughter of one of the town's wealthiest families. Despite her wealth he finds Mrs. Steed (*Katharine Alexander*) to be a human, level-headed person.



6 Mrs. Macauley, in a vision of her dead husband, receives a message that Marcus is soon to join him. Marcus, meanwhile is about to leave camp for the front. From listening to Marcus, his orphan pal, Tobey George (*John Craven*) has adopted the Macauleys as his family; hopes to marry Bess.



7 Returning to the office one night Homer finds Willie slumped over the telegraph key. He brings water and coffee, but to no avail. Willie is dead. The half-finished wire in front of him is addressed to Mrs. Kate Macauley: "The Department of War regrets to inform you that your son Marcus . . ."



8 Tom finds Homer in utter despair. He takes the boy for a walk and they play a game of horseshoes in the darkness. A soldier gets off a train at the station, looks over the town, watches them pitch horseshoes. Homer feels that he knows the soldier. The soldier goes alone to the Macauley home.

pens the door for
is Tobey. He tells
at Marcus has been
Just then Homer
with the telegram.
Macauley and her
welcome Tobey.
and Ulysses (*Jack*
) take him by either
and lead their new
into the warmth
new found home.





Zero Hour

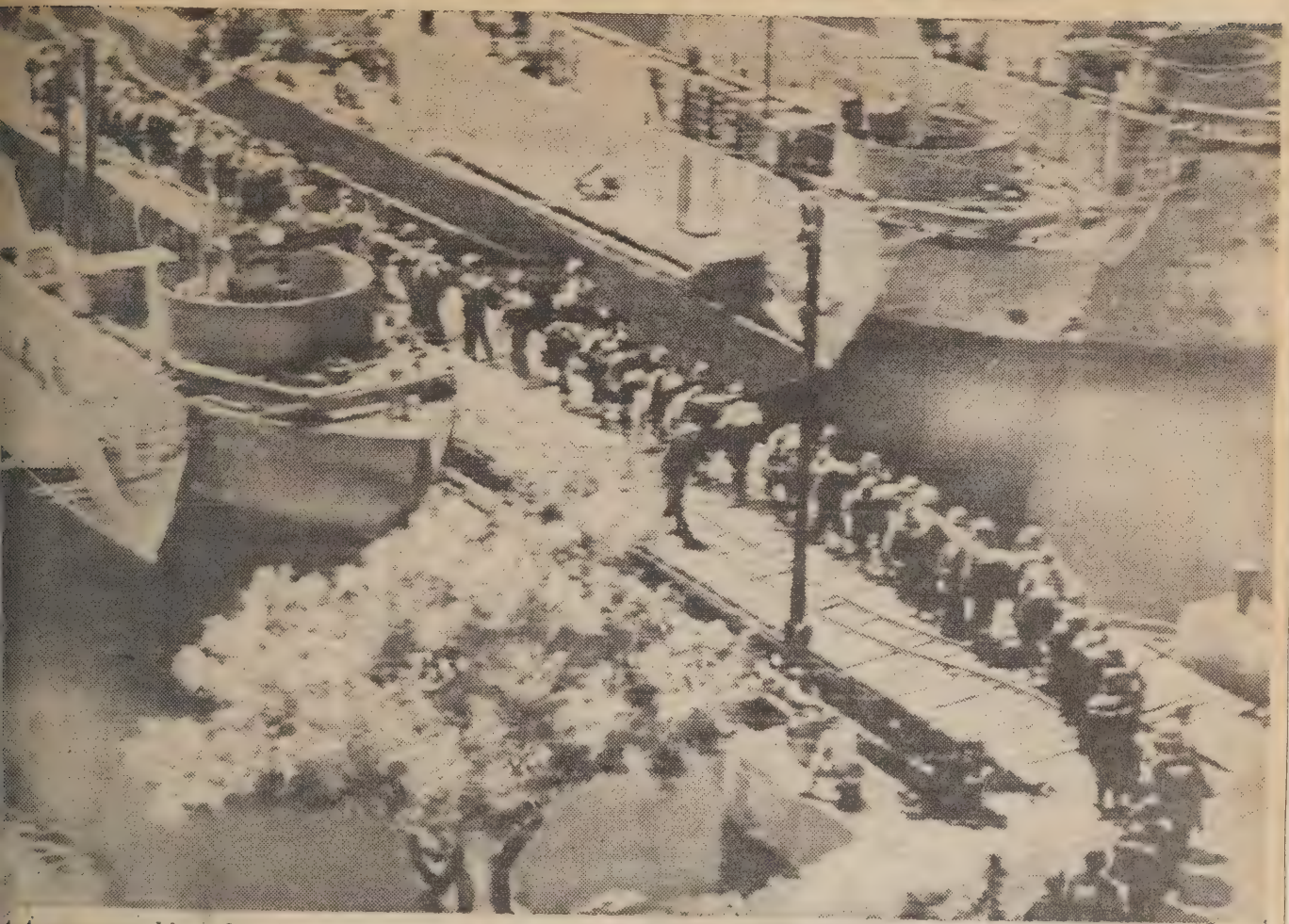
The Invasion Begins

At 3 o'clock yesterday morning the Battle of Europe began. The Second Front was opened. The moment which the Allied world has long awaited came with dramatic suddenness in the dead hours of a moonlit Mediterranean night. From North Africa to Sicily moved thousands of Allied troops that have for months been in training for the initial assault on the fortress Hitler has made of a continent.

The invasion forces came by sea and air. Over the quiet waters steamed big transports, snub-nosed, shallow-draft invasion barges, powerful warships of all kinds. Above them were big troop-carrying planes guarded by fighters. In minutely timed coordination the Allied forces swept ashore or dropped from the skies to assault the tightly drawn defenses of the Italian island. A naval barrage and days of aerial attack had helped to clear the way. But the ultimate task was one for fighters on foot—man-to-man combat of the toughest kind.



THE START OF THE ALLIED INVASION OF SICILY



t troops marching aboard loading craft infantry barges just before their embarkation from an unidentified point

The New York Times (U. S. Army Signal Corps Radiophoto)

AMERICAN SOLDIERS RACE ASHORE FOR SICILY INVASION



With their rifles ready, they leap off landing barges into the surf at the Italian island

Associated Press Wirephoto, from U. S. Signal Corps

ACTION



'Chutists

Tense and confident, Yank paratroopers hear Lieut.-Col. Charles W. Kouns (standing midway) report: "Your destination is the Italian island of Sicily and you will be the first American troops to land." These are the men who led the attack Friday night . . . the first step to the great European invasion ahead.

BAILING OUT OVER SICILY



(AP Wirephoto)

WATCH OUT, BELOW—Armed to the teeth, an American paratrooper jumps from the door of a transport plane as the invasion of Sicily got underway. Paratroopers spearheaded the attack and early announcements from official sources said they achieved success with negligible loss. This photo was wirelessly via United States Signal Corps Radio from Algiers.



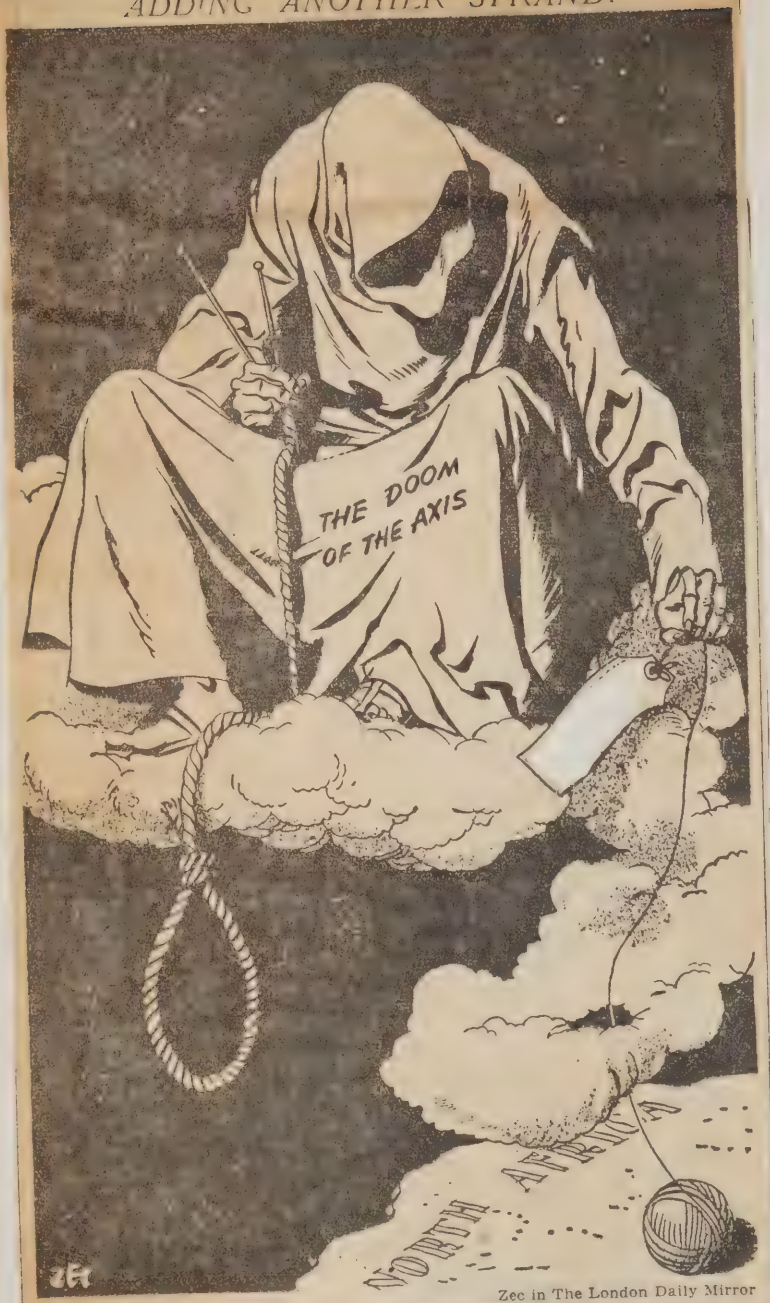
VADERS MOVE AHEAD



International News Photo

That's Italy Over There—Here is part of the Sicilian city of Messina with the narrow Strait of Messina in the background . . . beyond which lies the mainland of Italy. Today, Allied forces are pushing up from the south and bombing the city from three captured airdromes.

ADDING ANOTHER STRAND!



Zec in The London Daily Mirror

WASHINGTON, July 10 (Saturday)
(AP)—Allied forces leaped across the Mediterranean from Africa bases today and climaxed weeks of aerial pounding with the first invasion of Italian soil . . . the Island of Sicily off the Italian boot.

Saturday, July 10
"The Herald" arrived very early at 6.
Jane brought up my breakfast at 8.45—
Orange juice—corn flakes—bottled eggs
on toast—iced coffee. Quite muggy
this morning—Started packing up
the letters and other material of the
30th Anniversary Party preparatory to
Binding. Up at 11.30 and at 12.20 Frances,
Nicholas and I drove down to the Church
St. Garage and had lunch at the
Bella Vista—Antipasto—Fried Omeus—
Tartar Sauce—Creamed Spinach—string
Beans—iced Coffee. Cantaloupe—to
the University to see a superb picture.
"The Human Comedy"—Washed out
afterwards. Home. Front Porch. Very hot
and muggy—Scotch highballs—Dinner.
Broiled Chicken—French Fried Potatoes.
Slept in David's room in attempt to
get some air.
John left at 10.30 for Swampscott and was
back after midnight.
Louise drove around for a minute—and
there was Warren in his sailor suit
down from Holy Cross.

Sunday, July 11th 1943

The Sunday papers arrived quite early at 7. Still humid. Jane brought up my breakfast at 8.45 - Orange juice - Corn flakes - Broiled School. Pork scraps. English muffins - Iced Coffee. On his way from church - Robin dropped in to chat and look at the fummies - Finished pasting up the letters for the 30th Album. Dinnertime at 12. Frances, Peter, + I over to the Bakers at 12.30. Beneath the Apple Tree in their yard. Quite a gathering, their son Nicholas, A Marine, home on furlough. Harriet + Frances Kendall, Percy Dewey, Miss Chase, Mrs. Thomas F. Kimball, Miss Chaffee, "Pinky" Kelley. Home at 2. Sunday dinner - Roast Leg of Lamb - Rested all afternoon. terrifically hot + humid day. Frances ill from the heat early in the evening. A tough night to try to sleep. John down to Swampscott again for the day.



COCKTAILS BY AN APPLE TREE
AT THE BAKERS. SUNDAY. JULY 11, 1943





SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1943



8 am. P.M.

July 11, 1943

Dear Mom + Dad -

Pretty busy today with ground duty in the morning and the dress parade this afternoon.

Everything is going exceedingly well. The class work is very easy. Of course, we haven't been here very long, but, to date, I have a 100% average in all my courses.

The physical training program is really rugged - and very diversified. We have 45 minutes of calisthenics every day - doing 12 different exercises in continuity - i.e. ~~no~~^{no} "breaks" or rest periods between each individual exercise. After the calisthenics comes a one hour period devoted to games.

your drinking, running, and what have you.
Something different each day. Yesterday
after the exercises we had to run
a fast half mile and then play
basketball. Some fun!

One thing that has gotten me a little
fed down was the news that my class
isn't scheduled to graduate until Dec.
'44. I hate to think of being stuck
out here in the far west without
seeing you or Janice for eight
months. I had had high hopes of
coming home with my wings for
2 years so this lengthening of the
course is a big kick in the pants.
Actually the course has been lengthened
only six weeks (or advanced games,
- for all you know, after graduation). The
rest of the time is just me
waiting for wings in the
war zone. I hope I'll get them.

I will be able to get in parlor
somewhere along the line. It seems
as though we should get at least
one in a year.

And now a bit of good news - for
me. By everything you will the
guerrilla on sq. 15 will be righted
next Monday. By so, I hope to get
up to Santa Maria and see Mary
& Tim. We get out from 5:00 P.M. Sat.
until 5:00 P.M. Sunday. I wrote to
Mary a week ago but haven't heard
from her yet - we hope they
haven't moved on to New Territory.

Your letters take only three days
to get here - which is for good, I
think. No worse than Nashville. Keep
coming and I'll keep you informed
of all the S.A.S.A.E. activities. Love,
Dave



Lunch
with
Moody.
MONDAY
JULY 12, 1943

Luncheon Served from 12M. to 2:00 P.M.
Dinner Served from 6:00 P. M. to 8:00 P.M.

APPETIZERS AND SOUPS

Pineapple Juice Cocktail 20

Cream St. Germain with Mint 25, Tureen 40

Consomme Riche in Jelly 20, Tureen 35

Melon 20

HARVARD CLUB SPECIAL LUNCHEON 95 Cents

Choice of Appetizer or Soup

Fresh Crabflake Salad

or

Salmis of Duckling, Hunter Style

Summer Squash Rice Oriental

Tea, Coffee or Milk

(Choice of Any Dessert 15 Cents Extra)

LUNCHEON PLATES SERVED FROM THE BUFFET

No. 1 — 85c

Curry of Eggs Oriental, Rice, Carrots Vichy

Rolls and Butter

No. 2 — 1.15

Cold Beef Tongue, Potato Salad

Rolls and Butter

No. 3 — 1.20

Fresh Swordfish, Saute Meuniere, Lettuce, and Tomato Salad

Rolls and Butter

No. 4 — 75c

Fresh Seafood Salad Sandwich, Sliced Tomatoes

DESSERTS

Apple or Boston Cream Pie	20	Choice of Ice Cream or Sherbet,	
Cocoanut Custard Pudding	20	Petits Fours	20
Jelly Roll	20	Cheese and Crackers	20

BEVERAGES

Cup of Tea, 10	Pot 20	Buttermilk	15
Cup of Coffee, 10	Pot 20	Glass of Beer	10
Bottle of Milk	10	Glass of Ale	10
		Glass of Ginger Ale	10

Monday, July 12, 1943

Massachusetts Old Age Tax 5%

For Steaks, Chops, etc., request A La Carte Menu

TABLE d'HOTE DINNER

Melon 20

Pineapple Juipce Cocktail 20

Consomme Riche in Jelly 20
Cream of Celery with Tomato 20

Complete Entree
Dinner Only

Filet of Haddock, Saute Meuniere 1.70 .95

Cold Salmon, Mayonnaise 1.80 1.10

Roast Ribs of Beef au Jus 1.85 1.15

New Spinach 15 Potato Anna 15

Choice of Desserts

Choice of Beverage

CHEF'S SPECIAL DISHES

Served Throughout the Day

(Please allow 15 Minutes for Preparation)

No. 1 — 80c

Omelette au Parmesan, Baked Potato, New Spinach

No. 2 — 1.10

Fresh Crabflakes Ravigote, Sliced Cucumbers

No. 3 — 1.05

Finnan Haddie Ambassador, Rice, New String Beans

No. 4 — 1.40

Lobster Salad, Russian Dressing, Sliced Tomatoes

No. 5 — 90c

Broiled Fresh Mackerel, Mixed Grill

No. 6 — 95c

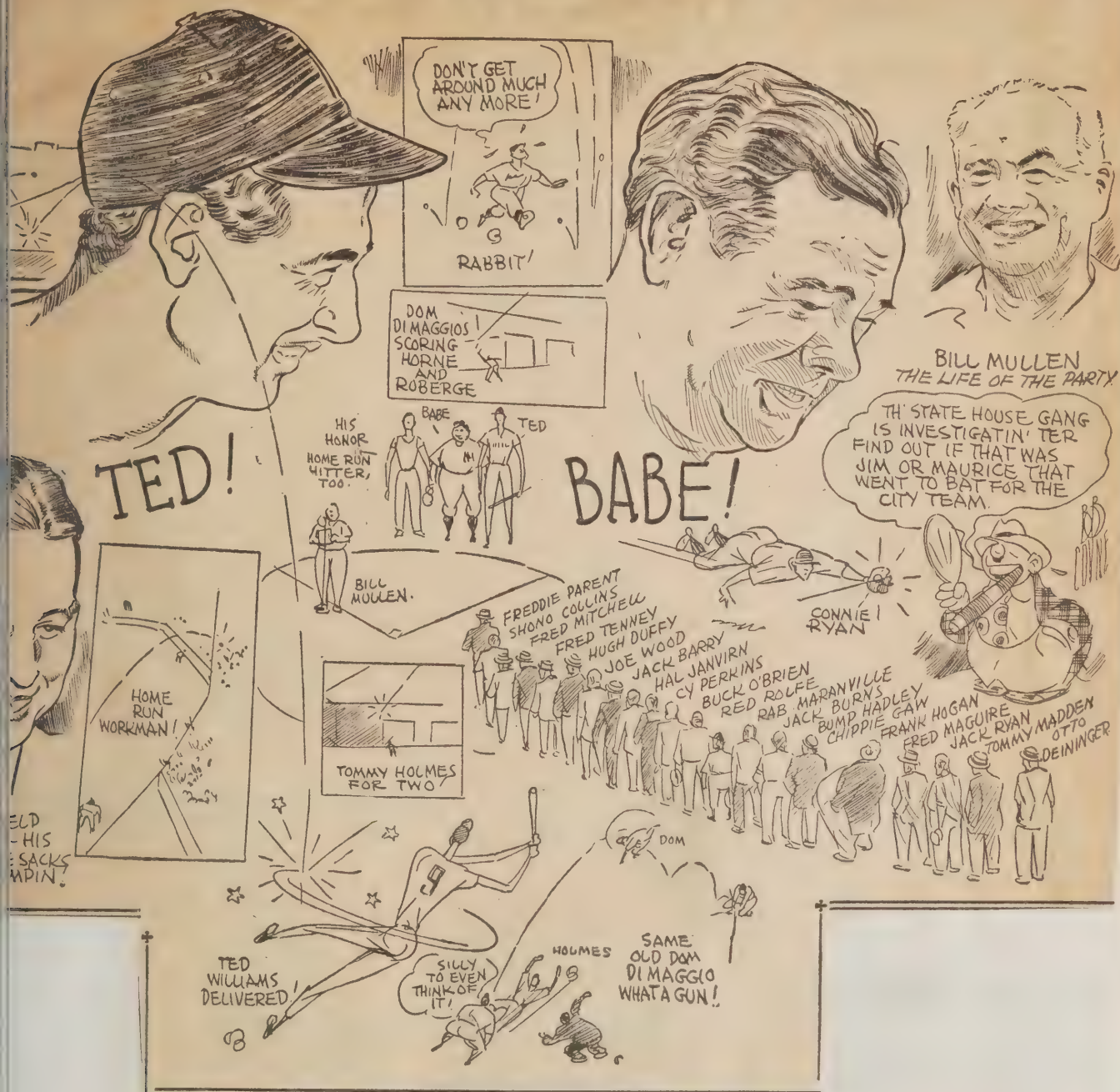
Casserole of Chicken Livers and Mushrooms, Rice, Carrots Vichy

No. 7 — 1.10

Duckling Pot Pie, Country Style

(Any Dessert Served from Above 15 cents Extra)

Mayor Had a Field Day, Too! -:- By Bob Coyne





(AP Photo)

THE OLDEST ACTS THE YOUNGEST as two Kids and a Babe of baseball return to Boston for one day. At the left is Mayor Maurice Tobin, who made possible the brightest all-star affair held in this city. Taking the bow is Walter "Rabbit" Maranville, also known as The Kid when he made his second comeback with the Boston Braves. Behind him is The Kid of modern times, Ted Williams, greatest of recent sluggers, while to one side is George Herman "Babe" Ruth, baseball's great legend.

RUTH'S ALL-STARS DOWN BRAVES, 9-8

**Williams and Dom DiMaggio
Connect for Long Drives in
Service Team Victory**

BOSTON, July 12 (AP)—The fat and forty-eightish but still fabulous Babe Ruth, aided by such recent American League heroes as Ted Williams, batting champion, and Dom DiMaggio, today master-minded a service all-star team to a 9-8 victory over the Braves at Fenway Park.

During the late stages of the game, which served as the piece de resistance of Mayor Maurice J. Tobin's annual charity field day program, Ruth heeded the pleas of the 12,000 spectators and, wearing his famous No. 3 Yankee uniform,

obliged as a pinch hitter. He took lusty swings at Dave Odom's offerings and managed to fly out to right field on his third try.

Before the game Ruth, who had not handled a bat since last summer, attempted to put on a long-range batting duel with Williams, who wore his recently discarded Red Sox spangles. With Red Barrett, the Braves' bullpen pitcher, throwing, Williams managed to belt three balls into the right-field stands. Ruth, hampered by his old knee injury, was unable to drive off the playing field.

In the seventh inning Williams belted a homer against Odom with two runners aboard and DiMaggio contributed a third-inning triple with a pair of all-stars on base. Chuck Workman put the Braves into a 5-5 tie in the fifth by hitting a homer with one on base.

Other members of the Ruth forces included Ensign Babe Young of the Coast Guard, formerly of the Giants; Al Roberge, former Braves infielder, now stationed at Fort Devens, and Coast Guardsman Jimmy Hegan, recent Cleveland catcher.

The score by innings:

	R	H	E
Ruth's All-Stars	0	4	1
Boston (N.)	1	2	0
	0	2	0
	3	0	0
	8	15	0

Batteries—Kwasniewski, Hanson, Murphy and Hegan, Yankowski; Martin, Odom and Masi.

July 12, 1943

The Belmont Citizen
72 Trapelo Road
Belmont, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Kindly find enclosed my check for \$1.25 for 6 months' subscription to be mailed to:

Aviation Cadet David Benton
1106031
Squadron 85
S.A.A.A.E.
Santa Ana, California.

Yours very truly,

David P. Benton

JMB:DCC
Enclosure

WAVERLEY CO-OPERATIVE BANK

Belmont, Mass., July 8, 1943.

Dear Sir:

The regular meeting of the Board of Directors will be held at the Bank on Monday evening,

July 12th.

at 8 p. m.

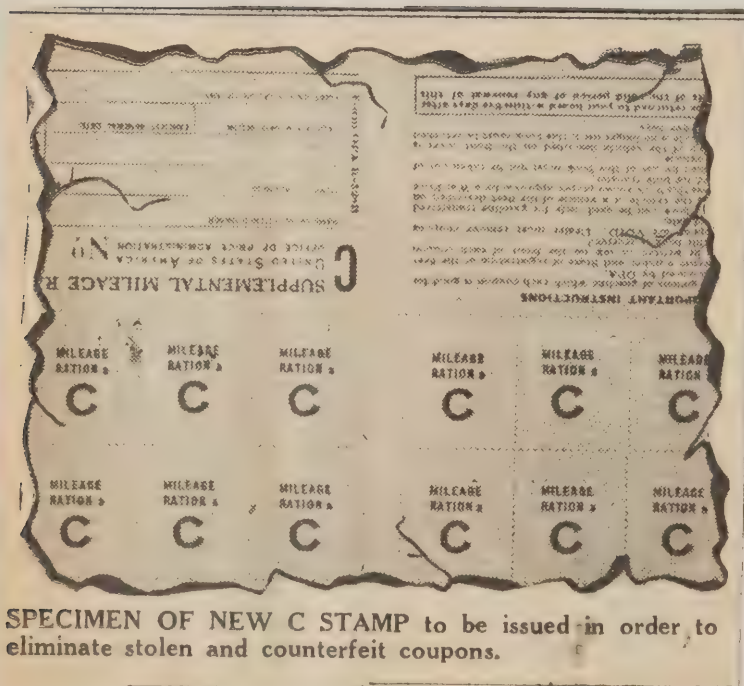
It is hoped that you will be able to be present.

Respectfully yours,

WALTER E. BORIGHT,

Treasurer.

So Hot I PASSED This up.



MSR = Food Rationing!

THE BROWNE AND NICHOLS SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

OFFICE OF THE HEADMASTER

July 12, 1943

Mr. Jay R. Benton
Three Pequossette Road
Belmont, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Benton:

In a way I was both pleased and disappointed to find your letter on my desk when I returned to the office the other day. I had, of course, expected that Peter would not be with us much longer, but even knowing that, it is always a bit of a shock when the moment for departure actually arrives. I am glad that Peter is in the Marine Corps, for I have a very sincere regard for that organization. I am sure the lad can make a fine contribution through his connections with it.

We shall, of course, miss Peter in every way next year. Perhaps our most obvious sorrow will be in not seeing him on the athletic field, but he has through the years proved himself to be an excellent school citizen in every regard. He is a boy of whom we shall always be proud.

Even though Peter will be playing a more important game this fall, I hope that you will find time and the disposition to continue to visit us this year when our teams are playing at home.

Sincerely yours,

Warren C. Seyfert

Warren C. Seyfert

WCS/c

K. E. HAYES
TOWN CLERK AND TREASURER
GUILDHALL, VERMONT

July 12

as Jay Brub shell Busted, all
it with joy. Invasions welcome of-
er truly re-joiced and the heart
ed up some hot line for the past
k, heavy thunder storm as this is
y panned. "The following does not
ed so great - "Leena Hall had a
l, slating Mrs. Haver was in the
ston Hospital ^(Leaverton, Maine) with a broken Hip.
dent occurred July 6th - was a Gladys
to her, but no word has been received.
it would appear that the story is true.
s says that an add in the
rs County Record, might bring

useful, as summer for that type of
work are scarce. Gravel, with much
and Gilman have hired every room
available, to work in the Paper Mills.
Undoubtedly you have seen where New
Hampshire allows 1 qt liquor or 1 gal
wine per person, per week, while St. Louis
allows the same set-up, but natives from
must be stamped - Harley Hill's - S.T.
is being taped to its capacity, this
together with the Gas situation
makes us like the New Deal and
alphabetical parasites - Damn's
- will work out better -

Keep us advised -
Burlap arrived - Thank
Our garden looks good - and
Hay on Court House Hill remains
uncut - the work starts
Best to Beulow's

Shh!—You'll Not Need Any Topcoat

Boston was given another taste of the same kind of weather today and, in case the enemy may be listening, we suggest it's a wonderful day for the beaches—and that you can leave your topcoat and umbrella home.

The winds, what there are of them, will be light to gentle, only the weather man forgot to say from where they were arriving.

Metropolitan Boston—and most of the rest of the state—gasped under another scorching day today, a day that caused at least one death and sent thousands scurrying in attempts to find relief.

The temperature, which as early as 7:30 A. M. had climbed to 77 degrees, rose to a sticky, uncomfortable 85 this afternoon and the weather bureau predicted even higher readings.

In Milford, Otis T. Cole, 64, was found dead in his Main street room of a heart attack brought on by the heat. Numerous cases of heat prostration were reported throughout the state.

Meanwhile, only slight relief was in store.

The weather bureau said the heat and excessive humidity would continue until well after dark, when scattered thunderstorms over Boston and New England are expected to lower temperatures and clear the air somewhat.

Monday, July 12th 1943

The weather was vicious today. Breakfast on the front porch—orange-juice—corn flakes—fried eggs + Bacon—iced coffee—to the square with Frances—

Salway—office—work—left at 12.20 with Moody to Old Corner Book store bought a Marine Handbook for Peter—to the Harvard Club for lunch—Cold Salmon Salad—Potato Salad—iced coffee—melon. Moody

left his car at Henley Kintalls—to Fenway Park. All Star Service Team is the Braves—Babe Ruth—Ted Williams—Rabbit Maranville—Joe White, Boston Supt, and Ambrose White, Providence Supt, with us. Was it hot in the boxes in the full glare of the sun. I perspired so—the collar and back of my coat were soaked through—left at 6.30 home. Cool drinks and a ~~cool~~ tub bath. Supper on the Porch. Hot split Pea Soup. Cold Roast Lamb—Potato + Tomato + lettuce salad, Milk. Water-melon balls. No bed. Almost impossible to sleep tonight. Stifling. No relief—

Heat and Humidity
Make City Swelter

Tuesday, July 13th 1943

Still another day of the terrific humidity - got out my old linen suit - Breakfast on the porch - orange juice - Corn flakes - Minced lamb on toast - broiled egg on toast - iced coffee - to the Square with Frances - Subway - office - work - out to lunch at 12.10 - going first to the Safety Deposit Vaults with Gene. to the Parker House - Knicker Club - Jarvis Hunt - Jim Brown - Escalloped Salmon and Swordfish au gratin - Tomato & lettuce Salad - Iced Coffee - Orange - Drizzle Rain - like Dallas - Back to the office - Real Estate Committee. let the office force go home at 3.30 it was so hot - Left myself at 3.50. Subway - Met Frances in front of Mrs. August's - Home. Front Porch. Just sitting - Cool Drinks. Dinner - Spare Ribs and Cabbage. To Bed early - Not so tough to sleep as last night - Heard that Pat has been made a Lieutenant Colonel.

Dues. P.M.

July 13, 1943

Dear Mom + Dad —

lots of swell letters from you yesterday and today. It sure is good to get them when we drag ourselves back to the bunkies at 6:45 every night.

About five million papers came tonight & also — the post mailmen was overwhelmed. They were all enjoyed by the Boston boys tho' — there are about ten of us in 35. The rest of the men come from all over the country. The two fellows in the bunkies next to mine are from Miami and Honolulu, who are in respectively.

The work continues to be easy and the P.T. Trough — has paid three times as much as before tho' I'm not

lucky to have the code and math
under my belt at the start. I, at least,
have a little free time each day.
Everyone else ~~too~~ is completely swamped
with work and doesn't get a
moment to rest from Monday to Sat.
afternoon. Three fellows have handed
in their resignation as pilots already
so you can see it's not exactly a
green field out there.

The 100% average still stands after
the first week of P.F. - how I wish
it was the month!

I imagine that Pete is all up in
the air about his "boot training" at
Parris Island. Its funny how attractive
the service looks to a fellow from
civilian life - but once you get
into it - ! That's all, brother!

Must write to Mary - can't understand
why I haven't heard from her -
Love to all



This Tuesday, July 13, has a singular significance for every American in that, today, the United States has been engaged in World War II for a total of 584 days—which is exactly the total number of days of our participation in World War I, from our war-declaration of April 6, 1917, to the 1918 armistice of Nov. 11.

July 13, 1943

Belmont Herald
497 Common Street
Belmont, 78, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Kindly find enclosed my check for \$1.00 for six months' subscription to be mailed to:

Aviation Cadet David Borton
11012031
Squadron 85
S.A.A.A.B.
Santa Ana, California.

Yours very truly,

Jay R. Borton

JRB:RCC
enclosure

Northumberland

^{7th}
July 13-1943.

Dear Frances + Jay -

Every body's happy!
The best news we've
heard - that you
can come to Guildhall
and boy! are we
going to do things.
I'm really glad in
one way that there's
no Lancaster Fair -
even tho, it was
a lot of fun -
because now we
can be together now.

are waiting to hear
from her - and so much
hope it will be
favorable - Seems as
if she has just got
to come.

Pete has just been
home for a short leave.
All too short.

Now don't let any
thing change your
plans - Bring Poppy
& Mommy & all the
kids - and we'll
all be here to give
you a grand welcome -
Can't wait -

Best of everything to
everybody - Gladys
will write later & do everything we can to

Was down to Mae
+ Karl's Sunday -
out under the play
house awning - we
talked over a lot of
things. The yard +
lawn are beautiful
and the oven is
waiting the gang
to take over. They
have the grandest
garden - everything
in it - and not a
weed.

We have both written
to Mrs. Hew - and

fine someone





NASHVILLE ARMY AIR CENTER
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Dear Mom + Dad -

Wed. P.M.,
July 14, 1943

Not much new to report.

We took various tests to determine our "physical fitness rating" at P. T. today. I made "good" on the ^{rating} scale so I guess there's nothing too wrong about there.

I do hope that you will be able to get up to Guildhall for some sort of a rest this summer. Pretty sure I'll be right here until the middle of September as there is not much chance for a shortened course for anyone right now.

We get out of quarantine tomorrow - if no one in the squadron gets the measles or some such thing before then. Let's hope not - 10 whole weeks of my five months in the army have been spent in it. - getting pretty sick of it now!
Love, Dave



July 14, 1943

Dear Mother and Daddy,

All the letters from the family came on Monday, and all were swell ones. Was especially glad to get them this week as Jim is on alert again.

Last Thursday was his birthday, so I had a surprise cocktail party for him - then had Joe Menger & Ross Langlais for dinner. It was lots of fun + having saved points diligently, I bought 45 lbs. of rump roast. It was a good one and with it we had roast potato, gravy, Yorkshire, peas, Eggplant, butter rolls, coffee + birthday cake.

Last weekend the Truesses moved

in downstairs. They are bride + groom,
-having been married May 4th.
Joan Jones is a cutie girl. Her
mother is an actor's agent in
Hollywood (her Dad died when she
was one), so we hear all the
real dirt on the Hollywood stars.
Plenty dirty, some of it, too. Joan
had an interviewer's job at
Lockheed - 200. a month. This
is about the lowest wage they pay
out there. Girls with stenog. & sec.
secretarial training get more. It
is really amazing to me as I see
the East Stage scale is much
lower still.

It seems fairly certain we will
be here till September now. The
Division schedules are posted and
go through August. Jim tells me
that Gen. DeWitt (Commander of

the Western Defense Sector) like the
6TH Div. work so we may be here
even longer.

Say, that's a shame Dad's foot
acted up again. Hope it is all
well now.

we can't believe there is heat-
anywhere. It continues most
temperate here, in fact, the
"religious climate" really is all
they say. Never have any extremes.

The joint of the anniversary
party are grand. We had a lot of
fun picking out the "amous
people we know.

During the we can see
David. They dole out luncheons to
air cadets so farungly, you know.
But I am awaiting his next letter

to see what his netup will be.

Glad to hear Dr. O'Hare's report was so good, Daddy. I'll bet it made you feel all happy inside.

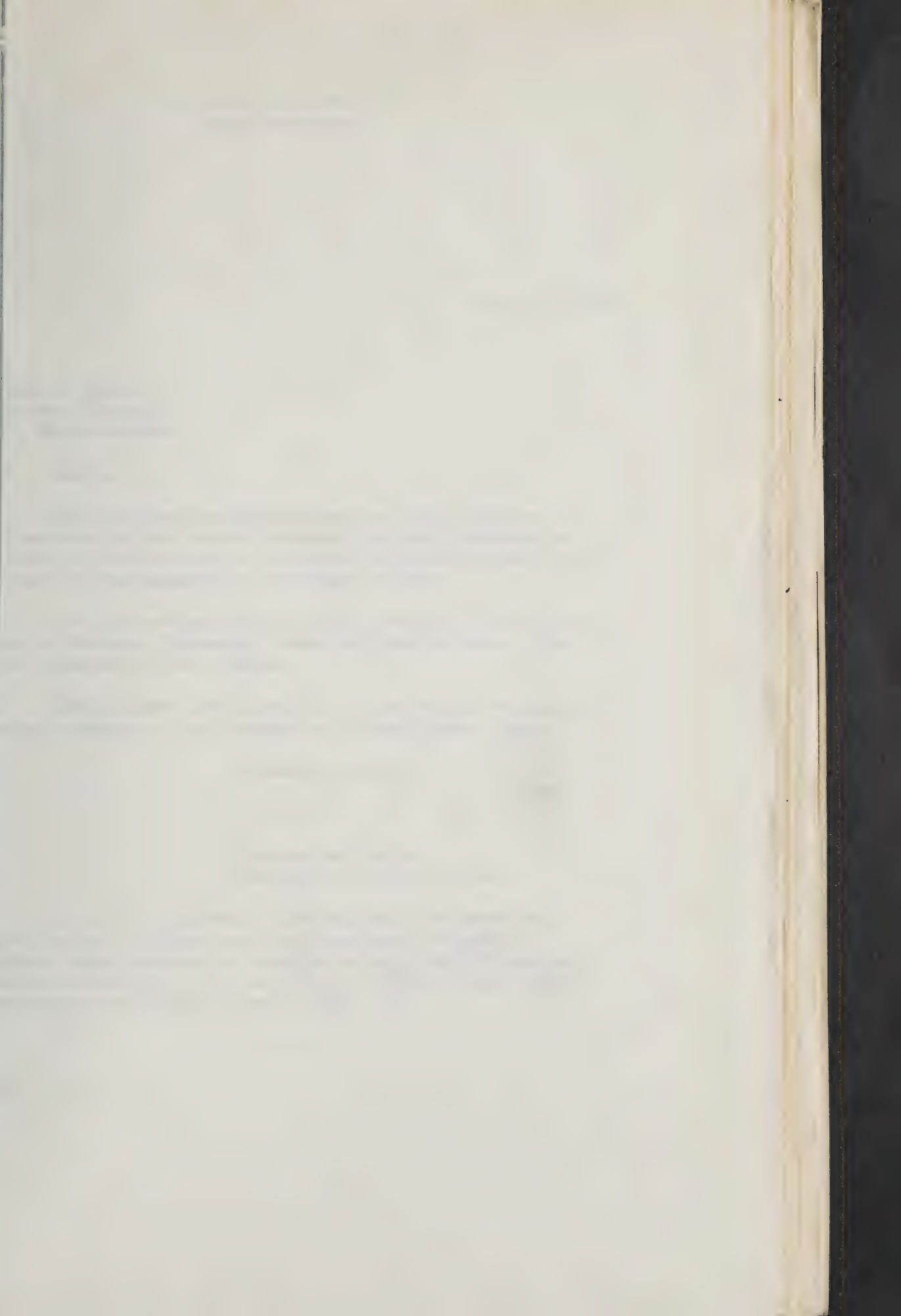
We are both well. Jim had a birthday card from the Belmont Home Front. He was very pleased.

Are you going to Guildhall? Hope you do, or if it would be too lonely there, at least go somewhere to sit and sip and run and rest.

Will write soon again. Tell Pete I'll visit him as soon as I get the photo he wants for him.

Love to you all,

Mary





BOSTON UNIVERSITY
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

20 BEACON STREET
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

July 14, 1943

Hon. Jay R. Benton
160 Congress Street
Boston, Massachusetts

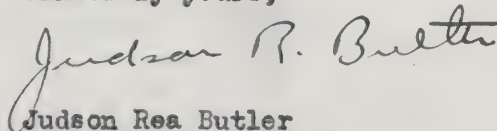
Dear Mr. Benton:

May we extend congratulations on your election as a Vice President of the Boston University Alumni Association. We feel that the Association is fortunate in having gained your assistance in the management of alumni affairs.

Our regular meetings are held quarterly, on the second Tuesday of October, December, March, and May or June. You will receive advance notice of these.

With pleasant anticipation of the coming season, and our work together in the interest of Boston University,

Sincerely yours,



Judson Rea Butler
Executive Alumni Secretary

P.S. It is customary for BOSTONIA to carry the pictures of our officers and new directors. We would appreciate your kindness in sending us a picture of yourself, a glossy preferably. If we might have this not later than the sixteenth of August, it would help us.

J. R. B.

JRB/C

1917, 1918.

1917, 1918.

1917, 1918.

1917, 1918.

A. J. ...
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Wednesday.

July 14, 1943

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Benton,

Thanks for the letter
and I'm so glad you liked
my proofs.

Here is the negative
of Dave's picture. I found
out that Dad's photographer
friend is out of town or else
I would have had some en-
largements made here.

Enclosed is a picture
of our silver — I ordered 8
place settings to-day. It's
very lovely though simple
in design — the leaflet

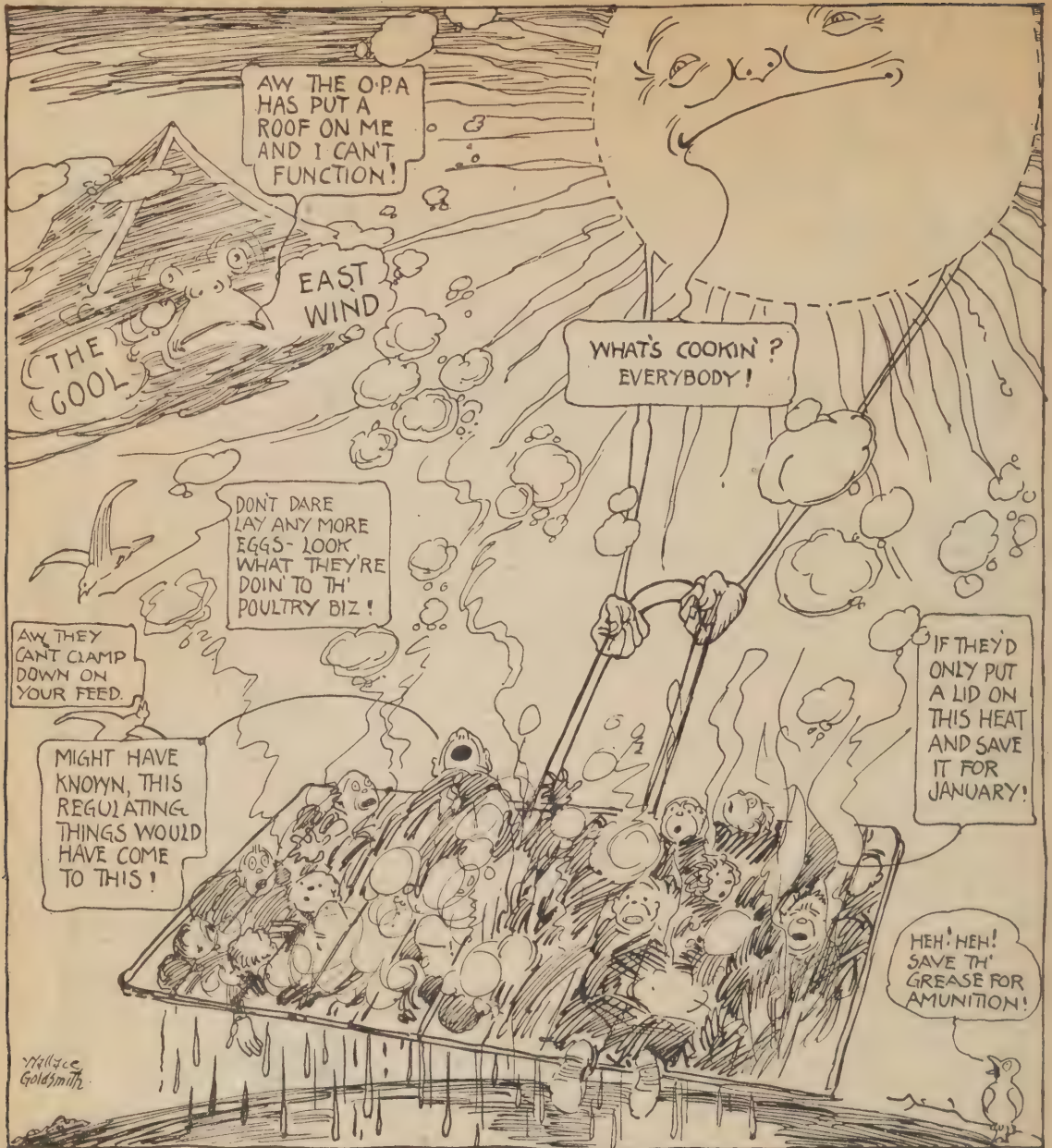
hardly does it justice.

What do you think of Dave's
new address — so far away
but he's at a fine camp and
that is what counts.

Lots of love from your
new daughter —
Jeanne.



FOR DAYS AND DAYS



ANOTHER SCORCHER DUE TODAY

Weatherman Sees No Sign of Relief From Humidity

An electric storm which saw four Boston houses struck and a street car disabled by lightning, featured another warm and muggy day here yesterday, with last night bringing no relief.

Predictions are for "more of the same," and it should continue to be hot and sticky, with high relative humidity making everybody uncomfortable, for another 24 hours, official forecasters said.

It definitely was the humidity yesterday, as well as the day before, which combined with high thermometer readings, made for great discomfort. Yesterday's high temperature was only 84 degrees, at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon, but the humidity was bad when joined with it.

The humidity early yesterday morning was 90 per cent. In mid-afternoon it had got down to 70 per cent, and by last night it was up to 76 per cent.

Bad Combination

These humidity readings are not bad in themselves, the weather man explained. But when they are coupled with high temperatures, everybody suffers.

There is no record of a normal humidity, but for comfortably dry weather at this season, 50 per cent in the daytime is very nice. A very dry day may see the humidity down to as low as 20 per cent.

Yesterday the temperatures began to climb, as it had the day before when the mercury reached 92 degrees, but it got no farther than 84 when thunder storms swept through the area.

Wednesday, July 14th 1943 X
The distressing weather continues - wake up early - down to greet Frances & Breakfast on the porch - orange juice - corn flakes - scrambled eggs with Tomato - Toast - hot Coffee.
to the Square with Frances.
Sulway - Office - work - wearing linen suit again - out to lunch at 12.30. to Clarks Tavern with Jane. Soup. Chicken Croquettes - Cantaloupe. Cobb. Bates & Yerxa - a Box of assorted Cookies to send David. Interesting dissertation by Leo Heary, on Robins, Rashberns, Pigeons, Blue Jays, and Starlings. So not let everybody go home at 3.40 left at 3.50. Sulway. Met Frances in front of Mrs. August's - Griffiths - Home. Front Porch. Sitting. Cool Drinks. Dinner. Tinker Mackerel. French Fried Potatoes. Watermelon Balls. So we not home for the evening.

Hot and Humid Weather for 7th Day in a Row

For the seventh day in a row the forecast for the day is "hot and humid." Weather experts promise little hope of relief throughout the day. Showers in Boston and vicinity are "only faintly possible," declared G. Harold Noyes at the Weather Bureau.

The only hopeful factor in prospect is a possible decrease in the humidity percentage late tonight, although temperatures are expected to remain high. As a result, conditions "this evening may not be so oppressive," said Noyes.

If the humidity lifts, tonight will bring to a close a seven-day cycle of high moisture content, one of the most persistent humidity waves that Boston has experienced in some years. Humidity percentages during the present month have ranged from 33 percent on July 1 to a peak of 92 at 2:30 on July 9.

Thursday, July 15th 1943

Another tough day — Mackerel for breakfast — to the square with Frances — Sulway — office — work — linen suit — out to lunch at 12.30 — with Jane. to Hitchfield's Sea Grill on Summer St — hot later Club Sandwich —

iced Coffee. Honeydew Melon — to Woolworth's to buy a "Bird" Book to send to Judge Leary — Closed the office at 3.40 — Sulway — Met Frances in front of Mrs. August's — Home. Front Porch — Read the papers — Cool Drinks. Girls out. Frances cooking — Fried Pork Chops. Fried Onions — Baked Potato.



7/15/43

STATE OF VERMONT
ESSEX COUNTY COURT
EARLE E. STEVENS, ASSISTANT JUDGE
GUILDHALL

Dear Mrs Benton :

Your letter saying you expected to be able to get to Guildhall was a pleasant surprise. I have already contacted John Beattie about k oil as he is on the oil ration board and he said he would make out a blank and sign it to save sending it down to you . I told him about how much you would need so that part is al o.k.

Of course some things that you are use to getting will be short. Meat in paticular. We get along fine on canned good rations except that there are some things that we don't get any more, such as corn beef hash ,crab meat ect. However there is still enough to eat and I don't know any reason why we won't be able to supply you with something. You should need some ration points especially for meat. Mae has a lot of nice chickens and she will also have everything in her garden and has eggs also so you see it won't be too bad. Our worst trouble seems to be gas and getting places but Harley Hall still goes to Lancaster two or three times a day so that there would be a chance to ride when necessary. Of course otheres go some when business demands. I still go to church.

Will take over things to the cottage on the 12th and be waiting to see you then.

Regards

Steve and Glenn

ROPES, GRAY, BEST, COOLIDGE & RUGG
50 FEDERAL STREET
BOSTON 10

TELEPHONE, HANCOCK 9214
CABLE ADDRESS "ROPGRALOR"

July 15, 1943

Jay R. Benton, Esq.
3 Pequosette Road
Belmont, Mass.

Dear Jay:

Very many thanks for your contribution. It was good of you to do this.

I am still working on the photograph album, but nothing yet.

With best regards,

As ever,

Jack



The National
Shawmut Bank
of Boston
CAPITAL \$ 10,000,000
SURPLUS \$ 20,000,000

July 12, 1943

Dear Jay:

Just a reminder, that the Chamber of Commerce luncheon at which Hon. Prentiss M. Brown is to be guest speaker, will be held on Friday, July 16th.

Looking forward to seeing you at the Copley Plaza at 12:15 P.M. I am

Sincerely yours,

Ray A. Ilg
Vice President

Mr. Jay R. Benton, President
Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company
Boston, Massachusetts



Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company

DISTRICT OFFICE

HOME OFFICE
160 CONGRESS STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

G. D. SWIG, SUPT.
153 BRIGHTON AVENUE
ALLSTON, MASS.

July 7, 1943

Mr. Jay A. Denton
President
Home Office

Dear Sir:

The combined Districts of Dorchester and Allston are holding their annual outing at Nantasket, on Friday, July 16th, 1943. Dinner will be served at the Hotel Nantasket at 1 p.m.

We extend to you our cordial invitation to be our guest on this occasion.

Trusting that you will be with us, I am,

Very truly yours,

G. D. Swig
Superintendent

File
Received
Ben
JUL 8 1943
Attended to viz.



July 8, 1943

Mr. George D. Swig, Superintendent
Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company
153 Brighton Avenue
Allston, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Superintendent:

I have just received in the mail your kind invitation to attend the joint Outing of the Dorchester and Allston Districts at Nantasket on Friday, July 16th.

I am a member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and a luncheon, with Prentice W. Brown as speaker, originally scheduled for today at the Copley Plaza, has been postponed to Friday, July 16th, and as I have several duties in connection with that luncheon, I must be there.

I do not know whether the Nantasket Steamboat Line Schedule is such that I could take the boat to Nantasket after the Chamber of Commerce luncheon and get down to your Outing before it is over. I will look up the possibility of doing this and hope something can be worked out.

I want to thank you very much for your kind invitation.

Yours very truly,

Jay R. Benton

JRB:BCC



July 16, 1943

Mr. Frank Melvin WARDEN
Guildhall, Vermont

Dear Frank:

I am glad to state that we are going to be able to get up to the Cottage for a few weeks, arriving probably August 12th.

I do not know whether you have any time off, but if you do, I wonder if you would be interested in giving that Elm Tree another hair cut as you did before, also the lilac bush at the corner of the piazza. Both have grown up again so high that they cut off and hide the view of Percy Peaks from the piazza. I shall, of course, compensate you for doing this. I will be glad to hear from you.

Sincerely yours,

Jay R. Benton

JRB:BCC

The Coos County Democrat

Lancaster, New Hampshire

Published Wednesdays

Also as Whitefield Times Edition

DAVID M. WHITE

Editor and Publisher

We aim to print the news of Coos and Essex (Vermont) Counties.

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Three Months50
One Month25

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice, Lancaster, N. H.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL
1943 ASSOCIATION
Active Member

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1943.

NO FAIR THIS YEAR

The Lancaster Fair is a war casualty which might properly be reported as "missing", at least for 1943. That is the verdict of the officers of the society, a decision that will be approved by some, possibly a majority, and criticized by others and regretted by all. We expect the decision was reached without any grandstand claim that it was the only patriotic thing to do. We gather that the officers had come to the conclusion that the only legal way to get to the fair would be by one's feet and they didn't think many would take that method of transportation. Some of us, in fact many of us, are going to miss the business that came to us directly or indirectly from the fair, even more than we miss the exhibits, the races and the program. Many of those to miss the business and the premiums, at a time they are needed, are those that have had their share in the upbuilding of the fair to the proportions it now has attained.

If the decision to suspend operations this year was due to restrictions on gasoline then it is another casualty to charge against the administration. Many, including some officers of the society, feared last year's fair would prove a fizzle. It did however prove to be one of the best of the two score years, and with a good,

although not record, attendance. It was found that there are enough people anxious to see a fair within a radius of ten to fifteen miles of Lancaster to make it profitable.

At present there is a limit of a gallon and a half of gasoline per week for A-card holders but with restrictions on pleasure driving. Although the fair has proved of definite value to the farmer and dairyman of the North Country doubtless the OPA or the ODT would consider a drive of a couple of miles to the Fair Grounds as "pleasure driving." The whole thing simply stresses the folly of the "pleasure driving" ban. It is the saving of gasoline that matters and you may be assured that holders of A-cards will use their allotment whether for pleasure or for essential driving. Since that gas is consumed we cannot for the life of us see what difference it makes to our armed forces whether it be consumed in going to church or to a ball game. It is consumed. The ban does provide work for an army of inspectors to check-up on the holders of A-cards and that is what matters to the job-giving group operating things from Washington.

Canada is at war along with the United Nations. Its gasoline must come from the United States and a long haul yet Canada issues its coupons for a whole year, we are told, and the car owner may use them as he wills and when they are gone he is just out of luck. Surely if Canada can do that without interfering with the war effort, common sense tells us that a holder of an A-card within a restricted period ought to be able to use his gasoline as he wills.

The government does not discriminate between a community served by bus and trolley and a community dependent on private cars. A Lancaster man can travel to a ball game at Fenway Park, Boston, and break no laws. He cannot travel two miles to the Fair Grounds without breaking a law.

We are sorry to see the Lancaster Fair suspended even for a year. Apart from its economic value to a considerable number, it perks up business and it gives the folks something to do for relaxation. Surely few fair associations are as well fortified to take the chance of a small attendance as the Lancaster Fair which has a large balance in the treasury as the result not only of wise management but of the support given it by people that regret its passing, or rather its sleeping, for a year. The OPA and ODT delight in changing their orders and we wonder how our fair officials will feel if they find in late August that the ban on pleasure driving is lifted.



Me and the dream and the catalog



LESS HEAT PROMISED FOR TODAY

End of Humid Spell
in Greater Hub
Predicted

More relief from the humidity and the heat which has held Greater Boston and all eastern Massachusetts in its grip since Saturday was

Friday, July 16th 1943
Weathered much better today.
Whipcord quit. Dropped eggs on
front. To the Square with
Frances, Subway. Shins - Had
back of my shoe sewed. Office.
Work. Out at 11.50. Subway to
Copley Square - to Copley Plaza
Hotel. Attended Boston Chamber of Commerce
luncheon - Guest of National Showman Bank.
Ray 1st. Others at table included - Fred
Carroll - Dick Floyd - Dan Tyler - Back to
the office at 2.30. Left at 3.50. to
Liggell's for Benedicts - to Eastman's lent
no -130 film. Park St. Subway - Talking
with Ted Sparrow - Ran into Grace Richardson
Phillips, who talked a lot in a short space of time.
Met Frances in front of Mrs. August's -
Home. Front Porch. Reading papers. Cool Drinks
Dinner. Salmon and Peas.

ANOTHER IDEAL DAY PROMISED

Not Too Hot and With
Low Humidity

New England enjoyed an ideal summer day yesterday, with low humidity and the mercury climbing to a high of 87 in the mid-afternoon. Last night the weather bureau promised that similar weather would be enjoyed today, with the temperature reaching about the same high and with gentle winds.

Heavy week-day crowds were reported at the various beaches and train and bus traffic began to swell last night as some of the city people began their week-end exodus from the city.

Saturday, July 17th 1943 X
This was a pretty good
day - Jane brought up
my breakfast at 8.30 -
orange juice - corn flakes
scrambled egg with
Tomato and Bacon -

Toast - Iced Coffee. Read most of
the morning - started "Edison
Plains" Sinclair Lewis new book -
John left for Swampscott the
middle of the morning - Frances
out shopping - We had lunch
together on the Porch. Chop Suey -
Took it easy all afternoon -
At 5.30 with Frances and Nicholas
over to the Rogers - had supper in
their yard - Baked Beans. Sham-
Stuffed eggs - Potato Salad - Cold
Beer. Home at 9.

Thousands in Scramble As Army Takes Laundry

Civilian Patrons of Cambridge Firm Left Stranded with Family Wash

Six thousand housewives were stranded with the family wash today as the Army took over the Superior Laundry of Cambridge, one of the largest and probably the newest of Greater Boston plants.

While the Army was absorbed with transferring the company's employees to civil service status, the customers were phoning other laundries or actually buckling down over the wash-tub themselves.

MAY HELP SOME

John H. Campbell, manager of the family-owned firm, was contemplating taking over one of the closed laundry plants in this area and attempting to service some of his old customers with at least wet wash and flat work.

The Army's action came as a result of a decision by "Defense Laundries Corp." to cease assigning some 10 per cent. of their normal civilian facilities over to Army laundry for Fort Devens and other eastern Massachusetts installations. These civilian laundries had complained that the Army wash-bundles had been coming in irregularly, with the result that reserved capacity was sometimes unused even while civilians clamored for service, and that money was consequently lost.

The "Defense Laundries" set-up will terminate Saturday.

Given a month's warning, the Army surveyed numerous plants in this area and elected the Superior. A "tip" to the management in the middle of last week was followed by the arrival of the Army last Saturday. This week the laundry is concluding its civilian business. Next week, the suds will be sloshing over soldiers' clothing, behind the big signs designating the red brick and glass building as U. S. property.

IN THE ARMY NOW

Customers who today brought their own laundry bundles to the service desk of the plant for the most part

went away quietly, chins sagging, when they were told that their laundry was in the Army now. Here and there a housewife sputtered a word or two of protest.

One woman wailed:

"I have three children at home. It's enough doing all their wash without having my husband's shirts, too!"

"Lady," placated an officer, "Our soldiers have to be clean. If they aren't, there'll be an epidemic. And if there's an epidemic, that won't do your children any good!"

One officer on the scene was revealed to be a stranded customer, himself. Since officers living at their homes, and their families, may not use this laundry, his own wife is casting about for help, he said.

Expectations that the laundries now rejecting the Army work will be able to absorb all the Superior's customers were discounted by some laundry men. Labor shortage and in-

efficiency due to large numbers of untrained help will still prevent the laundries from taking on many, if any, new customers, they said.

MORE
BEEN DOING!

FRED H. CAMPBELL
JOHN H. CAMPBELL
FRED C. CAMPBELL

SUPERIOR LAUNDRY COMPANY, INC.

625 CONCORD AVENUE



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Creators of the **BUDGET BUNDLE**

SUPERTONE *The Dry Cleaning Distinct*

To All Customers
of Superior Laundry

• TELEPHONE •
TROWBRIDGE 3780

This is without doubt the hardest letter I have ever had to write. And I wish I didn't have to do it.

But the fact is, Superior Laundry is - literally and 100% - going to war! No shooting, crash diving or torpedo dodging, to be sure. But the U. S. Army needed nothing less than a modern, completely-equipped laundry for its mounting personnel in this area. And after a careful survey of all the acceptable laundries in Metropolitan Boston, Superior was finally selected and our plant is now being taken over in its entirety for Army use.

As a result, we are obliged to announce that

Effective Saturday, July 17th, 1943, our service to all regular customers must be discontinued for the duration, and from then on Superior Laundry will be working exclusively for Uncle Sam.

While we are, you may be sure, justly proud that our plant has been chosen for the job, we regret very deeply that temporarily it spells the end of our service to as fine a list of understanding customers as any laundry ever boasted.

We also regret having to give you such short notice. All we can say is that when the Army moves, it moves - fast! But we do hope, and believe, that you will be able to make satisfactory laundering arrangements elsewhere and without too much inconvenience.

Please believe me when I tell you that we have very greatly appreciated your patronage. Particularly during the past few months - when laundering has been a very hectic business indeed - you have been more than patient. And that is one more reason why this letter has been hard to write.

You will be interested to know that the Army is taking over the complete management of our plant. This means, of course, that my father, brother and I are being released from the company. Most of our more experienced workers, however, are to be retained - ready to serve you again after the war.

So until the war is won, I hope you will remember us and we'll be able to renew our relationship when Victory comes - and serve you once more to the very best of our ability.

Yours sincerely,

John H. Campbell
SUPERIOR LAUNDRY COMPANY

JHC/DR



SANTA ANA ARMY AIR BASE
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

Dear P.M.

July 18 1943

Dear Mom + Dad —

Just back from a night in
Los Angeles with Eddie Cole (Agnes, Mass.).
We had dinner, went to a show
and wandered around the town a
bit. Not much fun, but at least a
respite from Army life for 24
hours.

I wanted to go up to Santa Maria
but found that we can't go more
than 50 miles from the post
on weekends. Guess my only hope
of seeing Mary and Tim is to
try and get them to come
down to L.A. sometime.

Life is very routine here now
— it's the same thing at the
very same moment day after
day. About the only real pleasure I



get during the week in writing and receiving mail. Boy how I look forward to that "mail-call" every night at 6:45 when we all trudge back from the hill field - "footore and weary".

Everything is going extremely well tho' - only one demerit to date - pretty good since we are allowed eight a week and the average is four or five per cadet - and about a 98% average in my course. a 95 in a gunnery test ruined my hopes for that 100% ave.

We have been doing some work with compressed-air machine guns and moving targets. Its a lot of fun and I seem to have some aptitude for it.

Los Angeles didn't impress me very much as a city - its very "hilly" and most of it reminds me of Bowling Green. There are some very nice places tho' - the officers

and cardlets' clubs at the Ambassador
hotel to name a couple.

The trip up from S.A. is quite
a chore too. You have to travel
in sort of a "townville" drolley
and it takes about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours -
a lot of time when you only
have 24. The hotel situation is
also very bad. Ed and I were
looking and managed to get a
room, but a lot of the fellows had
to traverse the streets all night.
Next week I think that I shall
spend Sat. eve. in Santa Ana
and come back to the camp that
night - don't think I'll go up to
S.A. again unless Mary & Jim can
come down - or perhaps to make
a trip to Hollywood. Ought to
take that in while I'm here. What
is Nick's opinion on that? - Ha!

Lots of luck to Pete in his
new venture - and my love
to you all - Dave

Mercury Hits 93 Degrees in Hub;

Sunday, July 18th 1943

The Hot spell is back on us - a very torrid day. Humidity Bad again. Woke up at 7. The Papers. Jane brought up my breakfast at 8.45 - Orange juice - Corn Flakes - Butterfish - fried Potatoes - French Bread - Iced Coffee - lay abed all morning up at 12. Over To Pat & Louise's - with Frances and Nicholas. First view of the new Lieutenant Toland. A good time. Home at 2. Dinner on the Porch - Sirloin - steak. french fried Potatoes - String Beans - Lettuce Salad - Raspberries - milk - Hot all afternoon. John took the 12 o'clock train to Swampscott. This was the toughest night of all. Impossible to sleep upstairs in the Annex. To midnight I lay on the Gloucester Hammock on the front porch - then up into the Main Bed Room. Both mattresses like Rock. John slept on one of the sofas in the Big Living Room. Mother on the sleeping Porch.

Slight Breezes and Drier Air Cut Heat Peak

A drop of several degrees in the temperature this morning and a low humidity of 50 percent as against yesterday's 85 percent gave rise to hopes that the mid-Summer peak of heat is over. "This time in July is normally the hottest of the year, although of course, New England is never average," explained G. Harold Noyes, adding that the normal temperature curve rising in a wide arc from one Winter to another was now supposed to be at the top.

Slight breezes and drier air will make today more comfortable than yesterday, according to the Weather Bureau forecast for the day, although high temperatures are expected later. Today's early morning temperatures ranged from 68 to 5:30 to 74 to 9:30, as against yesterday's rise of 72 to 80 at the same times.

This morning's coolest reading of 68 was still three degrees higher than Saturday's coolest temperature, which was 65 at 5:30.

Monday, July 19th 1943

Cooler this morning - Breakfast on the porch. Orange juice - corn flakes. Baked Beans. Fried egg & Bacon. English Muffin - bed Coffee. To the Square with Frances - ~~bed Coffee~~ Another lift for Mrs. Libby + Subway - Office - and Work - Out for lunch at 12:30

with Jane. Wait for the Bus to the North Station - to Piscataway for lunch. Onion Soup with Parmesan Cheese. Boiled Schrod - Bed - bed Coffee. Blue Cheese & Crackers - Walked back. Left film of David's at Lloyd's. 130 film at Ver. Johnson's. A frame for Peter's Student Council picture. Office. Out of a clear sky) Anne Courtney Newman - released from the Army + going to work at Fox River - Left at 3:50 - Subway. Met Frances in front of Mrs. August's - Mrs. Libby with her. Gave Ted Harmon a lift - Home! Peter took 3 of my suits to Benstein's to be pressed & get some printed films - Walked over to Les. Leary's - At Leary's his parrot - many birds - the tame squirrel - Scotch Highball - Home at 4:30 Dinner on the front porch. Pot Roast and good.

Mon. P.M.

July 19, 1943

Dear Mom + Dad —

The photograph album arrived tonight
and IT IS MARVELOUS!

See, but its small — I've spent
the past hour just gazing at
the pictures — running through the
album time and time again.

Its so damn wonderful to be
brought so close to everything
I love — even tho' I'm thousands of
miles away from it all.

I'm pretty well tied up with
homework tonight so this must
perforce be short. Did think tho' that
I should write tho' and tell you
how very happy receiving the
pictures has made me.

Love to all,

Dave

P.S. all the papers are coming through now
addressed to South Ave. — Good quick service, too.

SOLAR PLEXUS PUNCH



© 1943, Chicago Times, Inc.

Reporting Bombing of Rome

WASHINGTON, July 19 (UP)—The text of the War Department communique on the bombing of Rome follows:

"Military objectives in Rome and its vicinity have been bombed today by heavy bombers and medium bombers of the Mediterranean Air Command. The marshalling yard was the principal target. It is of greatest importance to the Axis war effort and in particular for the movement of German troops. Leaflets were also dropped over the city prior to the raid. Pilots and bombardiers employed on this mission were particularly instructed to avoid damaging religious and cultural monuments."

Bombs on Rome

In the smoke and fire of the aerial bombardment of Europe's cities one target last week stood out. The target was Rome, filled with the treasures of 2,500 years, center of one of the world's great religions. The city has known many wars. It has been destroyed by the Gauls, plundered by the Vandals, sacked by the Catholic Constable of Bourbon. The founders of the present Kingdom of Italy took it by storm. In this war, despite the fact that it contains many legitimate military targets, it had long been spared. But with the Allied invasion of Sicily it soon became apparent that that immunity could not continue. Through Rome go the railroad tracks that lead down to the fighting fronts. Over those tracks reinforcements and matériel have flowed.

At 11:13 A. M. last Monday American air fleets, 500 planes strong, roared over Rome. For two and one-half hours thereafter, with deadly precision, they

sent bombs down upon its railroad yards and airfields. The fliers were veterans, selected for skill. Carefully marked on their maps were their targets: the San Lorenzo railroad yards, inside the city; the Littorio railroad yards, four miles north of the city; the Ciampino airfields, eight miles southeast of the city. Carefully marked, too, were the places to be avoided: among them the Vatican, St. Peter's, St. John Lateran and the Basilica of San Paolo. Seven American newspaper men went along in the bombers to watch.

They saw great fires started on the targets. Only one of Rome's monuments, the Basilica of San Lorenzo fuori le Mura, located about 1,000 yards from the San Lorenzo yards and the Termini station, was apparently damaged. When the bombers flew away the commanders were certain that there would be long days of reconstruction before Axis war material again moved through Rome to the battle areas.



"I hear Pompeii got it yesterday."

OME BOMBED: FIRST PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORT OF ALLIED RAID



oke hangs over the San Lorenzo railroad yards after our planes had found their mark on one of the many military
sted.

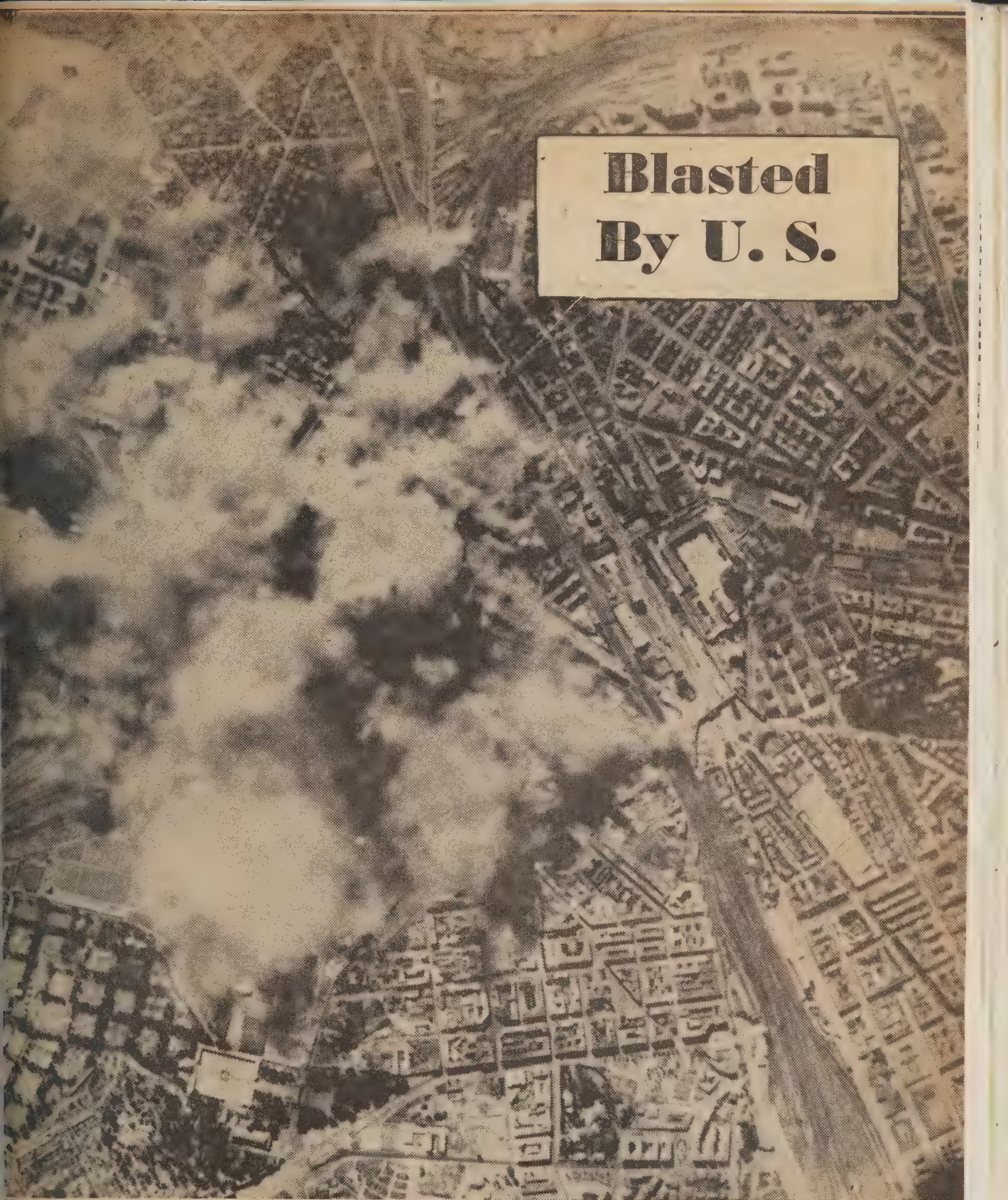
The New York Times (U. S. Signal Corps Radiotelephotos)

THE FIRST BOMBS FALL ON THE LAST EUROPEAN WAR CAPITAL TO BE ATTACKED



Missiles from a Flying Fortress falling toward railway yards. Arrow at the left marks the Roman Coliseum.

The New York Times (U. S. Signal Corps Photo)

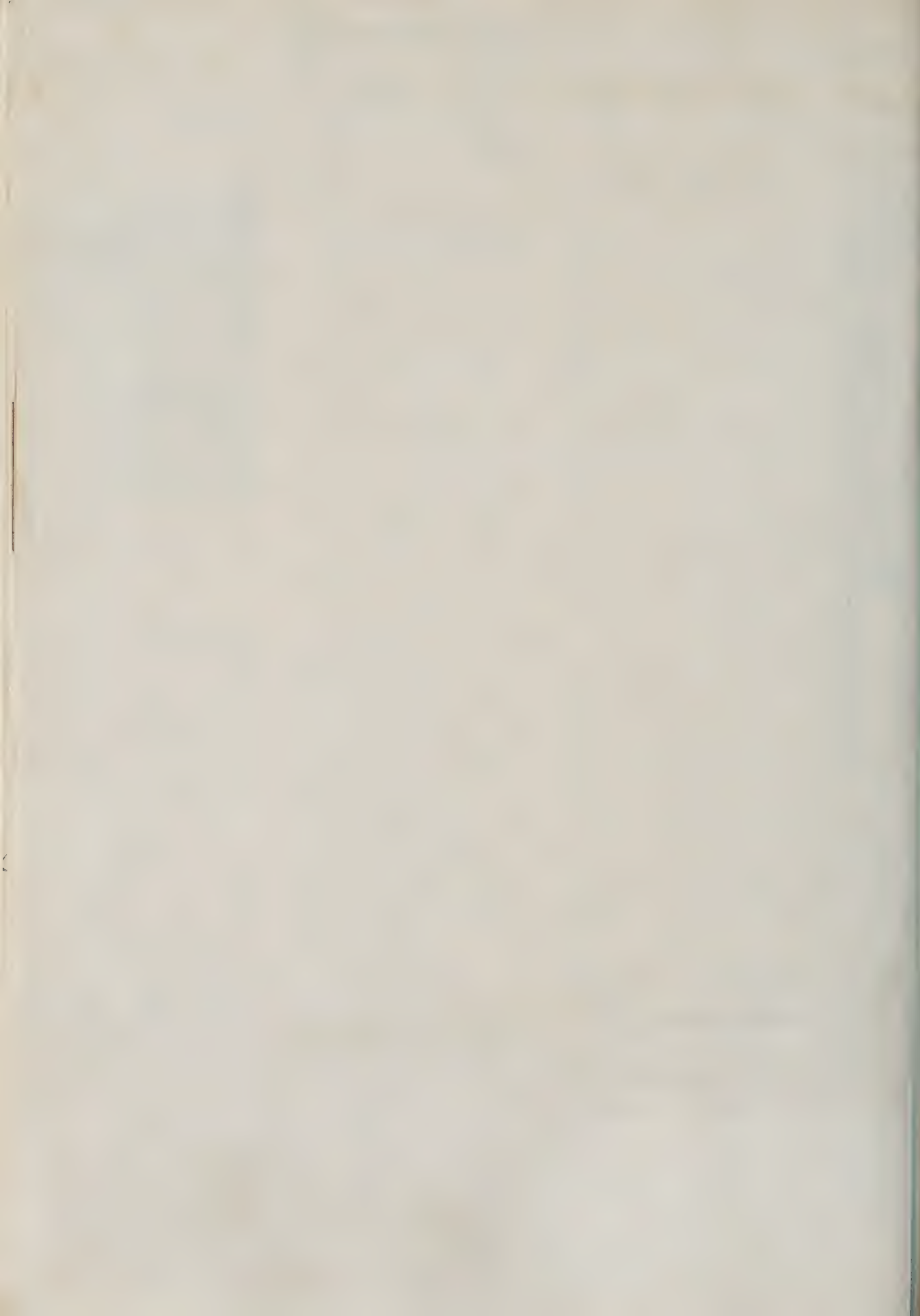


Blasted By U. S.

SMOKE RUINS

A pall of heavy smoke rises from the San Lorenzo railroad yards in Rome, Italy, after a half of a thousand U. S. Army Air Forces bombers, from

the Northwestern Africa Air Forces raided the Italian capital July 19 for the first time. A study of the detail will show how completely the targets were wrecked.



SMART SET

By BETTY ALDEN

★ ★ ★

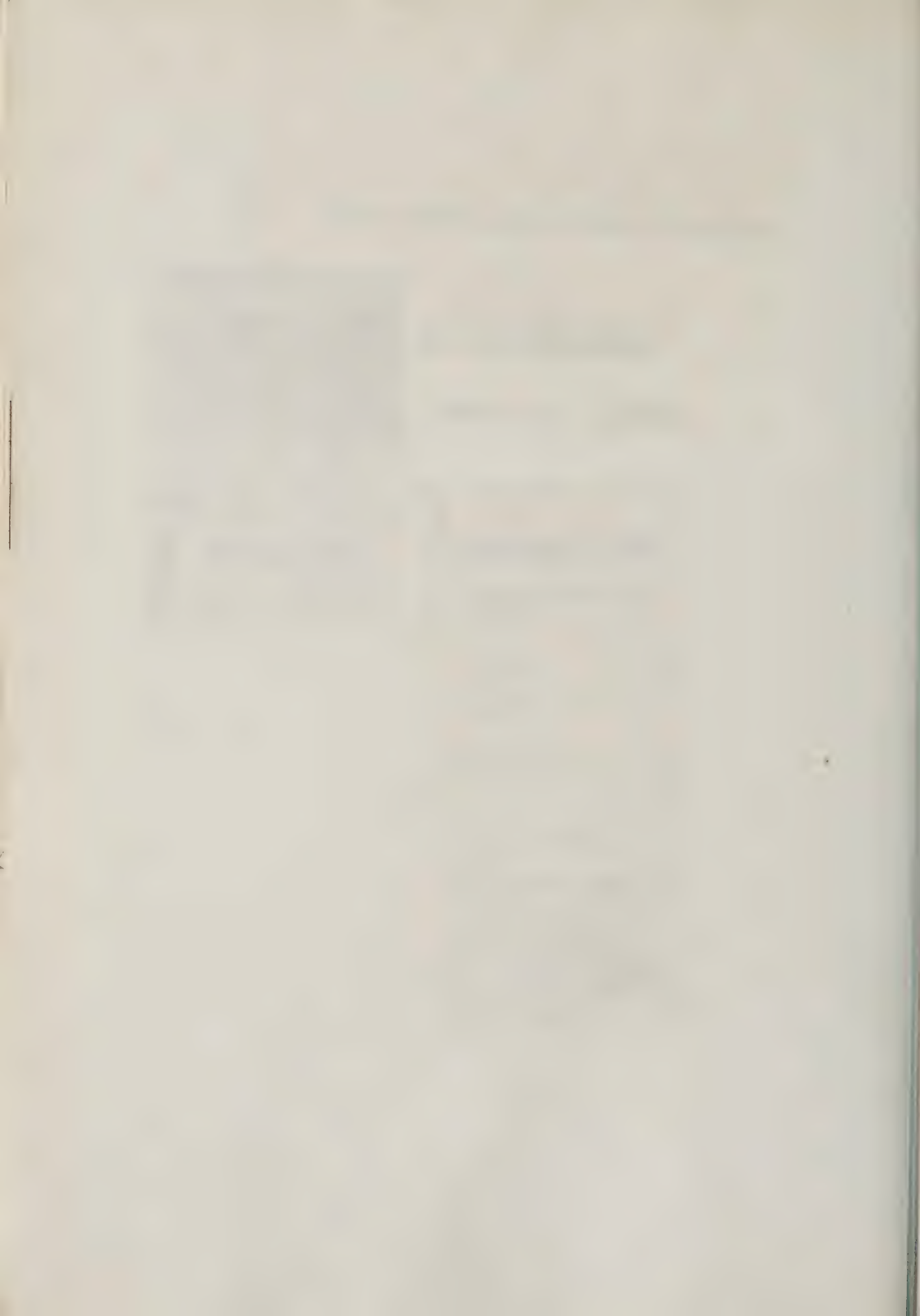
NOWADAYS the bulk of the Jay Bentons' mail comes from California where both their son and daughter are stationed. Mary has been on the West Coast since fall with her husband, Capt. Winthrop S. Jameson, Jr., of Newton (his ma is well known in the Boston Morning Musicales group). Her brother David is training as an aviation cadet.

A former Boston deb, Mary is seeing the sights in California. At first she lived at fabulous Palm Springs in the desert country, popular recreation spot of the movie stars. Now she's at Santa Maria, halfway between San Francisco and Los Angeles. David recently slipped an engagement ring on the left hand of pretty Jeanne Proctor of New Jersey but like most couples their wedding plans depend on Uncle Sam.

Mother and Dad Benton are eagerly awaiting the next mail from the Coast to see if Mary's and David's paths crossed this week-end as they hoped. Next month the senior Bentons will vacation at their picturesque cottage on the banks of the Connecticut River at Guildhall, Vt.



MRS. WINTHROP JAMESON, JR. visiting her Army husband in California.



THE BELMONT HERALD

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Deborah O'Hanlon, Editor

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Marry A Serviceman And See The United States of America

The Jay Bentons of 4 Pequossette road might approve of the above slogan. Their daughter, Mary, through her marriage to Captain Winthrop S. Jameson, Jr., of Newton, has indirectly had a travel schedule arranged for her by Uncle Sam. Mrs. Winthrop, a former Boston debutante, is enjoying the California scenery while on a visit with Captain Jameson who is now stationed on the west Coast. Since going to California she has lived in Palm Springs, popular desert resort. At the present time she is residing at Santa Maria, midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Mrs. Jameson's brother, David, an aviation cadet also in California, has recently become engaged to Miss Jeanne Proctor of New Jersey. The Benton, Sr., are leaving soon for their summer home at Guildhall, Vt.



Guildhall St

July 20 - 43

Dear Mr Benton

Your letter received
and as Frank is at the Lake all
the time and Sundays too, I thought it
best to write you for him as he
will not be out till well, I don't
know when. and I am sure he would
be very glad to comply with your
request if it were possible.

Carl ^{Hodge} has cut the hay.

We will be very glad to have you
with us this summer again and do
hope you will all have a pleasant time

Yours very Sincerely
Lucy Mahurin

File - Received - Benton

JUL 21 1943

Attended to viz:



July 20, 1943

Dear Mother + Daddy -

Here is another week. But a better one. This time as Jim gets home at night.

As a matter of fact we had a pretty busy week last week.

Betty Mortensen had a girl, Betty Anderson, visiting her, so on the evenings we didn't go to camp. We played lots of bridge. Andy is a real for luck. One night we played 10 rubbers - all two game - and she won them all. We changed partners every hand and where Andy went she was mint. She ended it with a +113!!

Say, do you want some real

Just got this book. "Suds in your
Fun" by Mary Casswell. It is just
Wonderful, a good laugh all the
day through. I read it first, and
it went from hand to hand until
most of the 212th & wives had read
it.

Furrier weather here now. It is
foggy till noon - then the sun
comes out. It is the same way
every day. Everyone is grumbling
because it is not warm, but when
I read & hear of the dreadful heat
in some, I begin to like the fog here.

Jim's battery is going on an
overnight picnic today. They go to
Pismo beach, and yesterday afternoon
Jim got home early as he had to
come to town to order 16 cases
of beer and 3 cases of tonic.

We all went to the Officers Club Saturday night for dinner & dancing. The dinner was fine as we had steak. Jim ordered and ate 2 complete meals. The 212th always turns out en masse for a party, so we had a table for 30.

A mammoth moth got in our bedroom last night. It was so huge we thought at first it was a bat. I hid under the covers till Jim killed it.

I think it is swell you are going to Guildhall. It is more important than ever for you all to go away this year.

Joan Derness is having a great time keeping house. I rarely see her, she is so busy cleaning every day. She is also learning

to cook. This causes her some consternation, and she studies an enormous cookbook every day.

Not much other news at the moment. Our peas are all gone, but everything else is producing lavishly. The squash we put in as an afterthought is most prolific, and we give it away left + right.

Hope you are all well at home and that the weather is better now. That surely can drag you down in a hurry.

Joe Menzes is going to F.O.C. at 5:11 the end of the month, so I guess we won't see Helen for a while.

Write soon.

Much love to all,

Mary



NIGHT WATCH



NORMAL JULY WEATHER HERE

Mercury Yesterday at 87
Maximum

Yesterday the mercury climbed to a maximum of 87 degrees in midafternoon, filling the beaches with throngs of bathers and bringing thousands of children to the recreation spots of Greater Boston.

The typical July weather will continue today, the weather bureau promised last night.

Tuesday, July 20th 1943
Frances was away good
and early for her semi-
annual - check up with Dr.
Hare. For breakfast - dropped
egg on - hash - Cars from
Oakley Road - Office - Work - out
at 12, 45 to the Parker House - Knicker-
Club. Roger Amory - Jack Thayer - First
of Haddock. Tartar Sauce - 31 cent Tomatoes
Hot Coffee - Plum. Back to the office -
Real Estate Committee Meeting - Waiting
for Peter. Quest for money - he on his way
to Sumner + Everett Lane at noon brought
5 sets of Mott's Cakes and another Bottle of
Medicine - Left at 3.50. Met Frances at
4.20 in front of Mrs. August's House
Front Porch. The Long Wait; finally
Dinner and to bed. A hot night -
Twisting and Turning and Perspiring +

Come On, Rain

Lack of rain over most of New England may be good news to vacationers, but Weather Man G. Harold Noyes, in the federal building, said today the dry spell is slowing up crop growth.

"This condition is further aggravated by the excessive heat and sunshine," added Noyes. "Much of the early corn is wilting and many pastures and lawns are browned. Rainfall is most urgently needed in southwest Maine and Rhode Island, where drouth conditions are approaching serious proportions."

Wednesday, July 21st 1943

Last night was once again a fairly tough one to sleep in - For Breakfast - Orange juice -

Corn flakes - fried eggs + Bean

Iced Coffee - to the Square with Frances -

Sulway - office and work - out at 12

with Lane - Bus to the North Station -

Piscopos for lunch - Muesli - Roast

Leg of lamb - Carrots + Peas - Iced Coffee -

Bus Back To the office - 1.45 Directors'

meeting. Over at 2.45 - left at 3.50.

Sulway. Met Frances in front of Mrs.

Augusts' - gave Charles L. Powers a lift

home. Front Porch. Cool Drinks.

Arranged my specimens for a start -

Put four of the Moth Tablets in

containers - Dinner. Steamed

Clams. Broiled ~~Salmon~~ - John not

home for dinner + Peter up at

Sunapee + Told at 7.15 +

Another surprise Air Raid Test

tonight - Belmont Alert at 8.59 -

All clear at 10.40 Another sultry

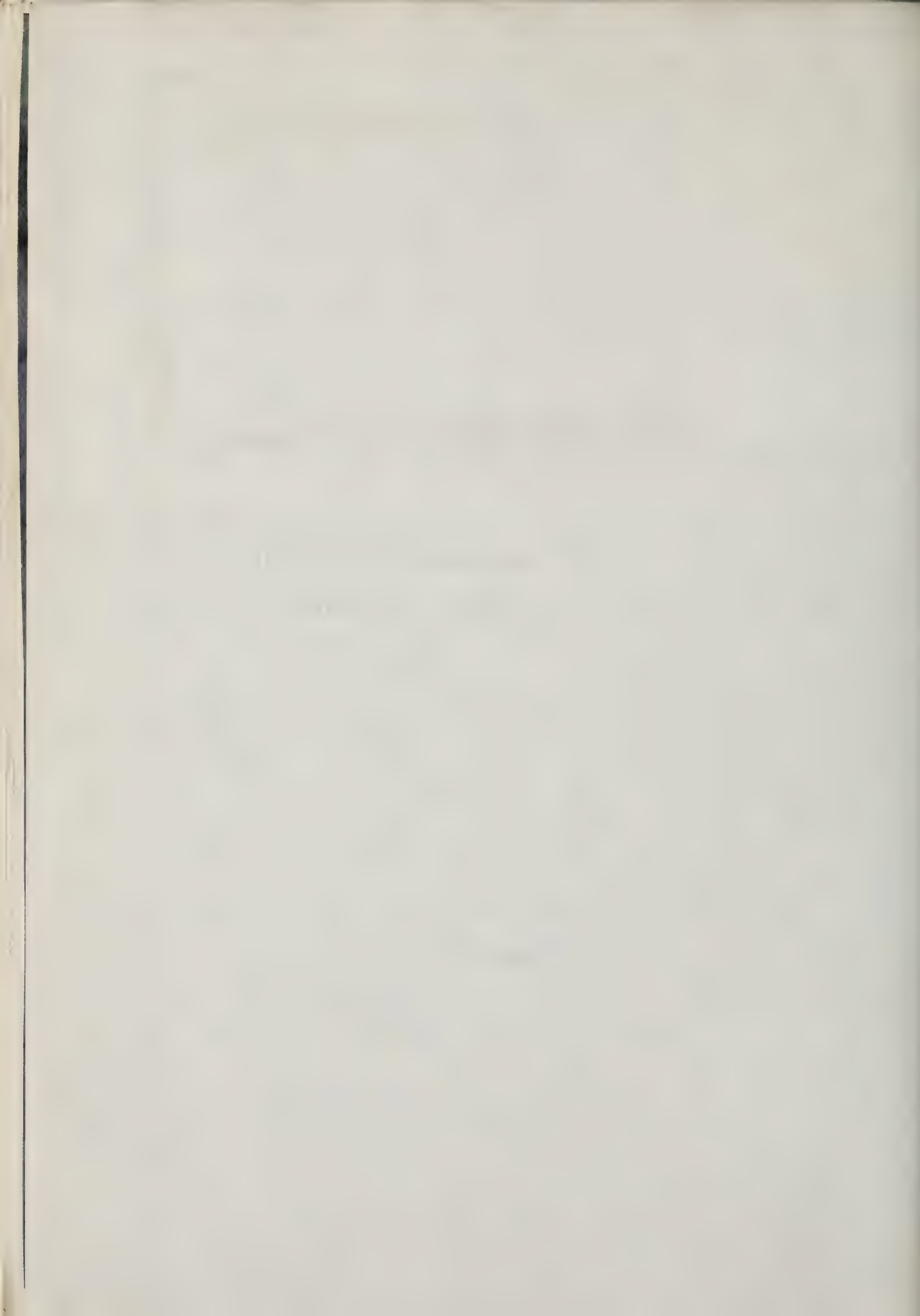
night - slept in the main bed

room - my head against the East Window.

A Hard Mattress - a hard night.



HE'S AT IT AGAIN!
JULY 21, 1943.





SANTA ANA ARMY AIR BASE
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

July 21, 1943

Wed. P.M.

Dear Mom + Dad —

I'm on Guard Duty tonight so I won't have too much time for writing — enough to cover all the news tho' I think.

Guard Duty here is quite the thing — formal "Guard mount" ceremony parade and so forth. I was appointed cadet Lt. of the Guard platoon and had a lot of fun strutting around and commanding the boys during the ceremonies. It was quite an honor to be chosen as a Lt. too since, almost invariably, only men with a year or more of service are picked as cadet officers.

The only thing I dislike about



This setup is having to stay up
all night - and then face that rigorous
schedule tomorrow.

Uncle Pat must look mighty
classy with those old eyes, and
isn't Warren lucky, getting home
every weekend.

Not surprised to hear that Emma
has a parlor - everyone but
A/C's seem to get those things.

I'm very pleased with Emma's
election of the silver - and get
such a tremendous kick from
those preparations for our life
together.

I bet you are all pepped up
about the "fieldball" vacation to come.
No place could be more restful and
I know you'll all have a swell
time.

The grind gets a little harder each
day - fine men from 80 handed
in their resignations. Today!

The weather continues cool - under

blankets every night.

will I go on duty shortly and
must write to you as - for now

Love,
John

PHYSICAL TRAINING KEEPS CADETS FIT



IN AN attractive men-made pattern, the above cadets go through one of the many physical training exercises that equip them with sound bodies. Inevitably, when they are through with such exercises, they will shout the immortal "Hubba-hubba," the pass-word of SAAAB-trained fliers over the earth—the pass-word to victory.

July 21, 1943

Dear Nicky-

I should say you have been busy! What's all this about spending an entire week's pay in one morning? You'll never get a moment's sleep! Don't you know this country is at war? We so like just a quiet life here for now still? For goodness sake let me be moderate.

Not much news since I wrote the family yesterday. Jim got home early yesterday afternoon and so his father was at Pismo beach. I had breakfast at home this morning being picked up here at 9:45. It was

a good break for him. Haven't heard
yet what kind of a time they
had it. Some, but they weren't
there loaded down with 16 cases of
beer for one thing so it was
probably quite an outing. They give
the batteries a night off like that
as they are so far from home; can't
afford to disturb or to have their
families here. Besides, there is
no place to go on a far from
Camp Cooke. Los Angeles is usually
too far for the short time they have.

Joan Powers, who lives
downstairs now, is a Beverly Hills
girl. Her mother is an actor's
agent, so we hear all about
Hollywood from Joan. Joan's father

was killed in Japan in 1923 by the cholera epidemic that followed the earthquake. His business was sick, hence his presence in Japan at that time. Joan's mother was left to bring up a 1-yr. old daughter & ended as an agent. She is quite successful, I believe, but although she talks & acts like Hollywoodites she is a lot of fun & has no use for Hollywood, the untowry. In fact, most Californians can't abide the place and I guess it really is a hotbed of intrigue.

Today is a beauty. The sun came out in the morning for a change and it is nice and warm and now. However, when I got up to get breakfast it was

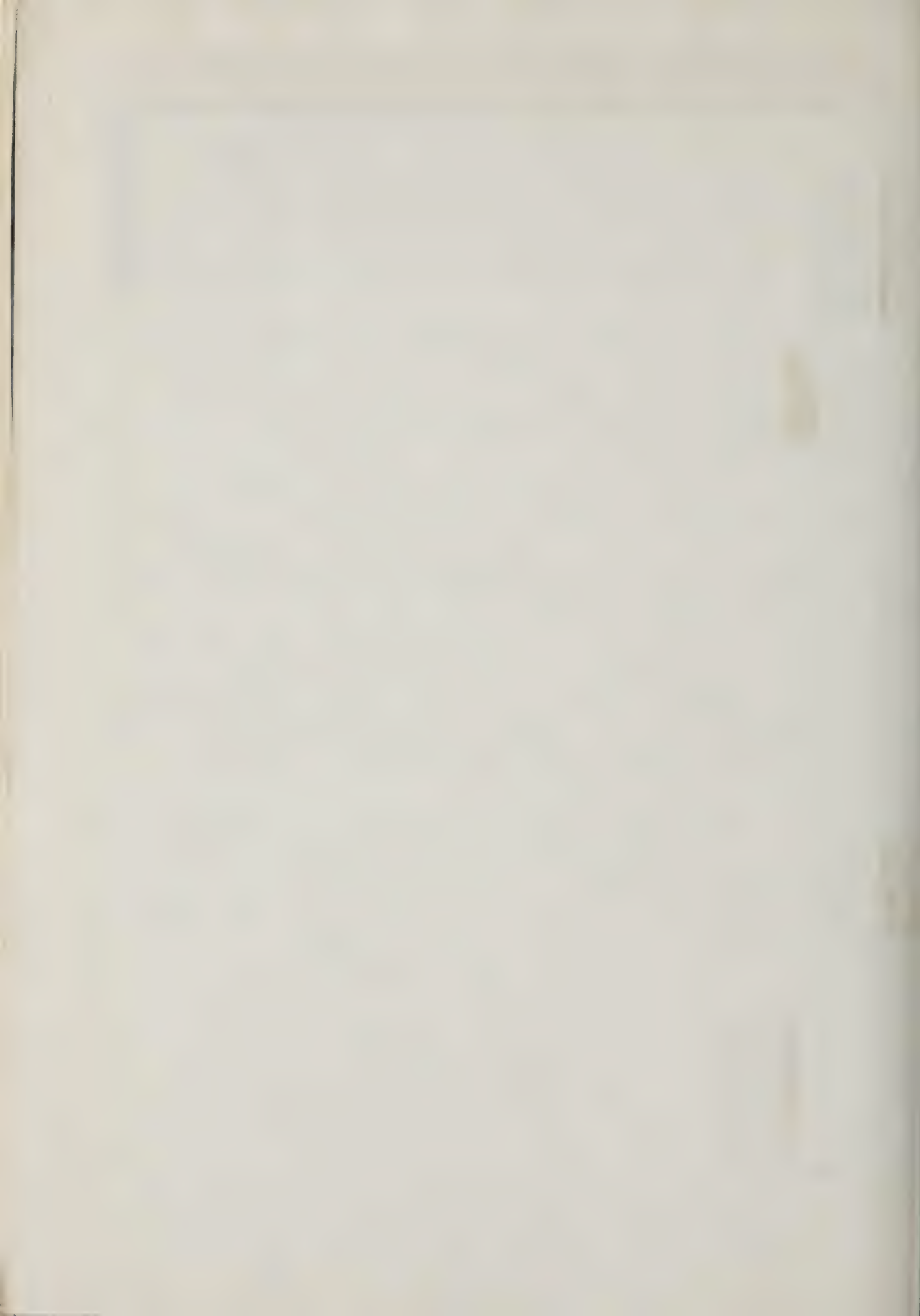
So cold I had to turn on the heat.

Tell Pete I am getting a picture for him, but it won't be ready for 10 more days. I'll send it & write him then. It is just a snap I am having enlarged.

Must go and do some more housework now. It is always there waiting for me to catch up with it. Write soon & don't be a goose with your money. Buy war stamps instead.

Love,

Mary



July 21, 1943

Mr. Carlos Hodge
Guildhall, Vermont

Dear Carlos:

Shortly after I wrote you, I saw in the "Coos County Democrat" that you had been down to the Lancaster Hospital but returned the next day. So I did not know just how you were, but hoping for the best and good news.

I have a note from Mrs. Frank Mahurin and she said, among other news, that you had cut the hay. By that she probably means the lawn about the Cottage. This is fine. You will remember that two or three years ago you gave the Elm a "haircut". I noticed last summer that the top branches had grown up so high again that they cut off the view of the Percy Peaks from the Pizaaa, this also applies to the Lilac at the corner of the piazza. I would like both of these to have another haircut before we get up there, and hope you can do it or get it done under your direct supervision and then it will be done right. I will be pleased to hear from you on the enclosed post card. Very busy trying to clear my desk before vacation.

Sincerely yours,

Jay R. Benton

JRB:BCC
Enclosure

Guildhall Vt
July 22, 43

Dear Mr Benton.

I am writing this note
for Carlos who has not got a
round to do so as yet.

But really he has got
to work on the Cottage & it looks
so much better & in hopes to
have it all ready for you
when you all get here.

Yes Carlos did have his
back opened up again but he
is able to work & feels fine.
until we meet again
at Guildhall.

Mrs Carlos Hodge.

Cloudburst Ends Drought In Hub Area

Temperature Falls 8 Degrees in Storm

An extended cloudburst during a thunderstorm which blackened Greater Boston for more than an hour today ended a prolonged rainless heat-wave and averted serious drought damage to crops and pastures.

EIGHT-DEGREE DROP

Street lights and automobile lights were turned on in some sections as the low black clouds darkened the city, already hazy from fog and low-hanging industrial smoke.

A total of .74 inches of rain fell in less than an hour, halting the uncomfortable humidity which enveloped the city early in the day. The weather bureau reported the temperature dropped nearly eight degrees during the storm. The humidity rose again to a peak of 93 per cent. by mid-afternoon.

Thursday, July 22nd 1943
Very muggy. Breakfast on the Porch -
Orange juice - corn flakes. Froiled
Schrod - Iced Coffee - but hurried to
get away ahead of the thunder -
showers. With Frances in the car -
Brattle Street. Down four. Hysterics -
So into the Church Street Garage
for about a half hour. Subway.
Chauncy St. Down four. Waited 20
minutes - then To office - Work -
out to lunch at 12.30 - with
Lue - to Steubens on Boylston St.

Jellied Consomme. Broiled egg on corn beef hash.
Iced Coffee. Lantafouler - to Park Street. Subway
to Harvard Square. to Dr. Andrews. Dentists - tooth
fixed. upper left bicuspids - where the filling
came out. Back To town - office. the Ordinary
application - Left at 3.50. Subway. Met
Frances in front of Mrs. August's - Home. Front
Porch. Cool drinks. John home at 6. J. G. G. out
Frances cooking. Cold Roast Chicken. Large
Macaroni - Tomato & lettuce salad. Toast.
Milk - Macaroni Balls. Nicholas went to
dinner and to a B. C. Show with
Kathleen and Jane -

NOT SO HUMID IN HUB TODAY

Norfolk Man Killed in Electrical Storm

The weather man last night promised more comfortable weather for this section today, with continued warm temperatures but much less humidity. This followed a day of much discomfort, with humidity readings high all day long, which, coupled with the warm air of a maximum of 82 degrees, made for tens of thousands of wilted collars.

Rain fell in some places in torrents and in other places lightly, but quite generally throughout New England, and lightning storms brought death to one man in this area: Joseph E. LeBlanc, 33, of Main street, Norfolk.

Friday, July 23rd 1943

More comfortable today - much less humid - wind in in the Northeast. Into a heavier suit - Seersucker pretty wrinkled. Breakfast

Scrambled eggs and toast -

to the Square with Frances - Sulway Office - made appointments for the optometrists for Monday and the dentist for Wednesday. Out to lunch at 12.30 with Jane - across the Common to the Hotel Lincolnshire - Jellyed Essence of Tomato - Shredded eggs & sausage - Red Coffee - Cantaloupe - to Jordans - 5 more No-Moth Sets, to Hovey's - six handkerchiefs - to Brine's - ticket for Haqqum at the Stadium. Office - Work - Left at 3.50. Sulway. Met Frances in front of Mrs. August's - Home. Front porch cool drinks. Dinner. Lobster Salad +



ARMY AIR FORCES

July 23, 1943

9:11 P.M.

Dear Mom + Dad —

Another tough day and, as usual, very little time for writing.

I enjoyed reading the article from the "Americans" — sent it on to Jeanne for our scrap book.

As far as I know there are no brochures or ~~the~~ pamphlets on the SAAAB available. You see, the base here is closely allied with the interceptors plane protection of Britain etc. and its size, number of men and everything else is highly secretive. Almost all of it is restricted to civilians and even to officers of other posts. Once in a while tho' there are pictures of various cadet activities in the camp paper and I shall send these

NAT SA HUMIN

along so they come out.

Wonder if John & Nick are going to
look up Tanne on their N.Y. trip?
I know she would love to see
them.

K. & J. will be interested to know
that J. Di Maggio is on the S.A.P.A.B.
toll team - so a whole paper -
"Homes to Homes" full of it.

What in the world are you doing
for laundry now? The rate is very
good here - \$3.00 per month for
as much as you want to send -
by the way, of course.

There is a big transportation strike
in progress here now but I hope
to get in to Santa Ana tomorrow
night anyway. Being in with Jack
Baker who stops out to me. He's
a great guy - from Miami - wonder
if in the U.S. - ~~some~~ says about
Tanne a couple of years ago.

Light out!

Love to all,

these are sq. 85 boys -

Page Six

SANTA ANA CADET

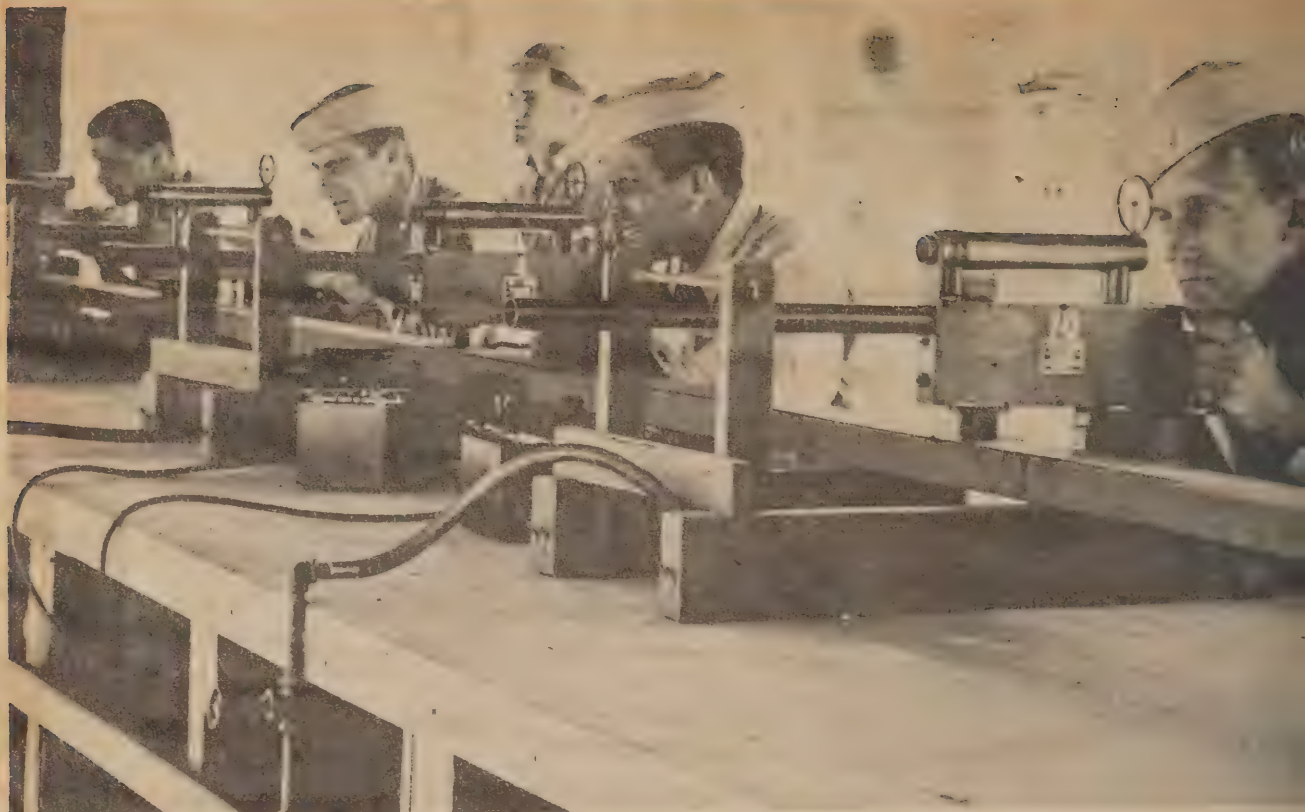
AT SAAAB

Friday, July 23, 1943

COMBAT AIRCREWS OF TOMORROW LEARN SPECIALIZED PHASES OF AERIAL GUNNERY



THIS CADET is practicing range estimation and lead on sky-range.



CADETS receiving instruction in the use of the MacGlashan air machine gun.



LEARNING RANGE procedure with Thompson machine guns are these cadets of the post.

IT IS HIGHLY important that a plane on combat mission has adequate protection from enemy planes. This means not only plenty of armament, but also skilled operators of it. Anticipating this important factor, the B-N gunnery school teaches the many specialized phases of aerial gunnery to cadets who will come day be part of combat aircrews.

Cadets are given first-hand information on the use of .50 calibre machine guns, the .45 calibre pistol, and the Thompson machine gun. They learn to operate, strip and fire these weapons, which they will later use at the firing range under actual firing conditions.

B-N gunnery school blazed the way in the post's gunnery program. A pilot gunnery school is now being built on the B-N's pattern. B-N gunnery instructors are helping to build it.

One innovation of the B-N gunnery school is its "Sky-range," which consists of a model airplane that runs on a wire. This provides good practice in range estimation and trail and lead firing. Then there is the air machine gun range, where cadets fire BBs at a moving likeness of Hitler. Aiming, leading and trailing are taught here. Use of the "butterfly" trigger or short bursts, is emphasized.



THIS GADGET has the pleasure of firing an air machine gun at target likeness of Hitler.



HERE A GROUP of cadets are trying their hands at sighting practice with .45 automatics.



SGT JEROME Resler instructs a gunnery class in the manual of a .45 pistol.



RANGE PROCEDURE in sighting and firing a .45 automatic is demonstrated.

Newumberland
Friday. July 23, 1943

Dear Jay -

Am enclosing some
schedules - Hurry up and get
up here.

Am still trying to keep
an eye out for some good woman
as Frances - Can get a girl alright
feel very sure - Mac that
Marion Hodge would - and I have
another one in mind - that would
be nicely I think - I think
it is more than Frances should
do - she needs the rest. We would
all take hold + help - but she

ven, then, would have the
responsibility. I think it will
work out and this bus
service is good, only at night it's
almost always late ^{Thurs. +} ^{Fri.} good
service in the morning - not
crowded and the time in
Auncaster is just about long
enough for the shopping.

Having grand weather -
the play house is already moved
near the fire place) old glory is
drying - the dog will be hot
and the (steaks) - will be sizzling.
Please let me know if I can do any
thing to help. Love to you both
M. J. J.

Enid Hall Nt.

July 23 - 43

Mr Bentin

Dear Sir

Frank

came out yesterday due
to rain so he attended
to that haircut you
spoke of, of course I did
not know when he
would be out.

Yours truly

Lucy Mahurin

Waverley Railroad Station In Its Sixth Decade of Service



Looking trim and neat in the top photograph taken recently is the Waverley railroad station, which had its unobserved fiftieth birthday on June 1, 1942. The same building is in the background of the lower photo of Waverley Square, taken about 1900, when Waverley Hall at the left was the center of the district's social life and open street cars ran to the Park Street subway.

The opening and dedication of the Fitchburg Railroad station was a big event of 1892 in Waverley, whose citizens celebrated with a reception, banquet and ball on June 1 in the hall across Church st.

A souvenir program of the festivities, preserved by F. Alexander Chandler, bears on its cover hand-colored sketches of "Pequossette Common, 1638," with an Indian tepee; an ox-cart at "Plympton's Crossing, 1843," when the Fitchburg Railroad (now part of the B. & M.) was opened to Waltham; "Waverley, 1860," showing the original two-story depot, and the new station, which is still in service.

A bounteous menu for the banquet testifies that there was no food rationing in 1892. Celebrants danced to waltzes, quadrilles, schottisches, a lancers, galop, Portland fancy and polka designated by such railroad and local names as "President Marcy," "6:23," "Elbow Hill," "All Aboard" and "The Oaks."

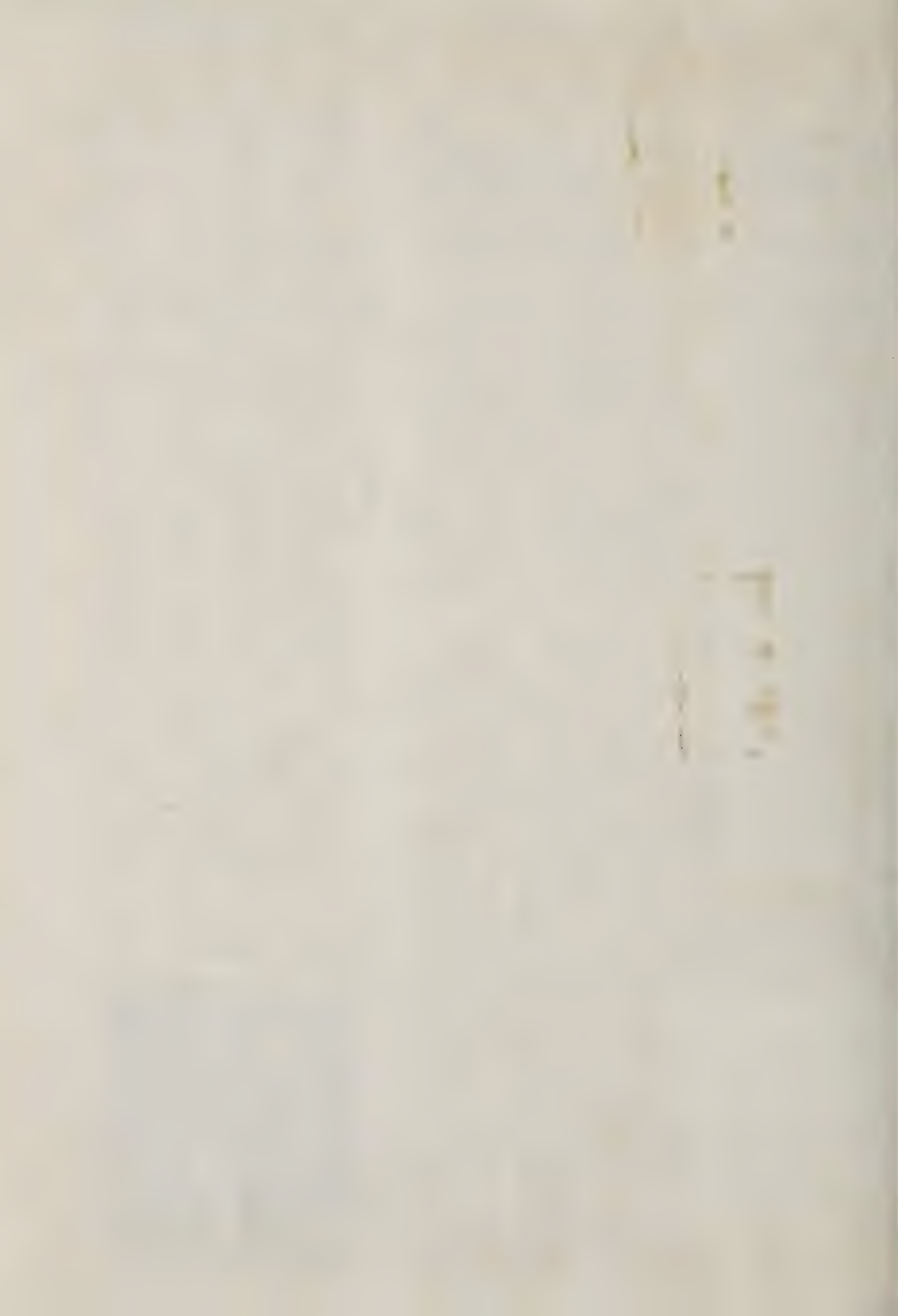
Isaac Watts was chairman of the Depot Committee which arranged the exercises, assisted by Everett C. Benton, Frank Chandler, G. C. Holt, H. F. Campbell, J. W. Wilbur, T. W. Davis and H. S. Harris. The floor director for the ball was G. Fred Kendall and F. E. Whitcomb was

chairman of a large committee of citizens which conducted a reception for railroad officials and other visiting dignitaries.

The dedication festivities indicate that the inhabitants of Waverley must have been enjoying more friendly relationship with the railroad in 1892 than they were some years before, for in his article on Belmont written for a History of Middlesex County published in 1890, Thomas W. Davis wrote:

"All the land east of Lexington st to the line of the Bright estate on Belmont st and across the valley nearly to the summit of the hill north of the railroads, comprising about three hundred acres, was included in the plots of the Waverley Company, which was incorporated in 1855. . . . A considerable part of the ancient Pequossette, or King's Common, was among the holdings of this company. The village of Waverley was the outgrowth of their enterprise. The company was not upon good terms with the railroad management, and the result has been shown in the slow development of what was, in its inception, one of the most promising settlements in the vicinity of Boston. The sales of land were, for many years, few and far between, until in 1875 the company disposed of one hundred acres upon the so-called Waverley Highlands to the Massachusetts General Hospital. It is expected that at some future time buildings will be erected here for a retreat for insane persons, when the removal of the McLean Asylum from Somerville becomes definitely necessary."

The actual dates when trains began stopping and the original stations were opened at Plympton's Crossing (Waverley), Wellington Hill (Belmont) and Hill's Crossing are not remembered even by the Boston and Maine Railroad, which lost a considerable portion of its historical records in a storehouse fire in 1930. A newspaper advertisement in April, 1844, announced service from Boston to Waltham, Concord and South Acton, but made no mention of any stations within the present corporate limits of Belmont.



Saturday
July 24, 1943

Dear Mother and Dad,

Boy have I been
having a wonderful time up
here. I fish, swim, eat, sleep,
and paint. The lake is beaut-
iful up here. The motor boats
are quite plentiful so if I ever
go to Guildhall please let me
get one out. I will get some
gas coupons and we can go fish-
ing and up the river pines.
Mr. + Mrs. Goode have a cott-
age up here. He's the doctor you
know. He says I won't go for
about two months. Well, huh.
The fishing up here is well but
so far not many have been caught
by one Peter Benton. The

cold nights just like football;
I wish we were on a lake like
this up there for swimming but
it's best the way it is, I t stom-
ed the other night and boy what
a heat! Sure I taw up here re-
flect on the water and at night
it's quite a thing to look at the
lake. Sure snow up here is
terrific but you can't notice
it much. Mr. Leeson just
got back from Washington and
boy he looks tired. He's a real
sportsman and a swell man.
I do like the dishes but there
aren't many. You will be sur-
prised at what you can
do in the Mountains. I've been
on the go every minute and boy

lake itself is very beautiful
and there are many cliffs
and caves around it. I will
be home next Sunday as I
will come down with Mr.

Sheldon on the 4:40 train on
Sunday. I have got another
great sunburn but it doesn't
bother me. I ought to have
a great tan when I come home.
Fishing in shorts accounts for
quite a bit of it I guess. I
really am beginning to enjoy
fishing because ~~we~~ we fished for
four hours yesterday and all
we got was 3 bites and it didn't
bother me a bit. Dad, please
send me a little more money
because all I have is \$3. The air
up here is great. 4 days and

everything is right up my
alley. I'm so tired at night
I don't even lay in bed five
minutes before I'm asleep. The
sun wakes me up about 8 every
day morning. I don't drink
any more up here and I
haven't been better by a nose-
milla yet. I drink 3 quarts of
milk a day and lay down
at night. I had 2 helpings of cream
and milk last night and I despise
the stuff. Well I guess that's
about all.

Love to Evonne,

Peter

DSML

Saturday, July 24th 1943 x

It warmed up again today, in fact it got very hot. Jane brought in my breakfast. Orange juice - corn flakes - Minced Pot Roast on toast - Buttered egg on toast - Red Coffee. Up at 9.15 - Away with Frances in the car - first to the Payson Park Market and left a lot of accumulated bottles - then down to John Pino's for a hair cut, shampoo and shave. Frances had a hair-do - first - went shopping and came back to get me. To Hittinger's Farm for vegetables. Talking with Perry Lamar and Frank Kennedy. Home. Glasses ungrammed had arrived from Sterns, N.Y.C. Cool drinks on front porch. Frances took more empties back to Griffins - Lunch on the Porch. Rested all afternoon. Getting hotter and hotter - X - Dressed at 5 - Left at 5.40 with Frances and Nicholas - Left the car at the Church Street Garage. Walked down to the Stadium. Throngs on the Anderson Bridge like the Old Days. A fine track meet, climaxed by

the Marvellous Mile by Gunder
Haegg from Sweden - He ran
the fastest out door mile ever
run in America - and Gilbert
Dodds who ran second, also broke
the existing record. A thrilling sight
to have seen. The meet was over
about 7.45 - We walked back to
the Bella Vista - we had reserved a
table on the upstairs outdoor Terrace -
but the place was jammed - they
were short of waitresses - so after
quite a long wait Frances & I decided
to go home and have our dinner -
which we had on the front porch
by candlelight - Roast beef hash
with poached egg - Swiss Chard
Rolls - Tomato & lettuce salad -
Milk - Orange jelly with Blueberries -
Nicholas stayed at the Square - saw
Hka Chase in "Biography" at the Brattle
Summer Theatre and supper at
Schnafl's - John was away all day
again at Swampscott.



The Flying Fireman—Gunder Haegg after his first victory in the United States.

GUNDER HÄGG

He is track star of a century

latest to force running marks further toward the physiological limit of bone and muscle is Sweden's Gunder Hägg (pronounced Hegg). In a 70-day campaign last summer Hägg established new world's records for 1,500 meters, a mile, 2,000 meters, 3,000 meters, two

labors to Americans will be his records at the familiar distances. His best mile is 4:04.6 min., nearly two full seconds better than the listed record by England's Sydney Wooderson. His phenomenal two-mile standard is 8:47.8, far better than any time ever caught on

At rare intervals great athletes develop who break foot-racing records in wholesale lots. Finland's Paavo Nurmi, who first made the track public mile-conscious, was one. Jesse Owens of the U. S., who ran hog-wild at the Berlin Olympics, was another. The

miles, three miles and 5,000 meters. Five of these were recognized as official by the International Amateur Athletic Federation last month. The others will probably follow soon.

Perhaps the most comprehensible of Gunder Hägg's

a stop watch for this distance, officially or otherwise.

Physically, Hägg has the attributes of a great distance runner. He is tall (6 ft.), light-bodied (150 lb.) and big-chested. At 24 he is in his prime for his specialty. In action he is a model of perfect running form (*opposite*).

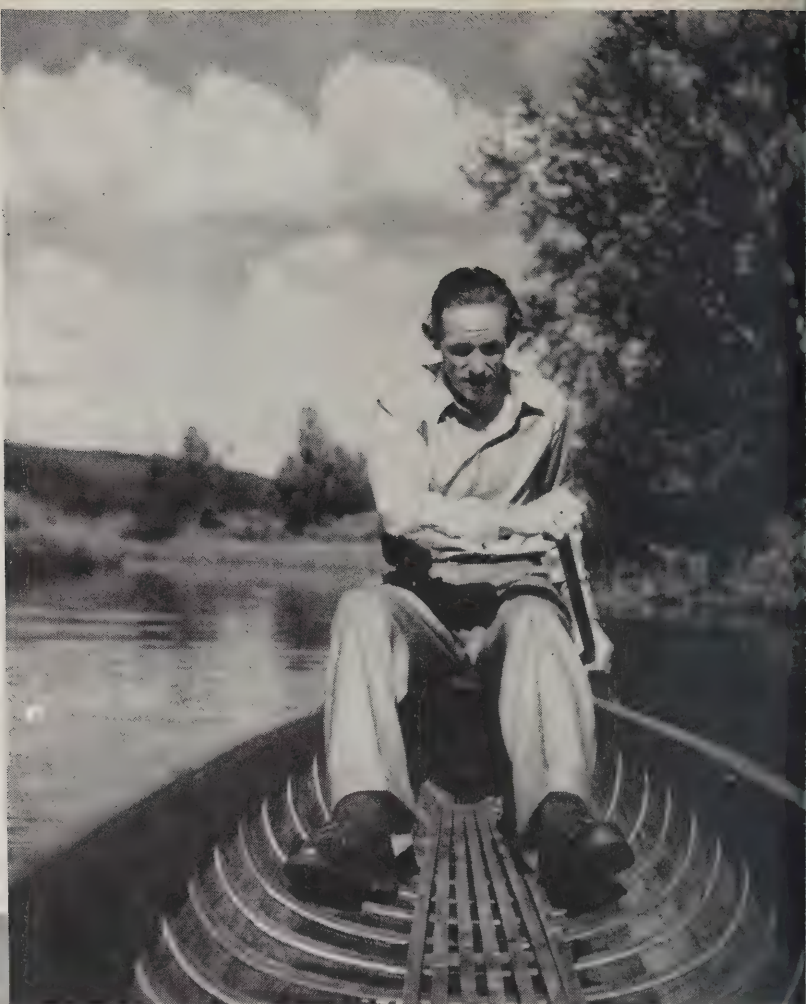


Interested Swedes inspect poster advertising a recent article about Hägg in a Swedish journal. Poster below is a plea for Norway which has no track meets these days.

Gunder Hägg (continued)



Hägg runs along shore of a lake near Vålådalen, big Swedish sports center. He trains all year and wherever he gets the opportunity, even runs in the snow when he has to.



Hägg rests from his stern training regimen with a little peaceful paddling in his native Jämtland, one of Sweden's northern provinces, are short b



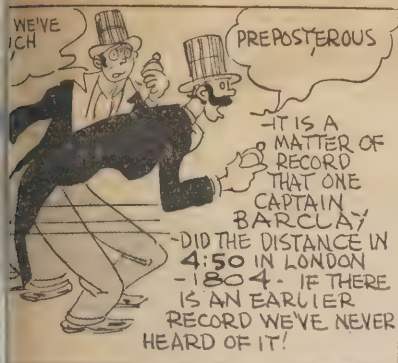
On a nearby range Hägg sights along the barrel of a rifle. In private life he is a fireman in Gävle, his home town (*see below*), has little time between this and his running to devote to such pleasures.



In his fireman's uniform Hägg fondles a quaint piece of Swedish fire-fighting equipment. His superiors gladly give him time off to compete in meets, but treat him like any other fireman when he is on duty.



accomplished accordionist, Hägg beams while he plays. Picture in background is one of his many trophies. Swedes frequently give athletes paintings instead of silver cups.



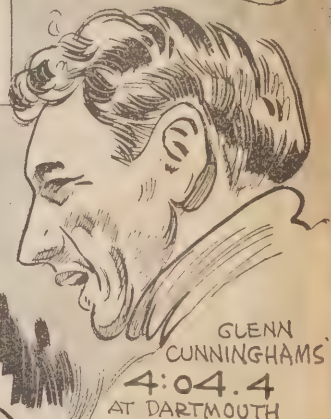
GUNDER HAGG!

-CAN HE PICK
'EM UP AND LAY
'EM DOWN FAST
ENOUGH TO
COMPLETE
THE DISTANCE
IN 4
MINUTES
FLAT!

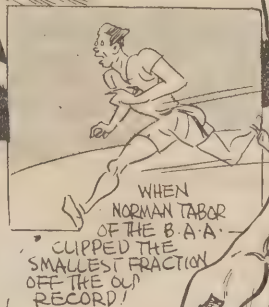
PAAYO
NURMI
THE STOP-
WATCH FINN
RAN A MILE
IN 4:10³/₅
1923



1933 JACK LOVELOCK
4:07 ⁹/₁₀
1933 GLENN CUNNINGHAM
4:06 ⁷/₁₀⁵



THE FIRST GREAT
MILER KNOWN TO
SPORT WAS
W. G. GEORGE
- A TALL THIN
ENGLISHMAN
WITH AN
ENORMOUS
STRIDE. IN
1886 HE RAN
THE MILE IN
THE UNHEARD OF
TIME OF
4:12³/₄
- HIS RECORD
STOOD UNTOUCHED
UNTIL 1915



MON DIEU!
CEST
IMPOSSIBLE



1943
ARNE
ANDERSSON
4:02.6
IN 57 YEARS
FROM GEORGE
TO ANDERSSON
JUST ABOUT
10 SECONDS
HAVE
BEEN
CLIPPED!



- IF THERE
IS TO BE
A 4
MINUTE
MILE THE
HARVARD STADIUM
MIGHT WELL
BE THE PLACE.
AND SATURDAY
COULD BE
THE DAY!

STADIUM MILERS

By Gene Mack

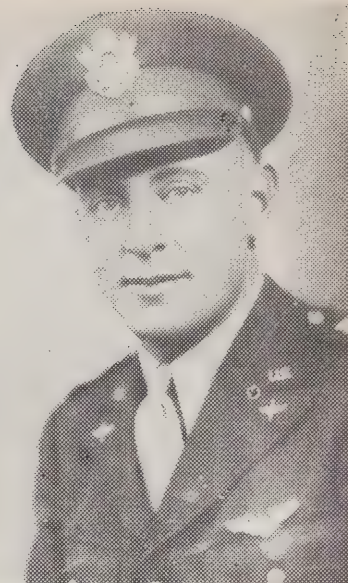




LIEUT. WILLIAM ERICKSON
U. S. Army Air Force
Braintree, Mass.
Killed in action over France



GILBERT DODDS



CAPT. WALTER OLSON
U. S. Army Air Force
Hyde Park, Mass.
Killed in action over France

American-Scandinavian A. A. Committee

FOR

United States Army Air Forces Aid Society

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Harvard Stadium

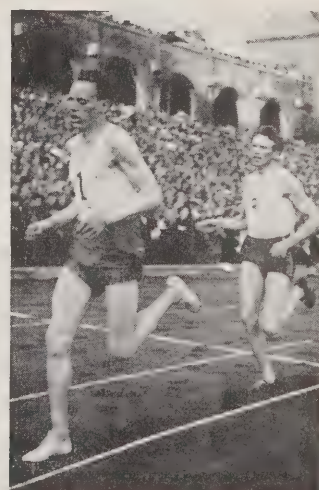
Saturday, July 24, 1943



GUNDER HAGG



DON BURNHAM



GUNDER HAGG

We want to extend our thanks to all of the following who so generously helped make this event possible: General H. H. Arnold, U. S. Army Air Forces, the U. S. Army First Service Command, Harvard University, Army Air Statistical School Unit at Harvard, Amateur Athletic Union, New England Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, the Press and Radio, the American-Scandinavian A. A.

6.30 p. m. Demonstration by the United States Army and United States Army Air Forces

Sprint Medley Series

Sprint Series of three events; 50 Yards, 100 Yards and 220 Yards. Each of the five contestants will run all three events, points scoring five for first place, three for second, two for third and one for fourth.

7.00 p. m. 50 Yards Dash

20 1294 **HERBERT THOMPSON**, Jersey City Board of Education, N. J.

National A. A. U. Indoor Sprint Champion, 1939-1941-1943; Second, National A. A. U. Outdoor 100 Meters, 1943; Winner of the B. A. A. 50 Yards Briggs Trophy, 1939, 1940, 1943.

Lane 1, 50 Yards; Lane 2, 100 Yards; Lane 3, 220 Yards.

21 962 **EULACE PEACOCK**, U. S. Coast Guard, Manhattan Beach, N. Y.

National A. A. U. 100 Meters Champion, 1935, 1942; Penn Relays 100 Meters Champion, 1935; National A. A. U. Pentathlon Champion, 1933-1934, 1937, 1943; National A. A. U. Running Broad Jump, 1935, 26 ft., 3 in.

Lane 2, 50 Yards; Lane 1, 100 Yards; Lane 4, 220 Yards

22 1633 **EDWARD GREENIDGE**, New York Pioneer Club

National A. A. U. Junior 200 Meters Champion, 1941, 21.5s; Second, National A. A. U. Senior 100 Meters, 200 meters, 1942; Second, National A. A. U. Senior 200 Meters, 1943; Third, National A. A. U. Senior 100 Meters, 1943.

Lane 3, 50 Yards; Lane 4, 100 Yards; Lane 1, 220 Yards.

23 **EDWARD CONWELL**, Ex-New York University, now of New York Pioneer Club

Intercollegiate Indoor 60 Yards Champion, 1943; Second, I. C. 4-A. Outdoor 100 Yards, 1943; Second, B. A. A. Indoor 50 Yards Dash, 1943; Fourth, National A. A. U. 100 Meters, 1943; Fourth, National A. A. U. 200 Meters, 1943.

Lane 4, 50 Yards; Lane 5, 100 Yards; Lane 2, 220 Yards.

24 C&T. **ZIMERI COX**, Military Police, Fort Devens, Mass.

Lane 5, 50 Yards; Lane 3, 100 Yards; Lane 5, 220 Yards.

Won byTime.....

SecondTime.....

ThirdTime.....

7.05 p. m. Invitation 440 Yards Run

14 17998 **HERBERT McKENLEY**, Boston College

1943—First, National Junior A. A. U. Champion, 400 Meters; First, N. E. A. A. U. Junior 100 Yards and 440 Yards; First, N. E. A. A. U. Senior 440 Yards; First, N. E. I. C. A. A. U. 100 Yards and 220 Yards.

Lane 1

15 271 **PVT. CHARLES T. GROSBERGER**, ex-New York University, Grand Street Boys Club, now at Dartmouth College, U. S. Marine Corps.

1943—Third, National A. A. U. Junior 400 Meters, 47.9s; Third National A. A. U. Senior 400 Meters. Defeated McKenley, 47.8s.

Lane 2

16

PVT. HENRY ECKERT, ex-New York University Relayist, now at Dartmouth College, U. S. Marine Corps.

Won at B. A. A. Games, One Mile Relay, at Seton Hall and Manhattan.

Lane 6

17

APP. SEAMAN FRANK FOX, former Marine Training High School, N. Y., champion, 490 Yards

Lane 4

18

GEORGE GUIDA, Shanahan Catholic Club, Philadelphia

National A. A. U. Junior 200 Meters Champion, 20.7s, and record holder. Also has run a quarter.

Lane 5

19 17862

THOMAS McKENNA, former Concord, John's H. S., U. S. Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.

1943—First, N. E. A. A. U. Senior 220, 21.1s; First, N. E. A. A. U. Junior 220, 21.1s; Fourth, National A. A. U. Junior 220, 21.1s.

Lane 3

41 18146

EDWARD GAY, Amherst High School

Lane 7

Won byTime.....

SecondTime.....

ThirdTime.....

7.09 p. m. 100 Yards Dash (American Scandinavian)

36

PVT. ALF JOHANNSSON, Fort Devens

Lane 7

8 17852

WARREN ARVID COLSON, Am-Scan A. A.

Lane 2

9 17851

DONALD CAMERON, Am-Scan A. A.

Lane 1

10 17896

WILLIAM GELOTTE, Am-Scan A. A.

Lane 4

11 18871

PAUL BJORKLUND, Dorchester

Lane 5

12 18870

ROBERT MESSINGER, Mattapan

Lane 6

13 18572

ROBERT ODOM, Jamaica Plain

Lane 3

Won byTime.....

SecondTime.....

ThirdTime.....

Sprint Medley Series

7.15 p. m. 100 Yards Dash

Won byTime.....

SecondTime.....

ThirdTime.....

8 p. m. 880 Yards Obstacle Race for Service Men

With Full Marching Pack, Rifle and Helmet

PVT. F. KAHN, U. S. Marines, Dartmouth College
Lane 1

PVT. GEORGE CARPOZI, U. S. Marines, Dartmouth College
Lane 3

PVT. LEO WHITE, Fort Devens, Mass.
Lane 2

ALEXANDER PATTERSON, R. M. 3C, U. S. Coast Guard
Lane 4

RICHARD ROY PHILLIPS, U. S. Navy
Lane 5

byTime.....

ndTime.....

dTime.....

Sprint Medley Series

2 p. m. 220 Yards Dash

byTime.....

ndTime.....

lTime.....

0 p. m. 1500 Meters and One Mile

GUNDER HAGG

10 world's records in seven events, 1942

Lane 1 Scratch

17896 GILBERT DODDS, Boston Athletic Association
1942—First, National A. A. U. Senior One Mile Champion (Indoors) 4.08.7.
1943—First, National A. A. U. Senior (Outdoor) 3.50.0.

1943—N. E. A. A. U. Senior Outdoor, 4.16.2.

Lane 2 Scratch

1880 DONALD BURNHAM, ex-Dartmouth College, now U. S. Navy Medical Reserves
1943—First, I. C. 4-A., 4.18.2; First, National Collegiate, 4.19.1s; First, 880 and Mile in Ivy League Title Meet.

Lane 4 Scratch

1113 WILLIAM HULSE, ex-New York University, now New York A. C.

1943—First, National A. A. U. 800 Meters, 1.53.4; Second, National A. A. U. 1500 Meters to Dodds; First, Metropolitan A. A. U. mile, 4.15.9.

Lane 3 10 Yards Handicap

ROBERT KNOWLES

First, N. E. I. C. 4-A., One Mile, 4.22.4; First, N. E. A. A. U. Junior One Mile, 4.31.8; Second, N. E. A. A. U. Senior One Mile, 4.19.

Lane 5 25 Yards Handicap

byTime.....

dTime.....

lTime.....

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The Four-Minute Mile???

By JERRY NASON, Boston Globe

For fifty years the torrid topic of track has been the Four-Minute Mile.

The argument has waxed and waned in ratio to the number of occasions in which the mile record itself has been broken. Until Paavo Nurmi, the flying Finn, dipped the mark to 4:10.4 in 1923, a Four-Minute Mile was considered preposterous.

Nurmi undoubtedly showed the way, but the first man to ever go under 4:10 was that relatively unsung Frenchman — Jules Ladmougue — who ran a mile in 4:09.2 in 1931. Jules was a pioneer and without pioneering the mile record would never have dropped swiftly from Nurmi's 4:10.4 to Gunder Hagg's 4:04.6.

Do not forget that Nurmi was esteemed as the paragon of milers. His name was upheld as the greatest in mile running. And if the paragon of milers could run in 4:10.4 it was unlikely that any other man could run faster!

It remained for Ladmougue to disperse that trend of thought, break down the barrier that the great Finn's ability had erected around the mile record. Once this unsung Frenchman had pointed the way by smashing Nurmi's 4:10.4 record he let loose a tidal wave of fast miles. Jules had wiped out the theory that Nurmi's record was the ultimate in miling. Some day they ought to erect a monument to Ladmougue, a man as responsible as any for the fact the mile record has fallen nearly six records in 20 years.

After the Frenchman came Lovelock, Cunningham, Wooderson, and now the mighty Hagg, to drive closer and closer to the Four-Minute Mile. In rapid succession Lovelock ran in 4:07.6, Cunningham in 4:06.7, Wooderson in 4:06.4 and Hagg (a year ago) in 4:04.6.

Ten years ago a Four-Minute Mile was still pretty much of a pipe dream. John E. Lovelock, an Oxford medical student from New Zealand, had just raced his 4:07.6 mile at Princeton. This revived the discussion of the Four-Minute Mile, but even Lovelock was roughly 50 yards away from

the magic mark, and 50 yards is a big margin in a mile race.

A funny thing is, that throughout the 50 years of Four-Minute Mile talk no citizen of Sweden — til now has ever held the world record. Sweden has made more than ample recompense for that oversight in the past year. Hagg — 4:06.2, 4:04.6, and Arne Anderson — 4:06.4 and 4:07.2.

The man who runs the Four-Minute Mile must have to have perfect running form, with no wasted motion; a long stride, a deadly sense of pace, incredible stamina, and the ability to sprint.

Gunder Hagg fits this pattern more closely than any miler who has yet come along. Perhaps Hagg is our Four-Minute Miler, and yet his best record — his breathless 4:04.6 — is still ABC THIRTY YARDS AWAY FROM A MILE IN FOUR MINUTES!

In other words, Hagg is four and six-tenths seconds from the magic mile. And the difference between Hagg in 1942 and Ladmougue in 1931 is also four and six-tenths seconds. It took eleven years for 4 6-10 seconds to be peeled away from the Frenchman's record and it may take eleven more years before Hagg's 4:04.6 falls down to the fabulous Four-Minute Mile.

Running a Four-Minute Mile is going to be a superman's feat and if you do not think so here is a little study that may convince you:

Here are the fastest first, second, third, and fourth quarter miles made when Lovelock ran in 4:07.6, when Cunningham did his 4:06.7, Wooderson his 4:06.4, San Romani his 4:07.2, and Hagg the wonderful 4:04.6:

First 440 — Hagg — 57.2 seconds.

Second 440 — Lovelock — 62.2 seconds.

Third 440 — Cunningham — 61.8 seconds.

Final 440 — San Romani — 58 seconds.

Now add 'em up, and what do you find? A mile raced in 3 minutes, 59.2 seconds by a combination of four of the fastest milers who lived!

Haegg Sets Record of 4:05.3

a race that surpassed the wild-
expectations in both performance
competition, Gunder Haegg,
ar-old fireman from Gayle,
en, shattered the American
record last evening at the Har-
Stadium when he raced four
in 4:05.3 to beat Gil Dodds of
A. A. by eight yards. Dodds
ise eclipsed the old mark of
as he finished in 4:06.5.
unusually responsive crowd of
the majority of them packed
the horseshoe end of the old
um, saw the six-foot Swede,
r of the official world record
4.6, take command from the
gun, fight off every challenge
s four rivals to get to the top
hen pull away to his triumph-
margin over the final 100 yards.
his way to his record mile,
y was clocked in 3:47.8 for 1500
s, far slower than his world
of 3:45.8, but one-tenth of a
d faster than the American
d of 3:47.9, held by Walter J.
and set in 1940.

SE 15 YARDS BACK

nder's feat wiped from the
ican record books the old mark,
in 1934 at the Princeton sta-
by Glenn Cunningham, like-
surpassed the old Stadium mile
d of 4:12.6, jointly held by Nor-
Taber and Jack Lovelock.
teen yards behind Haegg.
e effortless stride and unbroken
um drew ohs and ahs from the
l throughout the race, was Bill
s, former New York University
while Don Burnham of Dart-
h and Bobby Knowles of
gfield finished far back, out-
ced by the first trio.
e feature of the track program,
d by the American-Scandi-
an A. A. for the U. S. Army
Forces Aid Society, went to the
at 7:40 P. M. Knowles started
a 25-yard handicap, the re-
der of the field at scratch.
the four on scratch, Hulse took
lead at the gun, chased by

Haegg. Knowles set a merry clip up
front, but after 22 yards Haegg flew
past Hulse and went after the little
pace-setter. He caught him just as
they finished the first quarter in
58.4 seconds.

When that time was announced
the crowd knew Haegg was going
"all out" in his bid for a new world
mark. Hulse, Dodds and Burnham
pattered along after the flying
Swede for the next quarter mile,
which was covered in 63.5 seconds,
for a half mile of 2:01.9.

Dodds, whose effort was even
more surprising than Haegg's per-
formance, charged up at the pace-
setter as the field went into the third
lap, but the Swede refused to drop
off the pace and lengthened his
stride to remain the leader.

On the back stretch of the third
lap Burnham dropped out of the
race, leaving Hulse, a rangy young-
ster, and the short, stocky Dodds to
offer whatever opposition they could
to this machine-like racer whose
form is as smooth as running water.

Thus they headed up to the
starting line for the gun lap, only
a yard showing between each of
them. At the gun, Hulse made his
big bid. He went to the shoulder
of the Swede going into the turn,
but again Haegg refused to be
taken off the top. The three-quar-
ters had been run in 3:01.9.

As they rounded into the back
stretch and started the drive to-
ward the last full turn, Dodds came
up and the three of them battled
all out, Gunder visibly being fully
extended by this unanticipated op-
position.

Hulse faltered as they went into
the turn—but not Dodds. He was
just about to uncork the finest fin-
ish of his career. He went up to
Haegg and let go every ounce of
stamina and strength left in his
pudgy form in a spirited, courageous
effort that had the crowd on its
feet and cheering.

But it just wasn't good enough.
Haegg pulled away, driving with all
he had, as he later admitted. He
glanced hurriedly over his shoulder
100 yards from the tape, then fin-
ished through to the worsted,
plainly run "all out" by the com-
bination of Hulse and Dodds.

He strode only some 20 yards past
the tape, hustled back to the line,
loosened his spikes, posed for a few
pictures, then scurried off the track
and out of the stadium as the crowd
stood en masse and cheered the an-
nounced time of 4:05.3.

"What was the time?" puffed
Gunder to one of his handlers in
Swedish. Informed of the 4:05.3 ef-
fort, he showed no emotion. Later,
he stated that he thought he had
run just about that fast, admitted
that he could not have run any
faster, although conditions were ex-
cellent.

Over to the Harvard "fatigue"
laboratory jogged this perfectly
gaited machine, then back around
the Stadium, and into the Stadium
proper to collect some of his be-
longings, all in his bare feet. Thence
he went to the Dillon Field House
for a shower, to dress, to be inter-
viewed, to give several hundred au-
tographs and was off for an eve-
ning of dancing.

Gunder is a Wonder, but Gil is a
little bit of all right himself.

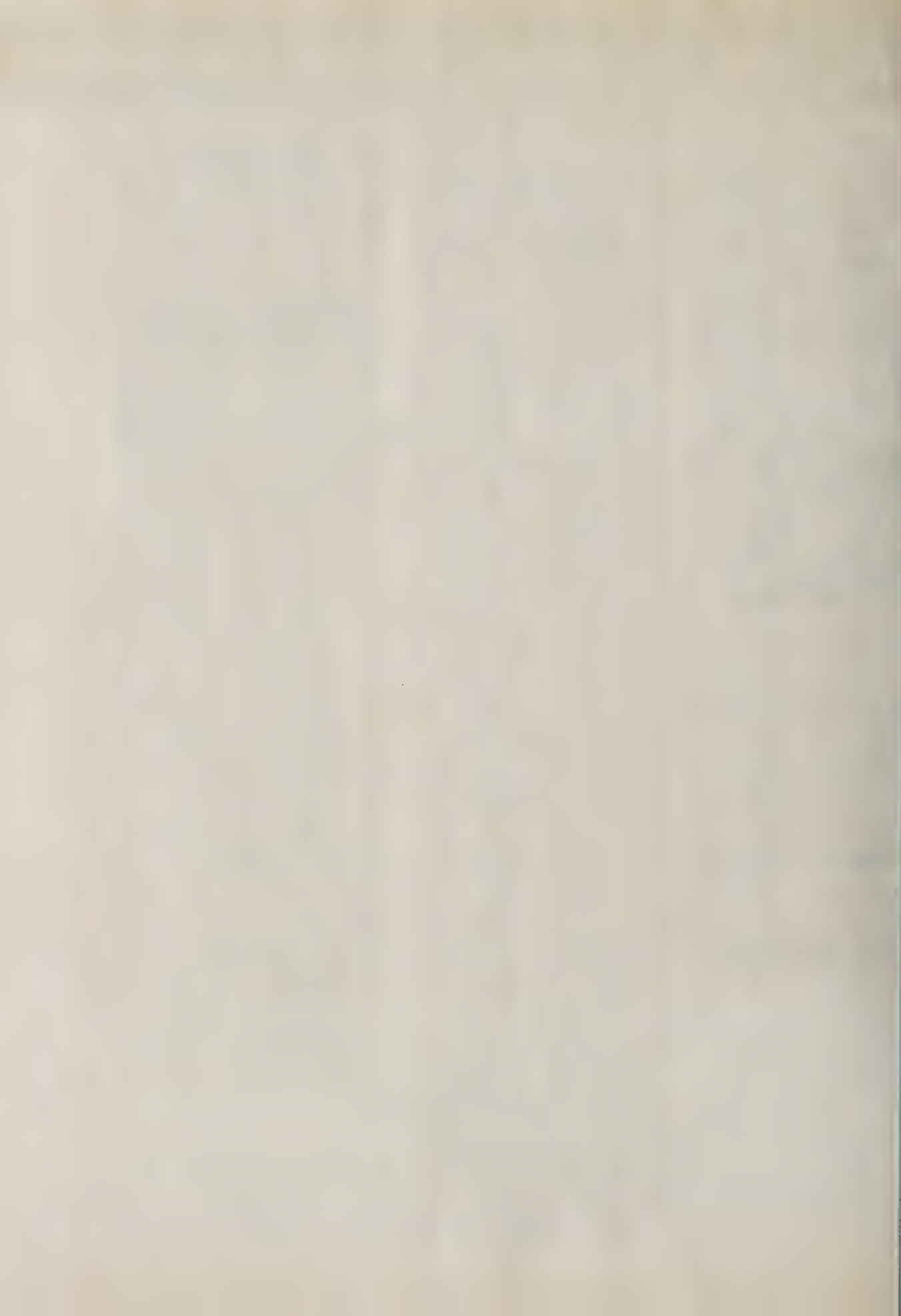
RECORDINGS

This third fastest outdoor mile in
all track history, surpassed only by
Gunder's own accepted mark and by
the unofficial mile of 4:02.6, set by
his fellow countryman, Arne Anders-
son, a few weeks ago, still fell short
of Glenn Cunningham's 4:04.4 mile,
made on Dartmouth's springy in-
door boards a few years ago in a
paced race . . . That feat, however,
never has been officially accepted.

Dodds' time, by quarters, read
:58.6, 2:02, 3:02 and 4:06.5, his fast-
est mile . . . Hulse himself ran the
mile in 4:07.1, was overjoyed at his
effort . . . Dodds' time for the 1500
meters was 3:48.5 . . . Three watches
agreed on Haegg's official time, a
fourth had him one-tenth of a sec-
ond faster . . . Ellery Koch, Johnny
Magee and Bob Bowie, with Al Hart
as the alternate, were the official
timers.

Gunder first came into the Stadi-
um while the 48-piece Coast Artil-
lery band and two companies of
WACs were lending a military touch
to the occasion, and while fighter
and bomber planes zoomed low over
the mammoth sports structure . . .
He jogged around a few times, wear-
ing a yellow sweater, blue sweat
pants and green running shoes . . .
The crowd immediately recognized
him and tendered him a grand ova-
tion . . . In the race, he wore a white
jersey with the flag of Sweden on
the chest, blue trunks and white
shoes.

Gunder really has a fine sense of
humor and is very boyish at times
. . . During the obstacle race for
servicemen, a gruelling half-mile
affair under full pack and rifle, Gun-
der drew a big laugh by jumping
one of the hurdles as he jogged in
the far end of the Stadium . . .
During his initial spin, he acknowl-
edged the plaudits of the crowd by
waving to them but, in the race, he
had no time for hand-waving as
he had in his races on the coast.

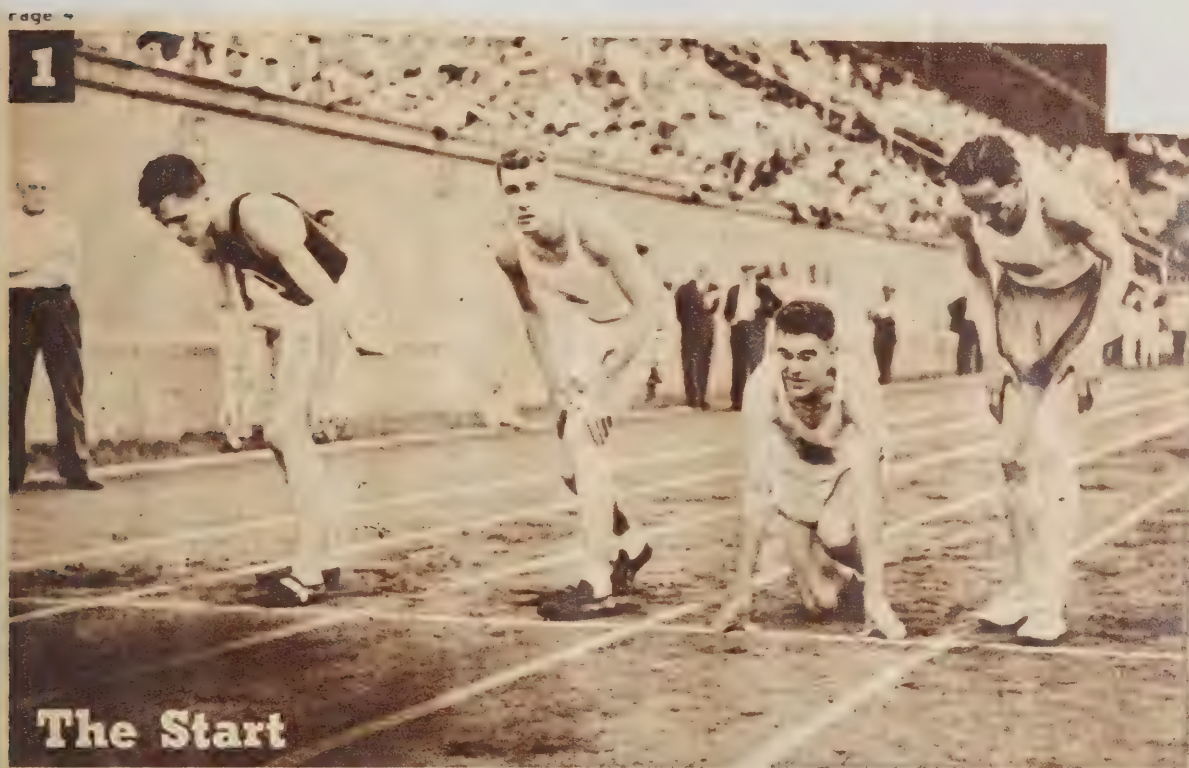


Barefoot Wonder Boy

AFTER Gunder, "the Wunder" Hagg finished his spectacular mile in the Harvard Stadium he had enough left for a brisk run in his bare feet once again around the cinder track, up to the radio booth on the promenade, where he said "Hello" to the folks in Sweden, then down to the ground again and over to the Field House a quarter of a mile away, still going fast. The man whom some consider the greatest distance runner of all time later went to a banquet and a dance, where he danced two dances.

A couple of days later at the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory, where he was given physical tests to determine his stamina and recuperative power, he proved to be one of the best men ever tested.

Hagg has set records for many distances but considers himself a miler first of all and one of the things he wanted to see most in this country was the Dartmouth board track where Glenn Cunningham ran his famous, but unofficial 4m. 4.4s mile.



The Start

Lining up for the mile at the Harvard Stadium. Left to Right—Don Burnham, Bill Hulse, Gil Dodds and Hagg. Notice the different styles, especially Hagg's flat-footed stance.

2



They're Off

Hagg's style differs from that of most other great Scandinavian runners seen here. Experts notice that his upper torso leans forward slightly and that his arms swing like pendulums with his rolling stride.

3



**At the
Half-Mile
Mark**

Hagg's stride is long and clean, with an exceptionally high kick-back. Siegfried Steinwall, Hagg's masseur, watches intently. Dodds at the left.

4

The Finish



Hagg breasts the tape with a seven-yard lead and a time of 4m 5.3s, which was a new American record for a mile on the cinder track.

5



Take 'Em Off

Hagg wears No. 9 track shoes, a size smaller than his ordinary shoes. He thinks the tightness helps him, but he wastes no time getting the shoes off after a race.



Barefoot Cool-Out

Hagg runs barefooted over the packed cinders. Most runners like to cool out gradually. Hagg does it barefoot, because he thinks it helps get the blood circulating normally after his run in tight shoes.



Racing Machine

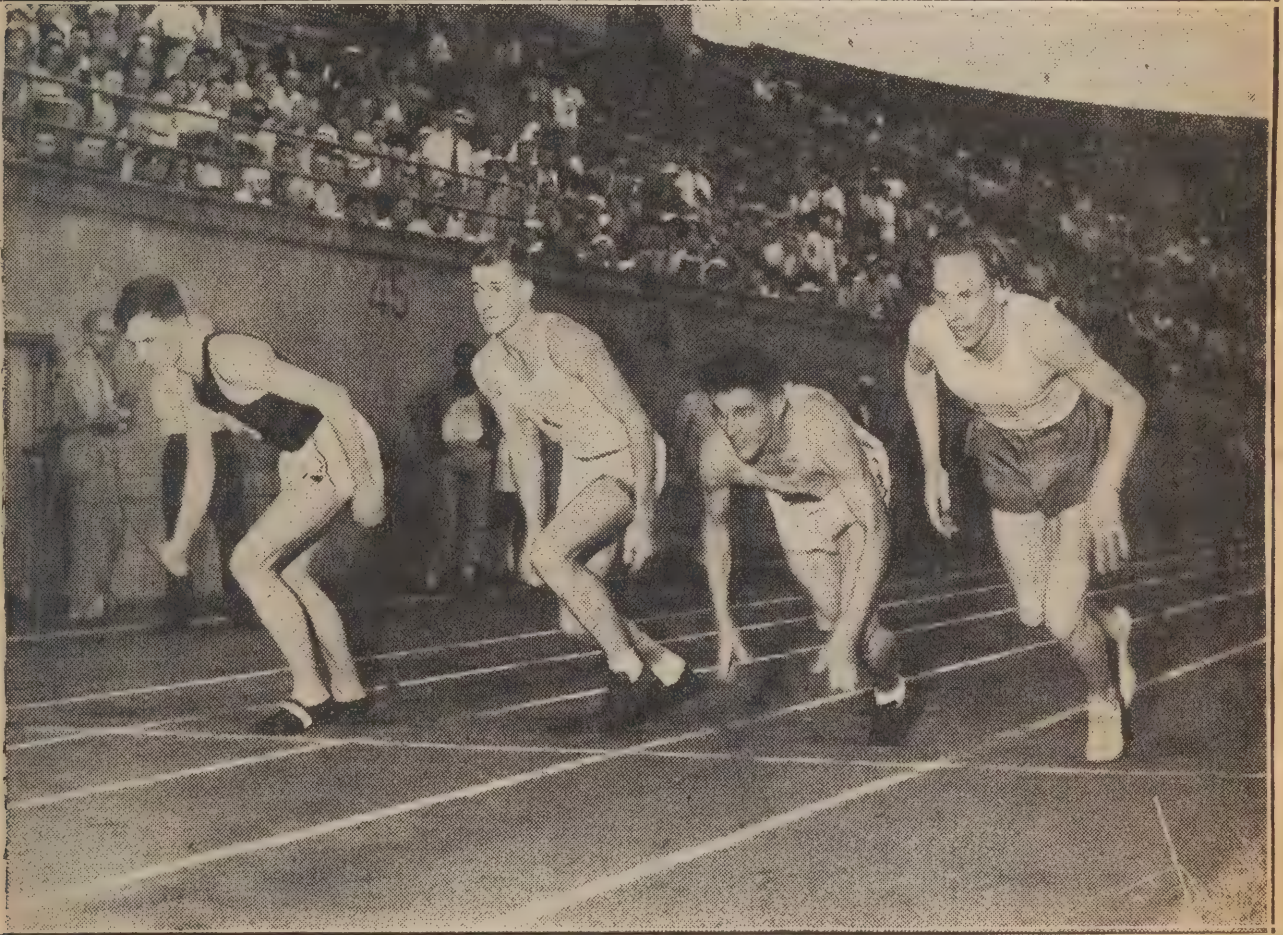


Victory Smile

Hagg's powerful legs (above at left) are veined like those of a race horse. Notice the long and relatively narrow feet and the lightweight Swedish track shoes, paper-thin with light spikes. Hagg has promised to send pairs to Dodds and several other competitors when he gets back to Sweden. Hollow-cheeked, blue-eyed, with a mop of blond hair which delights cartoonists, Hagg (above, right) got off to a poor start with some sports writers—his only really bad start in this country—but more than made up for it later.

Fastest Mile in America by Hagg

Swedish Star Clocked in 4:05.3---





THERE HE GOES. — Gunder steps out and passes Bill Hulse to take command at the first turn at the Stadium.



JUST A PROCESSION—Gunder Hagg out front trailed by Hulse, Dodds and Burnham early in the famed mile. Once

the Gunder took charge early in the race, he was never again headed although Dodds challenged several times.



SUNDER HAEGG SETTING AMERICAN RECORD for the outdoor mile at 4 minutes, 53-10 seconds in Harvard stadium last evening as he leads Boston's Gil Dodds to tape by eight yards, with Bill Hulse pulling up in third place.



TIRED "PUPS" — The champ doffs his "red hot" spikes after burning up the Stadium cinders with his 4:05.3 mile.

International News Photo by Bill Jones and Bob McCormack
Gunder, incidentally, uses a long thin spike unlike any shoes used in this country.



NEW MILE STAR . . . By Gene Mack



THE WORLD'S BEST POSE TOGETHER



Gilbert Dodds, Bill Hulse, Gunder Haegg of Sweden and Greg Rice (left to right), star middle distance runners all, chat at New York meeting.

~ The Mile Over the Years ~

Tincler, Beating Conneff in '97, Set Style for Distance

By JERRY NASON

(This is the first of a series on famous mile races between domestic and foreign runners over the years.)



Gilbert Dodds, the local legman, and Gunder the Wunder Hagg of Sweden probably will add a stirring chapter to the history of international mile racing at the Stadium July 24.



JERRY NASON

Dublin, met Tommy Conneff, the domestic champion.

There's magic to the mile, accumulated down through the years as runners from distant shores have thrown their challenge at Americans, and the latter have never been reluctant to accept.

This mania for mile races of international flavor probably started in Worcester, Mass., in 1897, when George Tincler, a handsome and dashing Irishman from



Tincler Was Greatest Miler

An eye-witness of the race was Jack Ryder, a contemporary and a close friend of Tincler, whom he calls the greatest miler of all time. Until Gunder Hagg came along Ryder made no reservations.

"It was at Worcester Oval," recalls Ryder. "It was the first and only meeting of these great runners, Tincler and Conneff.

"Both were professionals. Conneff had practically no competition as an amateur runner and I suspect he turned professional in order to race Tincler."

The world record for the mile at that time was held by a professional, W. B. George of England, who died recently. Conneff himself was from Ireland, having raced on the same Dublin tracks where Tincler learned his track, and had been in this country about five years when they finally met at Worcester.

"It wasn't much of a contest," confesses Ryder. "Conneff was a beautiful runner, but he wasn't in Tincler's class.

"Conneff was the type of runner whose style was to go out front all the way. Tincler could and would run any style that was demanded of him. At the end of the race the Irishman simply ran away from Conneff.

"Tincler was laughing over his shoulder down the home stretch. He won by perhaps 50 yards in what was then great time—4m. 15.6s. It still stands as the American professional mark. There is no doubt in my mind but that he could have raced in 4:10 that day."



Jack Thinks Hagg Is Best

Both contestants in this first great international mile race are dead. Tincler, owner of a pub, died in England three or four years

ago. Conneff died in the Philippines as a member of the United States Army.

Back in the gay '90s there was not so much furor over the Tincler-Conneff match. Ryder recalls that very little, comparatively, was written about it in advance.

"To show you what kind of a runner Tincler was, though," says Jack, "listen to this: On Thursday, two days before his race with Conneff, he competed in a five-mile event at the Caledonian games. He hadn't trained for the distance and collapsed after 4½ miles.

"Tincler spent Friday in bed with two trainers massaging him and applying hot towels, then went out on Saturday and ran Conneff off his feet."

This, then, was the first of the great international foot races at a mile, and Jack Ryder has lived to see a host of great milers parade across the headlines as the years have rolled by.

He says: "Hagg is the nearest thing I've seen to Tincler—the same smooth style and gracefulness. I guess he's the best of them all."

Tomorrow—Nurmi and the Veal Pie.

It Was Paavo Nurmi's Veal Pie That Produced Ray and Hahn Race in 1925

By JERRY NASON

(This is the second of a series on famous mile races between domestic and foreign runners over the years.)

★ ★ ★

If your memory is long lived, and you recall Nurmi and his veal pie, then rest assured Gunder Hagg of Sweden will show up at the Stadium on July 24. Gunder is fond of fish.

Paavo Nurmi had been knocking 'em dead!

The great Finn had fled around our indoor tracks flawlessly and fearlessly. All opposition had broken under the impact of his speed and stamina. The sports writers were fresh out of superlatives. That was in 1925.

Only one thing remained: Nurmi vs. Ray, the mile of the century!

★ ★ ★

There it was: The mile of the century. The placed was mobbed — but there was one conspicuous absentee when the big moment arrived. His name was Nurmi.

It seemed that the peerless one, enamored of the appearance of a veal pie in a nearby restaurant, could not resist partaking thereof. It felt good going down, but when Paavo got out on the track for a little preliminary running he thought he'd swallowed a pound of tin-foil.

So Nurmi did not run, and everybody was properly disappointed, even Joie Ray. The chesty fellow had really primed for a "killing" and now all he had to do was go through the motions.

★ ★ ★

He'd Forgotten Hahn

He'd forgotten about the garage mechanic—Hahn, the discoverer of Gilbert Dodds. Everybody had brushed off Hahn's 4:13.4 mile as one of those things. He's been a great man at shorter distances right along, but as a miler he was strictly a mistake—then.

It turned out that the "mile of the century" was a blistering race, with Hahn giving Ray both barrels all the way and Nurmi's freshly made world

record of 4:12 being matched by Ray.

Hahn did 4:12.6 and Ray beat him only because of his tactical cleverness. The Boston A. A. runner, via Nebraska, set the pace for seven laps. He was waiting for Ray's bid. He figured it would come with three laps to go. Instead, Joie crossed him up, spurred by suddenly, with four circuits to run. So relentless was Hahn's pursuit that Joie ran his last 440 in 58



PAAVO NURMI

Ray Was All Set

Joie Ray, chesty little speed-boy from the Middle West, was the American champion. He was cocky and colorful. Everybody came out to his races hoping to see him trimmed, but stayed to howl hosannahs when he won. Joie was the "it" boy of track and while Nurmi's name was blazing in big type day after day Joie was quietly training himself into the best condition of his career. He was going to knock Nurmi on the seat of his pants.

Well, the big race was finally made: March 16, 1925, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. You never saw so much "copy" about mile running in all your born days. The papers from coast to coast were full of it.

The buildup was perfect. Ray had held the old indoor record of 4:14.6. Then an upstart named Lloyd Hahn did 4:13.4 in 1925. A week later the great Nurmi burned up the track in New York in 4:12.



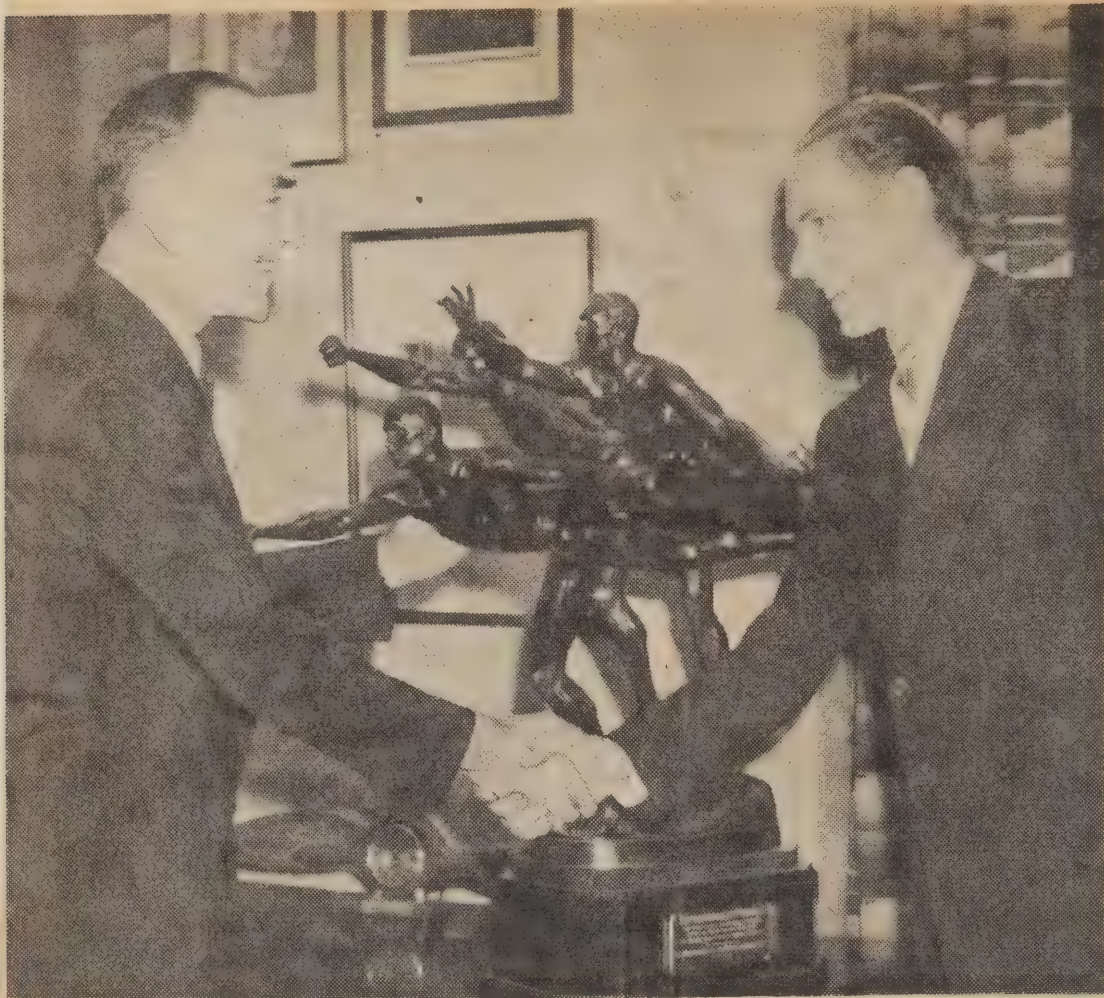
JOIE RAY

seconds, flat!

Hahn later commented on that race: "The way Ray and myself were running that night we both would have beaten Nurmi!"

And it is not improbable that both of them would. Paavo picked the one night that might have seen him humbled to disagree with a veal pie.

FROM AN ACE OF THE AIR TO AN ACE OF THE TRACK



Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker (left) presenting the Rickenbacker Trophy to Gunder Haegg, Swedish distance champion, here yesterday. The trophy is on the table between the two.

Associated Press

HAEGG RECEIVES TROPHY

Captain Rickenbacker Bestows Honor on Swedish Runner

Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker yesterday presented the Rickenbacker trophy to Gunder Haegg, Swedish runner, who took eight straight races from American trackmen in meets staged for the benefit of the Army Air Forces Aid Society. The Swedish fireman was accompanied to the presentation by Martin Kastengren, Swedish consul general in New York, The United Press revealed.

Haegg said he expected to leave by plane soon for Sweden, and plans to resume track competition at home by the latter part of September. He added that he hoped to return to America next winter to compete with American stars on the boards during the indoor season.

~ The Mile Over the Years ~

Edvin Wide Conquered Great Nurmi but Succumbed to Our Lloyd Hahn

By JERRY NASON

(This is the third of a series on famous mile races between domestic and foreign runners over the years.)

The "Gunder Hagg" of 1927 was a Swedish schoolmaster by the name of Edvin Wide (pronounced Vee-da).

And the "Gilbert Dodds" of that day 16 years ago was Lloyd Hahn, like Dodds, a member of the Boston Athletic Association. Hahn, in fact, "discovered" Dodds in Falls City, Neb., and it was he who guided the local golden boy in his early days and prevailed upon him to come East.

Why? Because Hahn himself, nearly 20 years ago, had come to Ryder to learn how to run. He'd been a sprinter of local Nebraskan repute. He'd done well at slightly longer distances. He was unable to pass the entrance requirements at Brown University and his friend there, Joe Nutter (now of the Providence Journal) sent him to Ryder.



Hahn Victorious

When Wide came across the water in 1927, the reticent Nebraska garage mechanic was well on his way to being one of America's best, all-time mile runners. He had power, speed and competitive spirit. Everybody figured he would murder the opposition in the 1928 Olympics. He didn't, but that's another story.

The Swede broke into the scene more or less dramatically. The name of Paavo Nurmi still cast its spell over American middle-distance running. In America, and elsewhere, the name of Nurmi was synonymous with victory.

Then out of nowhere came Wide to beat the unbeatable Nurmi. He did it in Sweden. He did it in Germany. And again in Holland. It made an indelible impression on Americans, and, of course, Wide wound up barnstorming here.

So along come another "mile of the century," this time between Hahn and the Swedish school teacher. The agency was to be the famous Columbian Mile, feature of the K. of C. meet in March every year.

This was judged to be so important that sports writers from as far away as Los Angeles and Chicago journeyed East for the event. Hahn was our hope to beat the world in the Olympics the following August, and here was a chance to find out how close he would come to doing it.

The race was held over the boards at Madison Square Garden, March 18, 1925. Wide



LLOYD HAHN

proved to be a great runner—and game—but Hahn was virtually indestructible at that time. The Boston runner won by three yards in 4:12:2, just missing the Nurmi-Ray indoor world record of 4:12.

★ ★ ★

Too Many Entries

There were seven starters and the traffic jam undoubtedly cost Hahn a new indoor mark. While Willie Goodwin whistled along through the early laps at break-neck speed (neither Wide or Hahn took the "bait"). Gus Moore and Jimmy Connolly got involved in a side show. In their jockeying they jostled Hahn off stride and out of position.

Nobody thought much of it then, but later, when Hahn had just missed the record, with Wide in hot pursuit, it meant a great deal.

Several unofficial watches and one official watch had Hahn in 4:11.8 that night. Four official watches caught him in 4:12, two in 4:12.2, one in 4:12.4 another in 4:14.2. The last-named timer, when faced with the contrasting evidence, hastily confessed his stop watch was on the blink.

Hahn literally roared over the last 320 yards, with the Swede chasing him recklessly in a great finish. The Ryder protege unfurled a final 440 in 60 seconds, even, and it has often occurred to Ryder that if Dodds could run that kind of a last lap, he would chase Gunder Hagg right out of the Stadium this week.

Tomorrow—Mr. Knobby Knees Pays a Visit.



EDVIN WIDE

~ The Mile Over the Years ~

Bill Bonthron Broke World Record Yet Little Jack Lovelock Beat Him

By JERRY NASON

(This is the fourth of a series on famous mile races between foreign and domestic runners over the years.)

When he lets his sky-blue warmup "longies" slide down over his impeccable white running shoes on Saturday evening, Gunder Hagg of Sweden will be the fifth holder of the world mile record to race on the Harvard Stadium track.

Of the four who have preceded him (Jones, Tabor, Nurmi, Lovelock) the very fastest was John E. Lovelock of Dunedin, New Zealand, now a doctor in the British Army Medical Corps.

Lovelock, in harness with a Princeton junior named William R. Bonthron, started the modern mania for mile races just a decade ago—July 15, 1933.

They met on Bonthron's own track in what a golf addict would call a track meet "double eagle." Both broke the world record in as fierce a match as probably ever has been waged on the track.

★ ★ ★



BILL BONTHRON

New Mark Foreseen

This was one time when the world record was known in advance to be tottering. Jules Ladmougue of France (1929) then held the official mark of 4:09.2. Lovelock had run a 4:11 mile in England. Bonthron, a native of Detroit, who'd prepped at Exeter, had been invincible in American intercollegiate competition. He had a tremendous finishing sprint that brought crowds roaring out of their seats.

Bonthron liked to run that way—from behind. He forgot those tactics when he raced Lovelock or perhaps the decision would have been reversed.



JACK LOVELOCK

The preview of this mighty mile at Princeton came a week earlier at Harvard when Lovelock, a tiny fellow, smooth as silk in his stride, ran a 4:12.6 mile in the Oxford-Cambridge vs. Harvard-Yale meet.

It was strictly a race against the watch, for the curly-headed little man had no competition. Yet he matched Norman Taber's Stadium record, made in a paced race 18 years earlier.

That was the setup: Bonthron's powerhouse finish against Lovelock's flawless judgment of pace.

Only it didn't pan out that way. When they got under way in the evening of July 15, 1933, with 30,000 in the Palmer Stadium, it was the whiffled-haired, powerful American who boomed out front. This was contrary to all of Bonthron's previous tactics.

But "Bonny" was in magnificent shape, keen as a razor, and he thought he could break the world record. He wasn't wrong

in that belief, either. So off he charged to the front, and as they whirled around the track it was Bonthron who set the blinding pace—61.2 seconds for the first lap, 2:03.5 to the halfway post, 3:08.6 to three-quarters.

* * *

Stretch Drama

Now everybody was waiting for that famous Bonthron explosion in the final 300 yards . . . the finishing blast that had leveled all his previous opposition. But suddenly something in white, something small and incredibly fast, whipped past.

It was Lovelock. The fans gasped at his speed. Bonthron exploded, but it wasn't enough this time. Lovelock sprinted the last 440 yards in 58.9s., hit the tape with a world record of 4:07.6. And Bonthron, four strides back and still surging in a sprint, also broke the mark with 4:08.7.

Faster miles have since been raced, but none more dramatic. The beaten Bonthron came back 25 minutes later to win the half-mile in 1m, 53s flat, scoring the deciding points in the annual Princeton - Cornell vs. Oxford-Cambridge meet.

Lovelock went on to Berlin and the 1936 Olympics, breaking the world 1500 meters mark. He raced Bonthron four times, beat him thrice.

He was a little man—but he took giant's strides.

~ The Mile Over the Years ~

San Romani Startles Track Pecans, Outruns Lovelock and Cunningham



ARCHIE SAN ROMANI

Along Came Archie

O, they had the field for a real "mile of the century"—Lovelock, Cunningham, the up-coming Don Lash of Indiana, the pictureseque Gene Venzke, Glen Dawson of Oklahoma and a player of the trumpet named Archie San Romani, a quiet, dark-eyed student of Kansas State Teachers.

In this exalted company Archie was considered to be chiefly "window dressing." Lovelock and Cunningham were the big boys. But Archie could do a bit of running himself. He was the No. 2 American miler and he'd placed fourth in the 1500 at Berlin.

The buildup was on Lovelock and Cunningham, the two titans from opposite sides of the Atlantic. It would be their fourth meeting and Lovelock had beaten the American at Los Angeles, Princeton in 1935 (June), and in Berlin. The revenge motif was suitably played up, of course.

By JERRY NASON

(This is the fifth of a series on famous mile races between foreign and domestic runners over the years.)

★ ★ ★

The last public appearance of Jack Lovelock, Oxford medical student from New Zealand, world record holder for the mile, Olympic mark smasher at 1500 meters, was to come in October, 1936, at Palmer Stadium, Princeton, N. J.

That was where, three years earlier, Lovelock had burst like a bombshell on the international scene with a 4:07.6 mile.

Needless to say, the track pecans were in a state of perpetual popeye. Lovelock was fresh from his smashing 1500 meters at Berlin, when he'd whipped Glenn Cunningham by five yards in time equal to a 4:05 mile.

This time, everybody figured, the record would come down so low that you'd have to send out for a diver's suit in order to find it.

★ ★ ★

Dawson, a powerhouse from Oklahoma, was in the race as a mechanical rabbit. His job was to snap up the early pace and make the big shots really run.

Meanwhile, your little trumpet-tooting friend, San Romani, hadn't said anything. He idolized his fellow Kansan (Cunningham), but he was out to beat him, and the unbeatable Lovelock, if that could be done.

★ ★ ★

The Titans Fall

San Romani figured he was going to run the first half in 2m. 3s., and he was in such great shape that he thought he could run the last 880 yards in 2:02. A 4:05 record mile! He

didn't say anything. They'd think he was crazy.

To make a long story short, Archie ran them off their feet. He uncorked one of the wildest last laps in the history of mile racing—57 seconds flat—to beat Lovelock by 11 yards and Cunningham by 14.

But Archie's 4:05 mile turned out to be 4:09, thanks to the dawdling Dawson, who instead of carrying the field out fast set a laggard's pace and knocked San Romani's time schedule to flinders.

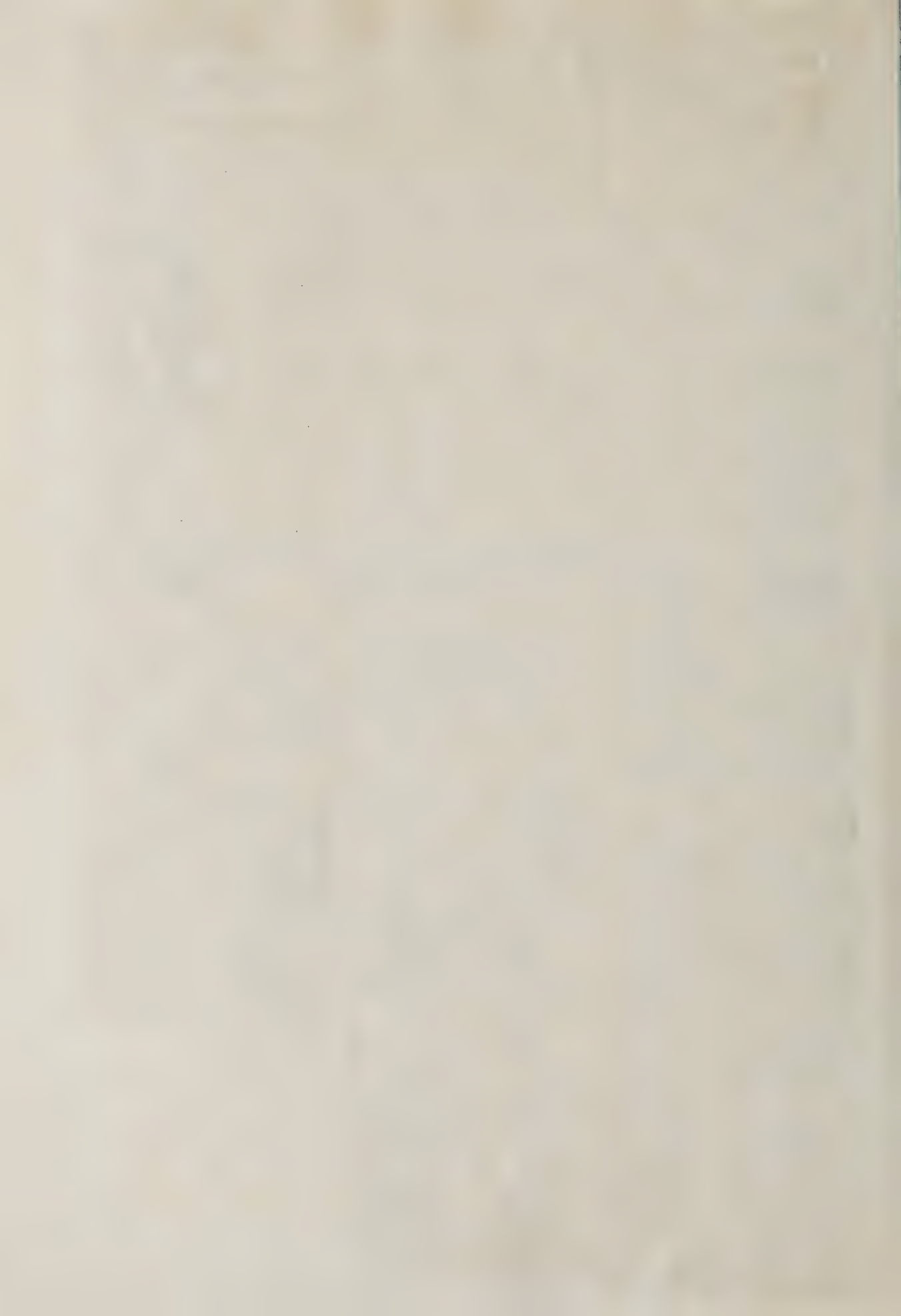
Lovelock is generally credited with having had the longest finishing sprint in the history of mile racing—but few recall that little Archie San Romani beat the New Zealander at his own game that day.

He jumped his field going into the last lap and waited for the fire alarm to ring. Sure enough, it did. Lovelock sprinted up to his shoulder on the backstretch. He never got by. Archie took one look, then flattened out like a goose on the gallop. He left the famous "finisher" tied to the track.

Why not? Few recalled that the day in Berlin when Lovelock made his wild finish in the Olympics (he ran his last 400 meters in 57.3s), Archie San Romani was ninth into the last lap, fourth at the finish. That meant he'd traveled the final circuit even faster than the winner.

Only two Americans ever beat Lovelock—Bill Bonthron and Archie the trumpet player, who came in the back door of the 1936 version of "mile of the century" and upset the script.

★ ★ ★



~ The Mile Over the Years ~

Rideout Bumps Britisher Wooderson; Fenske's Win Brings 'Jobbing' Charge

By JERRY NASON

(This is the sixth and last of a series on famous mile races between foreign and domestic runners over the years.)

The last great European miler to tackle the Americans on their home grounds before galloping Gunder Hagg arrived on the scene was Sydney Charles Wooderson, bespectacled bank "clark" of London, Eng.

His one and only appearance was a debacle from which arose a clamor from overseas that he'd been "jobbed."

For Wooderson ran an absolute last on the Princeton track on Saturday, June 17, 1939, with Chuck Fenske leading a Cossack's charge of four Americans on the home stretch in 4 minutes 11 seconds.

Two hundred yards from the finish, with Wooderson leading and not looking particularly invincible, Blaine Rideout, one of the Texas twins, joggled the little, scrawny Briton in the act of passing him. Wooderson, a flyweight if there ever was one, was momentarily knocked off stride, and in a twinkling the whole parade had swept past him.

★ ★ ★

Hoped for 4:03 Mile

It was a bitter disappointment all around, because America had looked forward to seeing a great runner—the man who'd soundly whipped the great Lovelock many times in England, Scotland and Wales.

At no time during his running did the little man look the part that had been written for him. Across the water he had for three years been a revelation. Just prior to the Olympic games in '36 he had been beating Jack Lovelock more often than Lovelock had been beating him.

England was positive it had the Olympic 1500 meters titlist in the pint-sized sprint finisher of Blackheath Harriers. They had the champ, alright, but he wasn't Wooderson. He was Lovelock, for Sydney broke a bone in his foot and did not even qualify for the 1500 meters final.

Anyway, in 1937, Wooderson ran a 4:06.6 world record mile at Motspur Park, shaving a fraction off Glenn Cunningham's mark. A year later he broke the world half mile and 800 meters marks. And just previous to sailing for America in 1938 he walloped the three-quarters record and ran a 4:07.4 mile on top of that.

Wooderson arrived freely predicting that his greatest race of all was reserved for the fast

Princeton track and the fast American milers. He thought a four-minute mile was not a pipe dream (Hagg and Anderson have since proved it is not) and he spoke in terms of a 4:03 mile in his Palmer Stadium race.

Americans Cautious

That 4:03 made the Americans (Cunningham, Fenske, Rideout, San Romani) pretty cautious. They figured that if Wooderson was planning to go that fast they'd tag along and see the show. So when the race started (it was a fine, sun-plastered day) they made no move to take the lead. They gave Sydney an open door.

Well, he apparently didn't want it that way. He took the lead, but the pace he made was so-so, and he didn't move with the crispness of a runner who really was ready to go to town. The boys let him plod away until, just as they hit the last turn, Cunningham started to pull outside.

Rideout saw him, sensed this race would be won in a blast on the home stretch, so cut outside Cunningham and spurted just ahead of Wooderson. That's when their elbows met and Wooderson staggered. Actually, all the Americans were whipping up a sprint and cutting outside Wooderson at the time, and I've always felt that



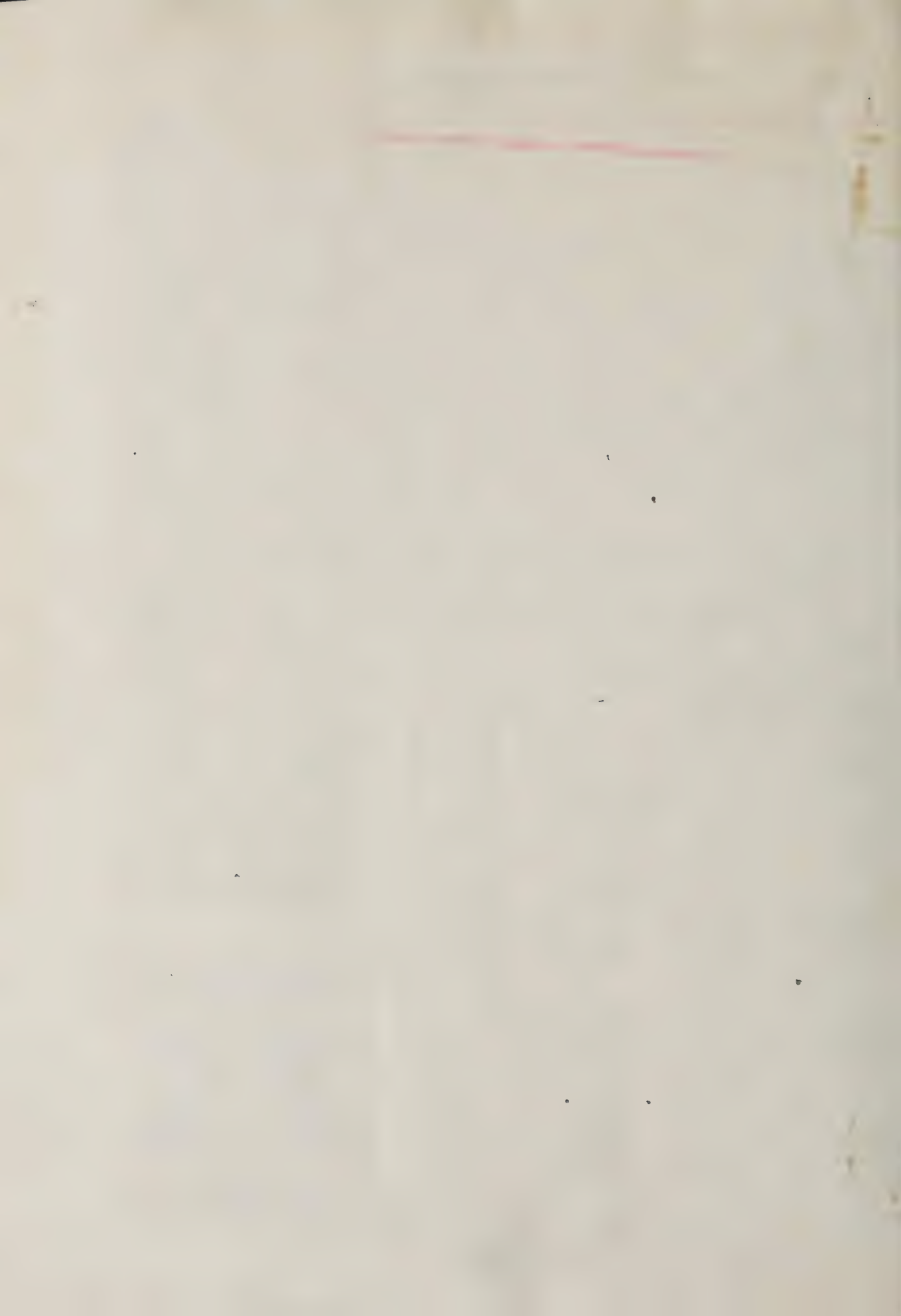
SYDNEY WOODERSON

he'd have finished fifth no matter what.

They couldn't catch Fenske that day. He bolted home like a fire truck, running the last 440 in 58 seconds, six yards ahead of Cunningham, nine in front of San Romani, 11 ahead of Rideout and 15 ahead of Wooderson!

Sydney hollered "foul," of course. And he said he'd never race here again. He never did. Too bad. He must have been a great little runner . . . but bump or no bump, he simply didn't have it that day in 1939.

The End



Sun. P.M.

JULY 25, 1943

Dear Mom & Dad,

Jack and I spent a fairly pleasant evening in Santa Ana yesterday. We wandered about the town a bit, had dinner and a few late drinks, and went to the movie.

S.A. itself is quite a good sized town - clean and pleasant. I think I'll much prefer to spend my weekends here than in L.A. or any of the other post-hole ground here. The trip in for savings takes only ten minutes - another good point.

Mary and I are having some difficulty in arranging a reunion. There's there at about 50 restricted no more and it would take them a whole day to travel from Santa Maria to L.A. - The "Movie" is working on

it tho' and I expect we may be
able to get together soon.

The news of Mussolini's resignation,
just came through. Hearing news like
that always picks me up considerably
- perhaps too much. I have to fight
against wishful thinking and remember
that there is still an awful lot
of work to be done before we can all
be together again.

I'm L2 tomorrow - just another tough
and thankless job - more than usual
to them by now tho' - and, with luck,
I may get some letter writing time.

Well, 44 days of P.F. to go -
just about $\frac{1}{2}$ of the way through, and
no pen-~~is~~ good - a 9 p.m. + 7 a.m. average.
It's a great feeling to be accomplishing
something for you and Team.
and now I shall light a cigarette
long back on my bunk, and look
at my photographs album for the
1000th time.

My love to you all,
Dave

Italy's Fateful Decision

The hour of decision came last week for Italy. In one of the great, climactic moments of the war Benito Mussolini fell from power and the iron bands of Fascist dictatorship were broken. The nation, under a new government headed by the 72-year-old soldier, Marshal Pietro Badoglio, was free to elect her course into the future.

Three roads were open. Italy could surrender to the Allies. She could try to defend her long, exposed coasts with little help from her German ally. She could abandon the greater part of her territory and retreat into the north, where, on a shorter battleline, Germany promised more effective assistance.

The decision was not easy. Forces were pulling at the new government from all directions. Because the Duce had fallen because he favored the last course, that one appeared to be out for the government that succeeded him. Most of Italy's army is on garrison duty in France and the Balkans, not immediately available if the decision is for war, liable to fall prisoner to the Germans if the decision is for surrender. In the streets the crowds, free at last to voice their true feelings, cried for peace.

There could be no underestimating the importance of the decision. Italy accounted for only 10 per cent of Germany's strength, according to Prime Minister Churchill's estimate. But the country in Allied hands would advance the United Nations 500 miles or more nearer the heart of Germany.

SCENES IN THE CAREER OF MUSSOLINI AS DICTATOR



start of his reign: The scene at the Victor Emmanuel Monument in Rome on Oct. 28, 1922, as he joined his followers in the city in the bloodless revolution.

The New York Times



Wide World

The Balcony Was Too Removed From the Crowd . . .

What is the explanation of the sudden collapse from within of the Fascist structure of which Mussolini boasted? In the accompanying article, *The Christian Science Monitor's* former Rome Correspondent, who was in Italy until 1941, analyzes the reasons behind the inability of the Fascist Dictator to put the system of his own invention into actual practice.

Mussolini Quit Cold

Boston Swelters
Through Humid
and Hot Sunday

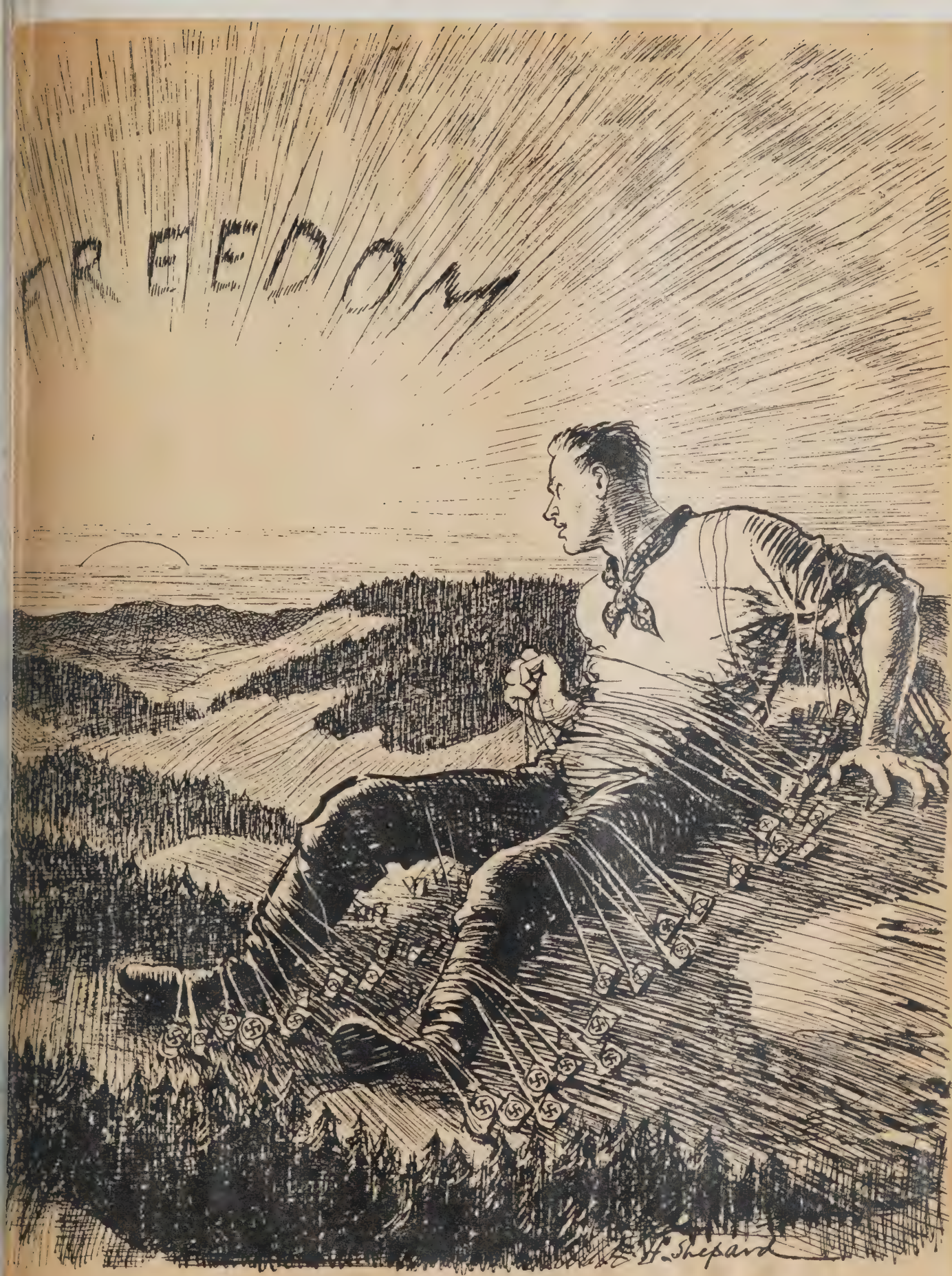
Sunday, July 25th 1942

Sunny still - Woke up early and getting caught up in this diary - Papers came early. Frances down for a nap. I started to shower at 8.15 - Jane brought up my breakfast at 8.30 and a delicious one. Orange juice - corn flakes. Broiled Mackerel. Fried Potatoes. Sliced Cucumbers - Roll. Red Coffee. Up at 10 and doing testing for 14 days - Put the new No. 14 Math Cars around in closets - Coming back from church, Frances calls

"Come quick, there's a tomato on one of my plants" / Down stairs at 12. Front Porch - Came Pat & Louise. Dinner. Roast Chicken. Hannah dropped in. Big Radio News. "Mussolini Kicked Out." Rested all afternoon. Very hot & humid. Frances made me a snack supper. Club Sandwich, blueberries. Bell up against West Windsor. John went to Swampscott at 2.30 back at 4.30 Heavy Thundershowers all around from 2.25 A.M. on.

Monday, July 26th 1943

It is still sultry - Breakfast on the
Porch. Corn flakes. Orange juice - fried
eggs + Bacon - Red Coffee - to the Square
with Frances - and for the unity - simply
time giving Mrs. Libby a lift in town -
Subway - office - work - Fred. Mansfield
Back from vacation - E. Lane left early -
12 - to go to Wellesley to get an injection
of serum to quiet down his poisoning.
Out to lunch at 12.45 - Shine - to
Clark's Tavern. Clam Chauder. Sliced
Tomatoes - Red Coffee - to Doane + Janet
Blake Building - first visit in two years.
Retrieved my first Di. focals - they
will soon be ready. Had my eyes
tested for new lenses for distance
and reading glasses + Back to the
office - left at 3.50. Subway. Square
Bouquet same ST 37. Met Frances in
front of Mrs. August's - Mrs. Libby with her
Home. Front Porch. Cook Drinks. John
Cleaned out the front gutter of
accumulated dead leaves - 6 pails
of water in the flower boxes - Subu
and upstairs at 7.15 +



"The giant awakens."



C O P Y

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS
BOSTON METROPOLITAN CHAPTER
17 GLOUCESTER STREET
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

July 27, 1943

—Mrs. Jay R. Benton of 3 Pequossette road has been appointed Vice-Chairman of Surgical Dressings of the Boston Metropolitan of the American Red Cross.

Mrs. Jay R. Benton
3 Pequossette Road
Belmont, Massachusetts

Dear Mrs. Benton:

**Mrs. Benson Selected
As Surgical Vice-
Chairman**

Mrs. Jay R. Benton of 3 Pequossette road has been appointed vice-chairman of surgical dressings of the Boston Metropolitan Chapter of the American Red Cross.

You have carried the duties and responsibilities of a vice chairman of Surgical Dressings for a long time, so it gives me particular pleasure to formally appoint you to that position for our fiscal year of 1943-1944.

I know of no one in our chapter who has served the Red Cross more faithfully and skillfully than you have - day in and day out - until it would seem a calamity indeed if we should lose you. I hope, therefore, that you will send me a prompt acceptance to have on file and to give us a sense of security for the coming year.

I know you do not need to be thanked for serving the Red Cross, but it is nice to know one's efforts are appreciated, and I can assure you that we are deeply aware and grateful for all that you contribute in time and ability to our chapter program.

Always sincerely yours,

(Signed) Harriet A. Robeson

Harriet A. Robeson
Chairman
Volunteer Special Services

Dues. P.M.

July 27, 1943

Dear Mom + Dad —

Its been quite hot here the past few days - 98° yesterday afternoon. The nights are still cool tho' - a lot like Guildhall.

Having completed one-third of our P.F training, our schedule changes tomorrow. Classes in the morning - PT + drill in the afternoon. I think it will be lots better because we'll finish the day at 5:00 instead of 7:30 P.M.

I was CA yesterday - a terrific job, to say the least. These extra duties on top of the regular schedule make things pretty tough - but then, we don't get them very often.

I can't send some very nice snapshots taken by our Dad -

some of the Schinners generation and
some taken recently in their garden.
The ring shows up quite well in
one of them.

Everything continues to go well -
for three weeks, a 97. + average and
two demerits.

Well its late and I still have
to write my finance before light
out.

Love to all,
Dave





July 27, 1973

Dear Mother + Daddy.

Many thanks for the check for Julie's birthday. I will get her something nice with it - either a pink or green dress shirt, I think.

Not much news here. Next month will be bad, as the 212th goes North for 10 days firing. Then there will be two alert weeks, so we will see very little of the boys.

I am enclosing a picture of Joan + Phil Douress so you can see what our new recruits look like.

They had a party Saturday night - a housewarming. All the 212th came, and had fun. Everything was fairly quiet except for one or two of the boys who are never quiet and never without a drink.

We had Phil Hawks for the weekend.

That is - he had all meals with us but slept at Mortensens, as they have an extra bed. Used up all our points for nice steak - thick ones for a change - but it was nothing like beef can be. It was too fresh.

There is a nice butcher shop here. Carries only meat. They smoke their own bacon, and it is delicious. The prices are very reasonable, too. Much lower than any place else in town.

We have had warm weather for the past few days, so it really seems more like summer now.

What a blow to lose the Superior Laundry! Service is terribly slow here. Takes at least 2 weeks. So I have been doing everything at home. It's not too hard, especially with a machine. Did our sheets by hand in Palm Springs & that wasn't much fun. It is imperative for me to

Wash at home, having 2 beds & just 7 sheets.

Quite a write-up in the Boston American, wasn't it? Thanks for sending it to us.

It is good you are going to Vermont. I hope Pete can go with you. That would make it nice for all of you. Still can't believe that he has to get into uniform.

Isn't that never a sweet Lucia Pat? Aunt Louise must be awfully happy to have him home again.

Will you be able to take the car to Vermont? I read that you can get gas for a vacation trip now.

Joe Menzies leaves for Sill today, so Helen won't be back here for a while. All the good people seem to have pulled out for Sill. Sally & Ted are there now, so are Rocky & Helen Ross. Next month Stan & Fran Battersby go. Pretty soon Santa Maria will be

sup. 4.

Phil Hawker has been made acting S-3 while Joe is away. A Capt. Bills has come over from the 231st in command Phil's old battery. Apparently this is a permanent assignment, so no one knows what will happen to Phil when Joe returns. And everyone is mad at Joe again. He certainly has made a mess of the Co. to date. All they do is fight + quarrel.

Thanks again for the letters + enclosures. We are both fine, and miss you all at home.

Much love,

Mary

MOUNT SUNAPEE
NEW HAMPSHIRE

Sunday
July 27, 1943

Dear Mother and Dad,

The weather up here is
great although the storms are terrific.
It is now 8 o'clock in the morning and
I just woke up. We have been fishing
a great deal but the only thing I caught
of any size was a 10" bass. I may have
to let 4" or you have to toss them back.
Mr. Sheldon and I ripped up the dock on
Saturday and put in a new plank. It was
a big job because there was canvas on
top and it's a large wharf. I also fixed
the motor in the boat but it still doesn't
work too well. I hope you'll let
me get ours out so I can fish upstream.
I went to work on the boat so it will
look well. Well I'll write again soon.

Love
Peter



Tuesday, July 27th 1943

Another hot, humid day. Breakfast on the porch. orange juice - corn flakes - scrambled eggs - mackerel - toast - iced coffee. to the Square with Frances. Sullivan. office. work. out to lunch at 12.30 to the Parker House. Knickerbocker Club. Joe Cotton, Jarvis Hunt, Jim Brown, Gerald Henderson, Broiled Honeycomb Tripe, Mustard Sauce, Fried Egg Plant. Iced Coffee. Banana. Picked up enlargements of David at Thoyds. Office. Real Estate Committee. Sohot closed the office at 4. Mr. Moody gave me a lift home, by the way of Allston so as to take Ned Mainfield home. Frances had come home early so as to launder some shirts. Front Porch. Iced Coffee. Cold Beer. Dinner. Fried Fillet of Sole. Tartar Sauce. Boiled Potato. Sliced Cucumbers. toast. Milk. Sliced Peaches. This was another tough night to sleep. Perspired - Thunderstorms all around - mailed David a box of Fanny Farmer's Candy.

Shh! Weatherman Turns Against Ole Man Humidity

Prepare to toss away those soggy handkerchiefs and wilted shirts. The Weather Bureau predicts cooler weather for this afternoon with gradually diminishing humidity during the day. Today will not be so oppressive as yesterday when the thermometer stood at 90 between 3:30 and 5 p. m. with a humidity reading of 42 percent.

The 9:30 temperature this morning was 78 degrees with the humidity at 56 percent. An hour earlier the reading was 75 degrees and 68 percent, compared with 73 degrees and 79 percent yesterday morning at 8:30. Restful sleep should be in order by tonight, with slightly lower temperatures, the Weather Bureau adds, but don't plan on taking topcoats and heavy suits out of the mothballs yet!

Wednesday, July 28, 1943 X

This started out to be a pretty good day, with the wind in the north-west - but it grew hot again and from now on it was back to being wilted and uncomfortable again. The day started with getting the

well-known brush-off. Breakfast on the front porch - Orange juice - Corn flakes - Filet of Sole - Fried Potatoes - Toast - Iced Coffee - to the Square with Frances - Sulway. Office. Greeted by a letter from Peter saying he had been in an auto accident at Sunapee. Work. Over to the Safety Deposit Vaults to clip the Company's August 1st Coupons - Out to lunch at 12.30 - with Lane - to Child's on Upper Baylestown St. Jellied Consomme - Braised Beef - Carrots - new Cabbage - Parsley Potato - Iced Coffee - Melon. to Chandler's & Bouquet two thin Summer shirts. Office - Work to 3.50 - Sulway. Met Frances in front of Mrs. August's - Grubbin's for cold beer. The Ash barrels still on the side - walk - so lugged them into the

MOUNT SUNAPEE
NEW HAMPSHIRE

File

Received

Benton

JUL 28 1943

Attended to viz:

Dear Dad,

Yesterday I drove ^{the} Sheldon's car into the brush and I planced off a pole and dented hell out of the left fender. We ~~had~~ had just bought some craw-fish which is what that looks like a lobster. They are about as big as your long finger. Well they got out of the car and crawled all over the car. One hit me on the neck and scared me enough to lose control of the car. Off the road we went and into the bushes. We were very lucky because we just planced off the pole.

The damage was fairly severe
but it was just fate and it
could have happened to anyone.
No one got hurt because we were
going slow and now everything is
O.K. but the car. I'll don't
worry about it because it was
just an accident.

Love,
Peter
Fuchs Bad Boy



ARMY AIR FORCES
B. T. C. # 10
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

7/28.45.

7/28

By God pity me when you get into the air, if they are just a little bit sooner than us, or you going to be fired at night, I joined the air corps to say so that I would not have to watch, well that's all I've done since I got here. Paries I send us not very far from here, and is it hot, I was a 105 yesterday and that is not.

I went to town yesterday and by what women they are there and I hear southern girls are very friendly. I saw a det. with one Sunday but I suppose well, draw it, I'm on guard duty.

We get up at five o'clock and get at 6:30 and we are on the go all the time, but I do not mind it too much, but I would like to see the old gang and good old New England.

By the way, our is the gang, has Bob's father signed his papers yet and how is he and I'm getting along and how is "Haw" and I hope you do not do anything foolish. I'm a lot of guys down here just like the O+N. I will be here for 28 more days and then I hope I can come back north because you can take the whole south and stuff it up Hitler's ass as far as I'm concerned.

Now I'm in running but we are not apart entirely. We're in about all the time for

Whizzer

P.S.
I if you get down here before I go I'll be there.

The Coos County Democrat

Lancaster, New Hampshire

Published Wednesdays

Also as Whitefield Times Edition

DAVID M. WHITE

Editor and Publisher

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL
1943  ASSOCIATION
Active Member

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1943.

Commissioner Felker Discusses Lancaster Fair

Andrew J. Felker, Commissioner of Agriculture, called this office last night by phone to state his position in regard to holding a Lancaster Fair this fall with the somewhat changed outlook as to the gas available.

Mr. Felker says that he has been given considerable assurance that the Rockingham Park race track will hold its fall meet as was first planned and, on inquiry, he learns that if that is so the fair associations at Plymouth and Rochester would be the ones to take all the money allotted to state fairs.

In view of this fact and the better outlook as it concerns gasoline and pleasure driving, he himself would favor the fair officials postponing any definite decision as to a 1943 fair for another week at least and if more gasoline be assured that the association hold a fair even if on a more restricted basis.

Commissioner Felker's message was relayed by this newspaper to Frank Alexander, president of the New Hampshire Fair Association and to O. Leo Connary, treasurer and executive head of the Lancaster Fair.

COTTON'S COMMENTS

N. J. COTTON

I take pleasure in joining brother White in his lament and stifled tears over a lost fair, a fair that has always used everyone fair. I have a lot of nice vegetables I was planning to exhibit that are now wasted effort as far as the fair is concerned. My sporting instinct starved for baseball cries out in protest to another long 12 month wait. I think all in Coos and Essex counties that have ever attended the fair will deplore its demise for a year. I have no doubt, as brother White points out, that O. P. A. will pull another of its senseless stunts and reverse its decision and call off the ban on pleasure driving just before Labor Day. They always work best in reverse anyway. A bit of horse racing and a spot of baseball for Labor Day would ease the pain of the cancelled fair. The fair has always been an incentive to farmers to grow better crops, stock, horses, sheep and hogs. It has been their pride to exhibit them and win the liberal premiums the Association has always offered.

And once a year they need the relaxation from a strenuous season to recuperate and to enjoy three days of healthy sport; and this year more than ever they need the relaxation after a hard summer producing more for Uncle Sam, under an acute labor shortage that is costing them many extra hours of grueling toil. I think farmers and war workers are entitled to the relaxation of our fair and should have it for work well done. And among other things we'll miss is "Miss America", the young lady with so much charm and female pulchritude. Better reconsider, Fair Officials, and hold the fair regardless of gas restrictions. It's a fair proposition and never fear people will find a way to get there if they have to go horseback, oxcart, bicycle, truck or shanks mare; leave it to them they'll find a way or make it. All you have to do is to put on the fair. I notice people find a way to go now, when they really want to go bad enough; and go they would to the fair if they had to walk afoot. By a year's lapse the fair would lose a lot of prestige and patronage they now hold and, how about that Rockingham race money? Continue the continuity of the Lancaster Fair, its long string of successes should never be broken!



Justice to a Brave Soldier

(By Fred E. Crawford)

For some years I have been thinking of writing the Coos County Democrat, as the best medium in which to rectify an injustice which I believe was done a brave soldier of the Civil War. I refer to James M. Cutler of Guildhall of whom it is said in Col. E. C. Benton's excellent History of Guildhall that he "Deserted April 10, 1863."

James M. Cutler was the son of Milton and Addie (Meacham) Cutler. The Cutler family was

prominent in the affairs of Guildhall for several generations. Milton was of unusual ability and education. He held many town offices, and was side judge of the County Court. He wrote the historical article on Guildhall for Mrs. Hemenway's famous Gazetteer of Vermont. At the time of the Civil War, the Cutlers lived in the so-called parsonage, the house on Granby Road in which former representative Fred Jones now lives.

They had three sons, James,

Henry and Frank. Personally, I do not remember James, but I do remember very well the rest of the family, and, as a small boy, with my brother, played with Henry and Frank. I remember also their uncle, Ashbel Meacham, who was a soldier in the First Vermont Cavalry, and was killed at Winchester, Virginia, while riding beside the late O. S. Hendrich, who will be remembered by many.

In the Fall of 1865, Milton Cutler and his family moved to Peoria, Ill. and later to Kansas. They are all now deceased.

James Cutler, "Jimmy" as he was known, was liked in the neighborhood. I have heard my

answer roll-call. Since then James Cutler has never been seen or heard of so far as is known.

Of course, his parents were distracted, so much so that deep concern was felt for his mother whose mind became seriously upset. There were all sorts of stories, among them, that a man answering James' description had been seen in Canada. His father went to Canada twice and perhaps three times, in running down these false rumors. My father, who took great interest in the soldiers from this vicinity, wrote to the war department and to James' commanding officers, but they knew nothing except that he was missing. In none of these

letters was there any complaint against James, or any reason suggested why he would desert. There was no mark against his name on the company rolls.

George A. Ford, also of Guildhall, was a soldier and a member of Company I. Of course, he knew James Cutler well. Mr. Ford received a scalp wound from a Rebel bullet. He was literally within half an inch of his death from that bullet. He came home on a furlough, and came to our house to see father and mother. The uniform and his still bandaged head excited my vivid interest, and I remember his conversation with father about Jimmy. He had not seen or heard

anything that might indicate that Jimmy was thinking of deserting. Jimmy was doing his duty like the rest of them without more than the usual grumbling of all good soldiers. Mr. Ford did not believe Jimmy deserted. He disappeared the night following pay day, when the soldiers had received considerable sums of money. Ford's idea was that some thugs, either soldier or camp followers, had enticed Jimmy away, and, as he said, "knocked him in the head for his money" and then disposed of his body.

The only evidence that James Cutler deserted was the fact that he wasn't there. The probabilities and circumstances point the other way, and now if we add the fact that he never communicated with his family or friends, even after the Act of Indemnity was passed, which forgave all deserters, it seems quite evident that this soldier did not desert, but was put out of the way by foul play.

This is written in the hope that those who have My Benton's History of Guildhall, (I have two copies myself)—will paste it into the book, so that those who come after may learn the known facts about that most unfortunate young man, James Cutler, soldier of the Civil War.

father and mother speak of him many times. He was what mother called "a nice boy," always happy and full of fun. He had a marked aptitude for the use of tools and as a boy made things, among others, a full rigged ship model three or four feet long, and a field piece with wheels about 14 inches high. The gun was a sawed off Revolutionary gun barrel 10 inches long. Many times we boys fired that gun on the Fourth of July.

James Cutler enlisted June 1, 1861. He was a member of Company I, of the 3rd Vermont Regiment of Infantry. He served until April 10, 1863, nearly two years, and on that date did not

Back yard. Front Porch. Cold Beer. Frances & I
frank alone - X - Dinner - Cold Boiled
Lobster - Mayonnaise - Stuffed Pepper - Green
Beans - Blueberries - Milk - Rolls -
Hot Chicken Soup. Slept in David's room
to get what little air there was -
and mosquitoes. bit me through
the night and on all exposed parts.
Nicholas was out for the evening
with John Murphy, an X-ten class
mate - and John was away all
day, and to the Ball game, and
home late at night.

To the Dentist at 9 this morning, To
have another filling put in.

Thursday, July 29th 1943

Starting to rain this morning - Break -
fast on the front porch - Orange
juice - oatmeal - fried eggs & Bacon -
Toast - Red coffee - To the Square with
Frances and once again giving Mrs.
Libby - a lift - Subway, and waiting a
while for the rain to lift - Office -
to find Lane will not be in - because
the Ivy Poison Serum has him down -
Work - out to lunch at 12.30 - to
Clark's Tavern - Breaded Veal Cutlet -
Lima Beans - Carrots - Banana - To
Kresge's for Juvenile Books to send up
to the Guildhall Public Library - to
Gilchrist's to buy 3 sets of Rayon Union
Suits - Raining good & hard - Back to the
office - Work. Left at 3.50. Subway -
Square. Rain - the old Umbrella - collapsed
and on its last legs - Met Frances in front
of Mrs. August's + Mrs. Libby still on deck -
Home. Little Living Room. Girls out. Frances
Cooking - Scotch Highballs. Hamburger
with onions. Baked Potato. Cauliflower
Balls + To Bed at 7.

Shmo. 487.
July 29, 1943

Dear Mom and Dad —

I have new morning schedule that we are on now is a big improvement on the old one. It gives me much more free time at night and also a few extra hours over the weekend.

We had the squadron two mile run at Ft. Wingtowers. I was in fourth — a big surprise to me since we have quite a few flake runners in the squadron.

Tomorrow my section takes the pressure chamber tests. We have to undergo variations in air pressure up to 38,000 feet — with and without oxygen masks. Usually a few more of each

groups tested and found most adaptable
to high altitude conditions and are well
out. I'm not worried about it this winter
having had some trouble, the main
reason for "week-outs".

The weather is colder again - just
surprised every day.

As I get out this weekend (I may
have to go for a few general Sat. & Sun.)
I'll probably go into Santa Fe
again. It's a lot better than travelling
for hours just to spend a few
in the larger cities. I'll send
around and see if I can't dig
up some pictures of the base
and/or the country for you.

Love to all,
Tom

Friday, July 30th 1943

Peter today received his orders from the Marines - He is to report at 7.45 a.m. next Wednesday, August 4th.

This was a good day weatherwise - Breakfast was orange juice - oatmeal - drooped eggs on toast - coffee - to the Square with Frances. Sulray and the office - Kathleen called about 10.30 about Peter's letter. Out at 12.30 - took the Bus to the North Station - stood in line for a long time - finally secured the return trip tickets on the "Mountaineer" They are for Sept. 7th - 3 trips in person to the North Station and 3 telephone calls - before I got them. Lunch at the Hotel Manger Grill - Jellied Consomme - Cold Sliced Ham Loaf. Potato Salad. Sliced Tomatoes. Iced Coffee - Banana. Walked up Washington St. to Gilchrist's - Bought 3 more Rayon Union Suits. Over to Fillen's - Bought Frances' Anniversary Present Two Night Gowns. One Red Chiffon with Lace, the other White with grayish Polka Dots.

Back to the office. Left at 3.45. Got caught in the rain - sudden shower. Just after I left the office. Stood in the doorway of the Boston Safe for 10 minutes - S. Sulray - Air Corps & Marine letter habes a #

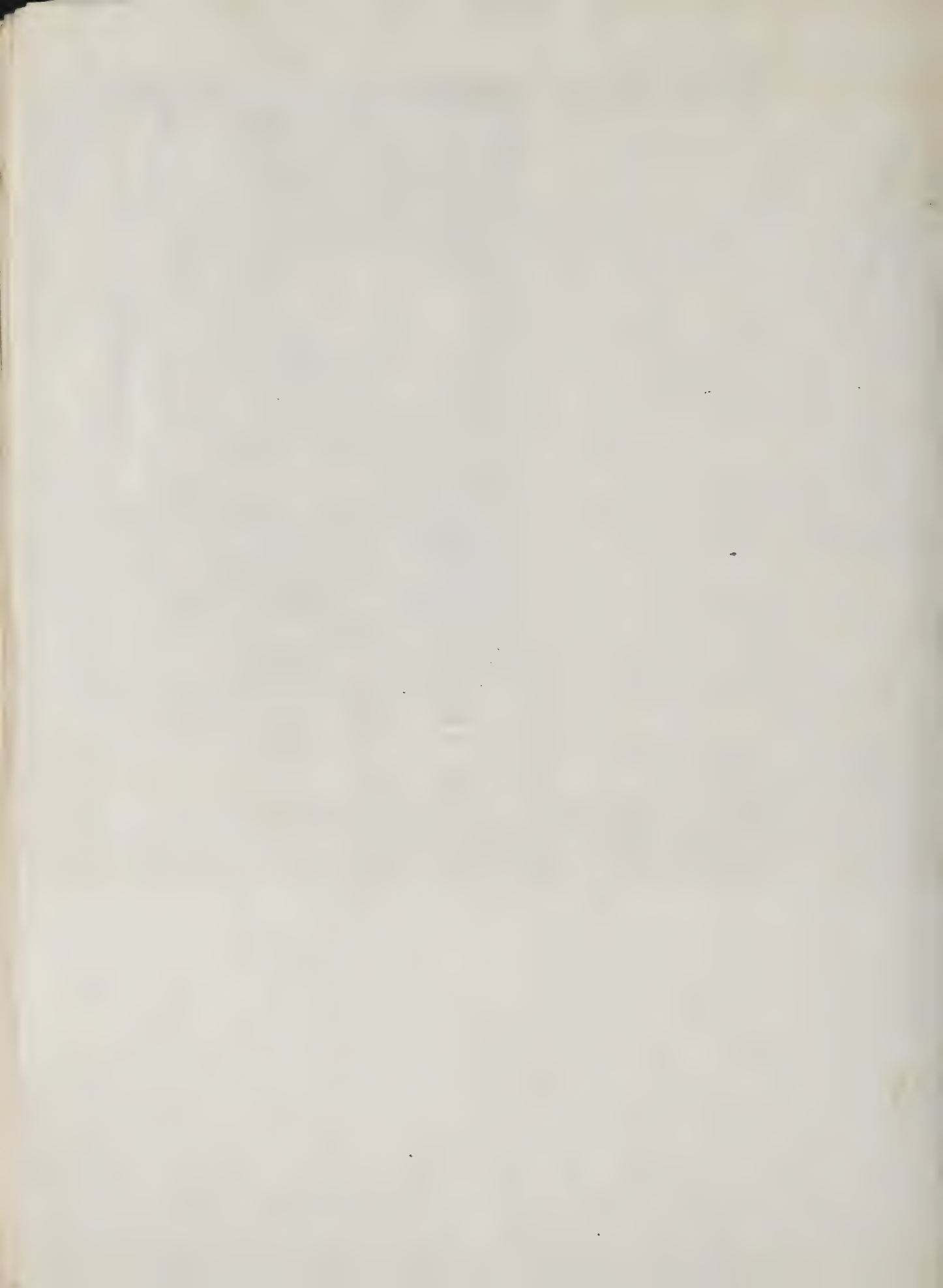
Woolworths' - Met Frances in front
of Mrs. August's. Gruffins for Plungarry -
Home. Front Porch - Reading letters
& Papers - Scotch haggis balls - Hilarity
As we read Peter's English Memoir at
Brome and Nichols, entitled
"When Father was a Boy" a sketch
and very revealing - Dinner -
Stuffed Cod and good. Up to
bed at 7.30 A cool night at
last in which to sleep -

OUR BOMBS COME DOWN LIKE THUNDER ON MANDALAY



-point accuracy of U. S. bombers is evidenced here during an attack on Japanese warehouses. The missiles are landing entirely within
ret, a small two-square pattern.

The New York Times (U. S. Army Air Forces), passed by censor



Sat. A.M.
July 31, 1943

Dear Mom & Dad —

The marks for the first third of P-F came out yesterday. I was lucky and managed to come out on top in Sq. 85 with a 97.4 average. There are ^{only} about six other fellows with averages in the 90's so you can see that the competition is not too keen.

Yesterday morning I woke with a slight cold so the M.D. would only let me go up to 5000' in the pressure chamber. When, my right ear blocked up on the descent. I had to go back later on

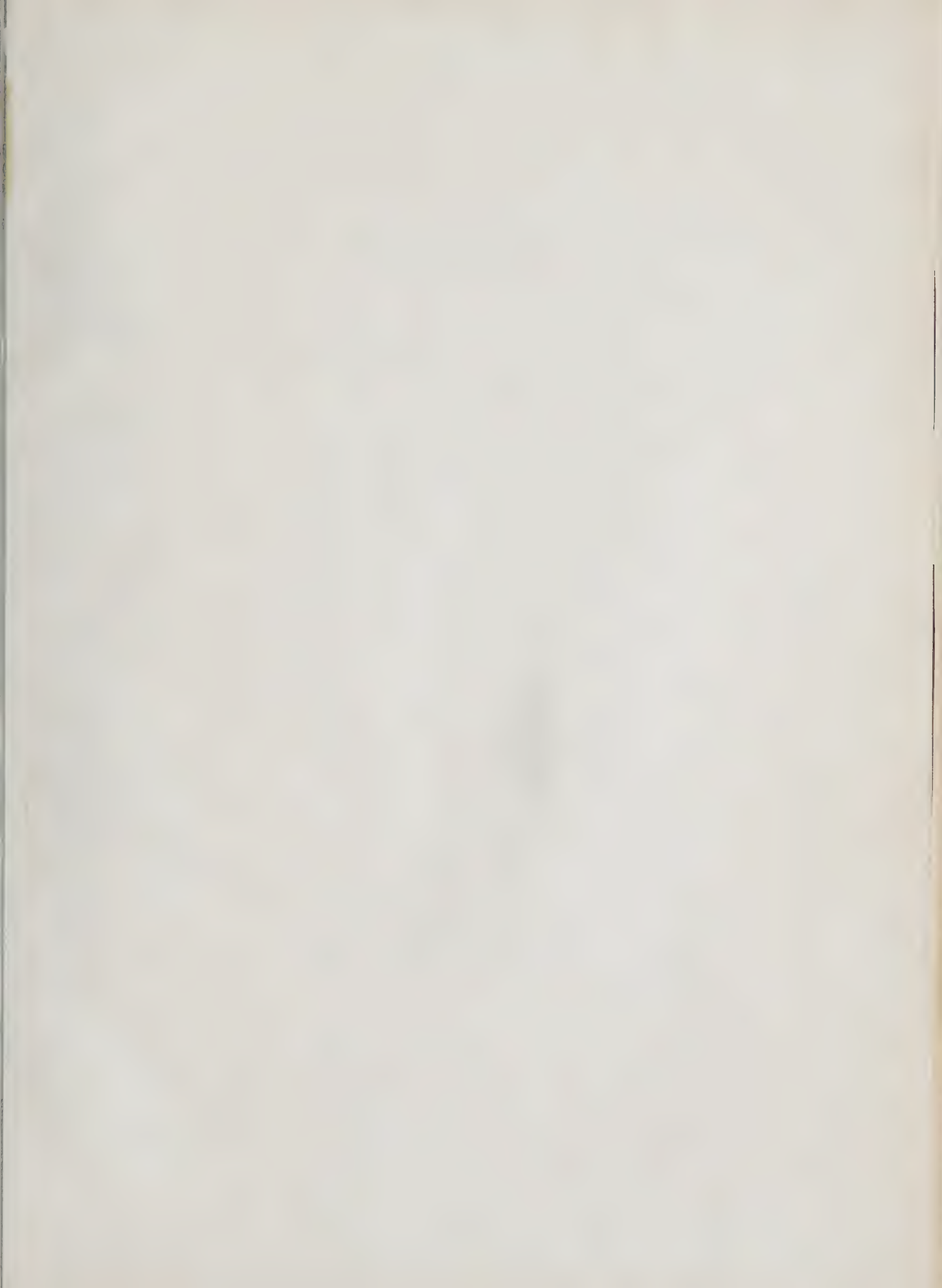
for the 18,000' + 38,000' checks. Most of the fellows in our flight got through O.K. One passed out at 38,000 with the "bends" and a few had ear trouble coming down from the higher altitudes.

I am fine & glad this morning
but, luckily, one of the boys has
offered to take over my duties for
the weekend at 1200 today (for a
small fee - virtually) so I will
be able to get in to Santa Ana
this afternoon.

I bet you are all pepped up about
August 12. It will be great if Pete
and John can go along with you
- and, as doubt, they are of the same
opinion on the matter. Let's hope that
next summer we can all be up
there together. Boy, what a full
house that will be!

Jack Martin moves on from Maxwell
to a primary flying school today. I hear
he'll do well - he was try for the
last pilot prospect at Baggins.
His promise to be made for another
month from Minneapolis to visit
his last weekend. Lucky guy!
and that's the news.

P.S. I'm in a fine mood O.K. - Thanks a lot! Dave



MOUNT SUNAPEE
NEW HAMPSHIRE

Saturday
JULY 31, 1943

Dear Mother and Dad,

It is beautiful up here today and quite a change from the past week. We caught four bass on Wednesday and they were all over a foot long. They were never eaten because we did fish or salad twice before that week. As you know Mr. Sheldon comes up on weekends and I have been feeling bad about what I did to his left fender. Well when I saw him I told him I was sorry and he was swell to me about it. In fact the only thing that he was mad at was the fact that his wife

had written in to Neal O'Hara.
You see Mr. Sheldon is head
of the contaminants division (WPB)
in Washington and he took the
metal covers off bait cans.
That, indirectly, was the cause
of the crash because the
craw-fish came out thru the
open can. 9 of them got out
of the can on the way home.
At least that's what Mrs. Sheldon
thinks. I will be home next Sun.
about 9:30 in the evening. Then
I'll only have to wait about a
week before we leave for Guild-
hall. I've painted all the porch
furniture up here and it really
looks swell. I had a junk
headache last night from diving
but it's all gone today. We
play cards and bridge up here

MOUNT SUNAPEE
NEW HAMPSHIRE

but I have continually broke
even as far as money goes. The
goods are swell bolts and they
are leaving tomorrow.

Love,

Peter



LENA
HORNE
IN
"CABIN
IN THE
SKY"

JULY 31, 1943

Saturday, July 31st 1943

This is the 34th Anniversary of our meeting at "Brierwood" in Scituate on July 31st-1909. I woke up very early this morning - read accumulated papers and posted up my scrapbook - the "Herald" came at 6.45 - Jane brought up my breakfast at 8.30. Orange-juice - corn flakes - Scrambled eggs with ham - toast - Iced coffee - I gave Frances her two night gowns - but the white with polka dots does not fit, although her size. 38 - Frances gave me a cute pinch bottle of Haig's Haig, John was away again at 11 for Swampscott. Up at 11.15 - Shave, Shower. Whipped suit. Left at 12.30 with Frances and Nicholas to Gustie's in North Cambridge, Celebration. Frances had Soft Shell Crabs with Tartar Sauce. Nicholas Fried Clams. I a Shrimp Cocktail and a Lobster Club Sandwich - Then on to Harvard Square. Left the car at the Church St. Garage. To the University to see "Cabin in the Sky" - Home. Front Porch. - Cool drinks - dinner - Stewed Cold Ham

Hottest July Here Since 1911

Those Bostonians who just returned from a month in the Arctic regions will be pleased to know that the month of July was the hottest since 1911, with the temperature averaging 74.3 degrees compared with 1911's 77.1. Rainfall was slightly below normal, but to make up for it the humidity was above normal, so the citizenry were wet even if the ground wasn't.

The sun came out every day, although a few times it just visited for a moment or two. There were half a dozen thunderstorms, including a beauty last night. There were no snowstorms, earthquakes, cataclysms or siroccos. This should not be taken to mean there will be none in August.

Creamed Potatoes - Canteloupe
Balls - milk - to be dat 7.15 -
~~Hot~~ thunderstorms - came
at 8 - fairly heavy all around
but not close to Belmont -

Makes Fine Record

The report of the Boston Mutual Life covering its operations for the first seven months of 1943, issued by Jay R. Benton, president, shows that the insurance increase amounted to \$5,132,380.00 as compared with \$5,548,201.00 for the same period last year.

Of the 33 districts in New England, the Boston Uptown Office had the most writings for the seven months.

Surrenders of policies were 32% less than last year, and U. S. Government bond holdings now represent 64% of the Company's total admitted assets. Cash balances in the banks on July 31st amounted to \$609,216.00. War death claims so far have been negligible, amounting only to \$31,314.00 on 74 lives for the period starting at the date of the Pearl Harbor attack and ending the last of July.



THE PHILLIPS EXETER BULLETIN

JULY 1943

VOLUME XXXIX Number 4

Lilley, Frank W., 2d Lt., FA, Fort Bragg, N. C. (5/16/43)

Matthews, W. V. Graham, II, Pvt., ASTP, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa. (5/21/43)

McClelland, Henry C., A/C, Meteorology Course, Fort Jackson, S. C. (4/19/43)

More, Berkeley D., ROTC. (5/22/43)

Morgan, Councilman, 2d Lt., Medical Admin. Corps, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. (5/22/43)

Parker, William J., Cpl., Co. B, 34th Medical Tng. Bn., Camp Grant, Ill. (6/22/43)

Patch, Robert K., Ensign, graduated from U. S. Naval Academy, June 9, 1943. (6/10/43)

Perry, Henry E., Jr. USNR, USS Haste. (4/11/43)

Rand, John B., Pvt., Camp Callen, Cal. (5/22/43)

Rand, William M., Jr., USNR, Midshipmen's School, New York City. (6/12/43)

Robinson, William E., 2d Lt., Signal Corps. (5/22/43)

Schaff, Walter, Jr., Cpl., Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa. (5/25/43)

Shattuck, John R., Ensign D-V (G), USNR, Miami, Fla. (6/8/43)

Slick, Earl F., Lt., Army Air Forces. (4/26/43)

Sloan, James R., Fort Sill, Okla. (5/1/43)

Sprunt, Hugh H., Ens., D-V (G), USNR, Yorktown, Va. (6/25/43)

Underwood, Arthur H., Pfc, AAFTTC, Sioux Falls, S. D. (4/15/43)

Ward, David A., Ensign, USNR, in the Pacific. (6/18/43)

Wells, Robert S., Ensign, USNR, Naval Tng. School, Ithaca, N. Y. (4/1/43)

Whiting, Charles G., 2d Lt., FA, Camp Blanding, Fla. (5/11/43)

Wilson, Sloan, Ensign, Baltimore, Md. (3/27/43)

Witkin, William I., A/C, AAFCC, Nashville, Tenn. (4/19/43)

1940

Ainslie, William H., 2d Lt., AUS. (4/20/43)

Benton, David, A/C, Army Air Corps. (5/12/43)

Bernard, David G., USNR. (6/11/43)

Brown, Samuel T., Jr., Cadet, U. S. Coast Guard Academy, New London, Conn. (5/15/43)

Cunningham, William P., Pvt., Keesler Field, Miss. (4/3/43)

Fuller, William E., Jr., Pvt., Grenier Field, N. H. (6/3/43)

Haley, William R., Pvt., Camp Lee, Va. (5/21/43)

Hastings, Merrill G., Jr., Cpl., Camp Hale, Col. (6/16/43)

Henderson, Gregory, Pfc, USMC, Parris Island, S. C. (6/3/43)

Janssen, Benno, Jr., NROTC, University of Virginia. (5/19/43)

Macdougall, John S., Jr., Keesler Field, Miss. (4/3/43)

Maxwell, Franklin J., Jr., Pvt., Inf., Camp Berkeley, Texas. (5/30/43)

Myrer, Anton O., Pvt., USMC, Parris Island, S. C. (5/9/43)

Ober, Richard, Capt., Grenier Field, N. H. (5/8/43)

O'Donoghue, Sidney L., Cpl., Vint Hill Farms Sta., Warrenton, Va. (6/9/43)

Sloane, Peter E., American Field Service, Middle East. (4/24/43)

Stein, Simon G., IV, Seaman 2/c, Naval Tng. School, Farragut, Ida. (5/24/43)

Walcott, John W., Pvt., 13th QMTR, Camp Lee, Va. (6/21/43)

1941

Barber, Carter, USCG, overseas. (6/11/43)

Bruce, Donald W., Army Air Corps, Keesler Field, Miss. (4/6/43)

Calkins, Hugh, Air Force. (5/8/43)

Callagy, John J., Gunnery School, Laredo Army Air Field, Texas. (3/2/43)

Coan, Stuart F., Cadet, Army Air Corps, Keesler Field, Miss. (4/28/43)

Conner, John V., Pre-Flight School, San Antonio, Texas. (May, 1943)

Connolly, Thomas D., Jr., A/C, AAFCC, Nashville, Tenn. (4/13/43)

Darrin, John W., Navy V-7, inactive duty. (5/4/43)

Duxbury, Lloyd L., Jr., Pvt., ERTC, Fort Belvoir, Va. (4/2/43)

Edgell, Henry W., Sgt., Lowry Field, Col. (6/17/43)

Elwell, F. Bolton, Army Air Corps Tng. Center, Wilkes Barre, Pa. (5/17/43)

Fleck, Henry S., II, Pvt., AAFCC, Nashville, Tenn. (5/25/43)

Farmer, Samuel C., III, Pvt., 518th M. P. Bn., Fort Jay, N. Y. (6/16/43)

Ford, Russell, A/C, Army Air Corps. (5/10/43)

Graves, Carl, Jr., Pvt., Camp Croft, S. C. (6/18/43)

Hill, Luther L., Jr., Pvt., Fort McClellan, Ala. (3/3/43)

Hinners, David G., Pvt., QMC, Camp Lee, Va. (6/2/43)

Howe, John V., Pvt., Signal Corps, Atlantic City, N. J. (5/13/43)

Kelsey, Patterson S., A/C, Army Air Forces, Bucknell Junior University, Wilkes Barre, Pa. (6/14/43)

Annual Meeting of the General Alumni Association

The annual meeting of the General Alumni Association of The Phillips Exeter Academy was called to order by President Jay R. Benton, '04, in the Chapel of the main Academy Building, at 10:30 a. m., June 5, 1943. Joseph T. Walker, Jr., '14, read the report of the acting secretary, Wolcott D. Street, '23. (The secretary, Caleb Coffin, '27, is serving as a captain in the United States Army Air Corps.)

Mr. John Price Jones, '98, acting as chairman of the nominating committee, was called upon by the president to read the list of nominations for 1943-44. The nominations were accepted as read.

The officers elected are as follows:

President: Jay R. Benton, '04.

Vice-Presidents: John E. Benton, '96, Washington, D. C.; Robert C. Mason, '05, Los Angeles, Cal.; Ronald P. Boardman, '18, Chicago, Ill.; Marion A. Cheek, Jr., '22, Buffalo, N. Y.; Albert L. Waldron, '99, Cleveland, O.; William T. Shannon, '09, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Eugene T. Connolly, '08, Boston, Mass.; Albert C. Travis, '01, New York City; Thomas Oxnard, '18, Savannah, Ga.

Executive Committee: Robert B. Dresser, '98, Providence, R. I. (Term expires 1944); Herbert C. Morris, '99, Philadelphia, Pa. (Term expires 1944); John Harlan Amen, '15, New York City (Term expires 1945); William M. Rand, '05, Boston, Mass. (Term expires 1945); Donald McSkimmon, '16, Providence, R. I. (Term expires 1946); Philip C. Goodwin, '25, Rochester, N. Y. (Term expires 1946).

General Secretary: Wolcott D. Street, '23.

General Treasurer: Hervey Kent, '09.

Honorary Treasurer: Corning Benton, faculty.

Mr. N. Henry Black, '93, was the speaker for the fifty-year class.

The Christmas Fund

2,330 alumni have contributed \$17,376.83 to the Academy through the Christmas Fund this year. Comparison shows this to be 227 more contributors and \$3,249.53 more than was received at this time a year ago. The average gift this year is \$7.46, as against \$6.71 last year. Mr. Jay R. Benton, '04, president of the Alumni Association, wishes to thank the class agents, their committee members and all other workers who have helped him to make this a record-breaking year in the history of the Fund. Such outstanding success could not have been attained without their cooperation and energetic assistance. Gifts have been received this year from Exeterians all over the world. The gifts and the letters accompanying them, from men in the service, have been a source of inspiration and encouragement to all of us and we are deeply grateful to every contributor.

